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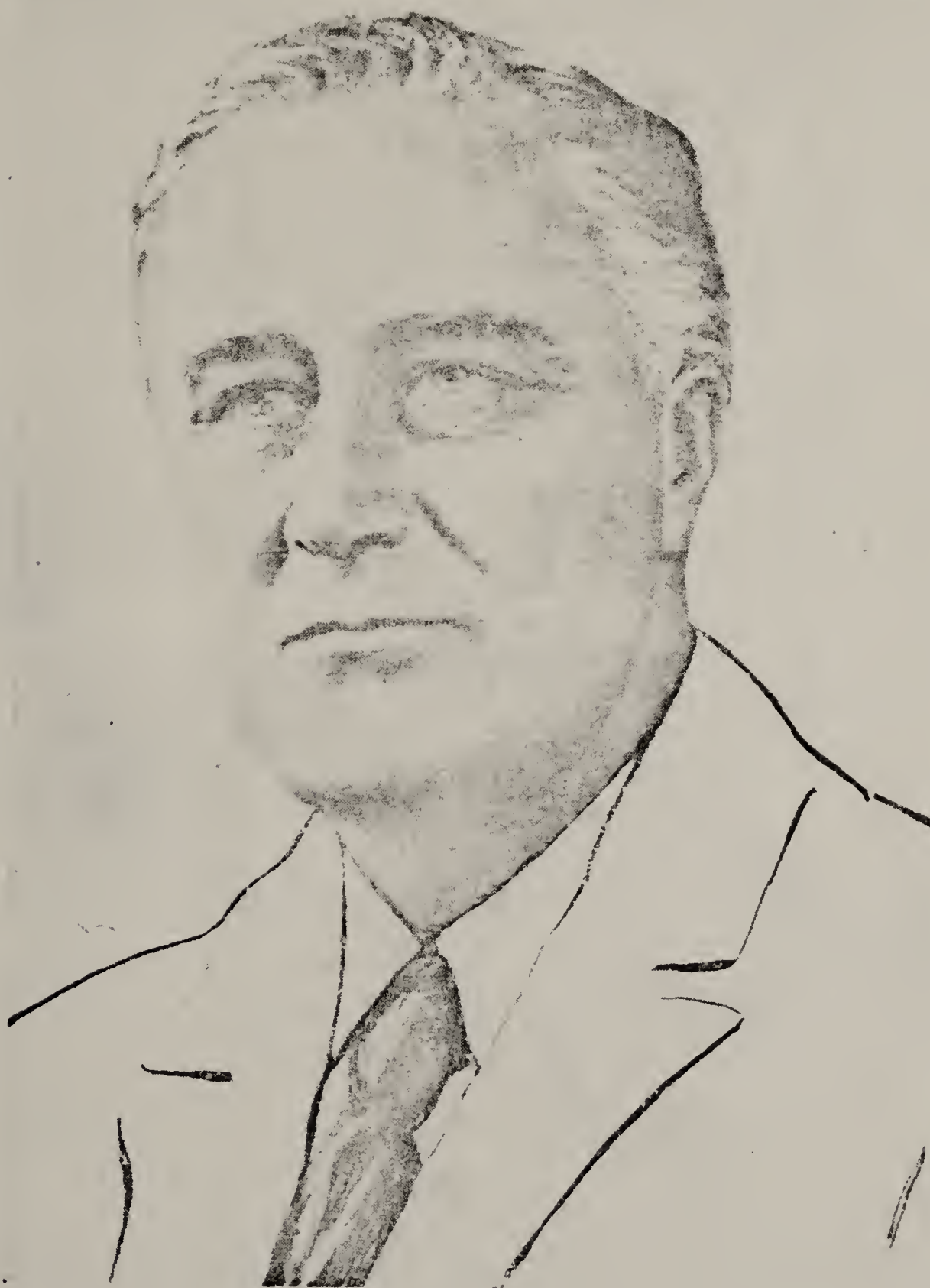
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A faint, light-colored portrait of Theodore Roosevelt is visible in the background of the page. He is shown from the chest up, wearing a suit and tie, with his hands clasped in front of him. The portrait is centered and serves as a subtle backdrop for the title.

## THE ROOSEVELTS AND AMERICA





*[Frontispiece*

FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT.



# THE ROOSEVELTS AND AMERICA

*by*

M. FORTESCUE PICKARD

LONDON

HERBERT JOSEPH LIMITED



1695521

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To JEAN S. ROOSEVELT  
(Mrs. Philip James Roosevelt)

Who was the cause of this undertaking,  
the Book is affectionately Dedicated

by  
The Author.



For permission to use President Theodore Roosevelt's letters, thanks are due to the Roosevelt Trust. (Through the kindness of Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Sr. and Colonel Theodore Roosevelt.)

For the use of scrap-books, letters, etc., thanks are due to Mr. John Ellis Roosevelt, Meadow Croft, Sayville, Long Island, New York; Mr. and Mrs. Philip Roosevelt, 903 Park Avenue, New York; Mrs. Christopher Bramwell (Lilie Roosevelt), The Lilacs, Sayville, Long Island, N.Y.; Mr. Kenyon Fortescue, Metropolitan Club, New York; Colonel Granville R. Fortescue, Metropolitan Club, N.Y.

(The photographs are acknowledged individually, in every instance where the photographer is known.)



God of our fathers, what is man!  
That thou toward him with hand so various—  
Or might I say contrarious,  
Temper'st thy providence through his short course;  
Not evenly, as thou rulest  
The angelic orders and inferior creatures mute,  
Irrational and brute.  
Nor do I name of men the common rout,  
That, wandering loose about,  
Grow up and perish, as the summer-fly,  
Heads without name, no more rememberèd;  
But such as thou has solemnly elected,  
With gifts and graces eminently adorn'd,  
To some great work, thy glory,  
And people's safety, which in part they effect: . . ."

MILTON.



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# DIAGRAM OF THE PRESIDENTIAL BRANCHES OF THE ROOSEVELT FAMILY TREE

(Daughters, and sonless sons, not included in this diagram)

BRANCH OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT,  
26th PRESIDENT, U.S.

BRANCH OF FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT,  
32nd PRESIDENT, U.S.

"KLAES" (Nicholas) Martenszen Van Roosevelt, came from Holland  
to New Amsterdam, 1649, with his wife, Jannetje Samuels\* Thomas.

"NICHOLAS" 1658-1742 ("Nicholas of Esopus") m. 1682, Hillotye  
Jans Kunst, of Albany, N.Y.

NICHOLAS (s. of Nicholas) 1687- m. 1710  
Sarah Fullman. Main Branch (Pedigree  
not given here.)

JOHANNES (s. of Nicholas 1689-1749 (?)  
m. 1708, Heyltje Syoerts

JACOBUS (s. of Nicholas)  
1692-1776. m. 1713  
Catherina Hardenbroek.

NICHOLAS (s. of Johan) 1710-1735  
(d. W. Indies) m. 1730 Maria Bosch.  
OLIVER (s. of Joh.) 1716-1785  
m. 1740 Elisabeth Lounsbury.  
CORNELIUS (s. of Joh.) 1731-  
m. Margaret Haering, 1751  
(Pedigrees not given here).

JACOBUS (s. of Johannes)  
1724- m. (1) 1746  
Annetje Bogaert.  
m. (2) 1774 Helena G.  
Thompson (widow).

ISAAC (s. of Jacobus) 1726-  
1794 m. 1752 Cornelia Hoffman.

JOHN (s. of Jacobus) † 1751-  
m. Mary Schuyler.

NICHOLAS (s. of Jacobus) 1767-1854  
(Inventor) m. 1808 Lydia Latrobe  
(Pedigrees not given here).

JAMES (s. of Jacobus) † 1759-1840  
m. 1793, Maria Van Schaak (or  
Van Schaick).

JACOBUS (s. of Isaac) 1760-1847  
m. (1) 1786 Maria E. Walton m.  
1813 (2) Catherine E. Barclay  
m. (3) Harriett Howland.

JAMES I (s. of James) 1796-1875.  
m. (Paris) Cornelia Van Ness  
1831 (Pedigree not given here).

CORNELIUS V. S. (s. of James)  
1794-1890 m. Margaret  
Barnhill.

ISAAC (s. of Jacobus) 1790-1863  
m. 1827 Rebecca Aspinwall.

SILAS WEIR (s. of C.V.S.) 1823-1870  
m. 1845 Mary West  
JAMES ALFRED (s. of C.V.S.) 1825-1898  
m. 1847 Elizabeth Emlen  
ROBERT BARNWELL (s. of C.V.S.) 1829-1906  
m. (1) 1850 Elizabeth Ellis, m. (2)  
1888 (London) Marion T. (O'S) Fortescue  
(Widow) Pedigrees not given here.

THEODORE (s. of C.V.S.)  
1831-1878 m. 1853,  
Martha Bulloch,  
(Roswell, Ga.)

JAMES (s. of Isaac) 1828-1900  
m. (1) Rebecca Howland  
m. (2) 1880 Sarah Delano.

ELLIOTT (s. of Theodore) 1860-1893  
m. 1883 Anna Hall.

THEODORE (s. of Theo) 1858-1919  
m. (1) 1880 Alice Lee Hathaway  
m. (2) 1886 (London) Edith Kermit  
Carow.

ANNA ELEANOR (d. of Elliott) 1884  
m. 1905 Franklin Delano Roosevelt 1882

JAMES R. (s. of James by 1st m.) 1853  
FRANKLIN DELANO (s. of  
James by 2 m.) b. 1882  
m. 1905 Anna  
Eleanor R. (d. of Elliott).

(For the curious who inquire, "Where does Franklin Delano Roosevelt come in?" the accompanying diagram is given. It sets forth the two presidential lines and shows how the President and Mrs. Roosevelt re-unite them after a separation of two and a half centuries.)

\* Daughter of Samuel Thomas.

† By 1st m. w. Annatje Bogaert.



## INTRODUCTION

*Sono lo schiavo dei fatti.*—LOMBROSO.

(I am the slave of facts.)

To choose the Roosevelt family for the subject of a book is to select a theme which has already been dealt with adequately, not to say exuberantly. But, as in a studio-class every artist paints the same model from a different angle, so in the literary field every writer sees the same subject from a different point of view.

The aspect I have selected is the relation of the Roosevelt family to American history; in the vicissitudes of which its members have taken an active part for approximately 300 years. That is to say from the time of the first American-born Roosevelt, Nicholas Van Roosevelt, of Esopus, Alderman of the City of New York, down to Franklin Delano Roosevelt, the President of the United States to-day. Incidentally, for nearly half that period—125 years, roughly speaking—the Roosevelts, with the rest of the Colony, were English subjects.

The family history, which is bound up with the history of America, like a gaily-coloured thread interwoven in a piece of tapestry, had its beginning in the year 1649, when the founder of the American branch of the family, Klaes (Nicholas) Martenszen Van Roosevelt, left Holland, to try his fortunes in the New World, and eventually arrived at the little Dutch colony of



New Amsterdam; which then consisted of a population of about a thousand souls living under the paternally despotic rule of their Governor, "Old Wooden-Leg," the illustrious and redoubtable Peter Stuyvesant.

Of Klaes little is known except for certain facts gathered by James I. Roosevelt and Robert B. Roosevelt in their diplomatic wanderings in Europe. These facts tend to prove that the family to which Klaes belonged was an ancient Dutch one—possibly of Austrian origin—which had become impoverished during the long wars between Holland and Spain.

The ante-American history of the family, however, does not come within the scope of this book. It is only useful to correct some of the current myths which have originated in orgies of the literary imagination. Myth No. 1 is that Klaes or his son invented the Roosevelt coat-of-arms. Myth No. 2 is that: "the family name was originally spelt with an 'o' "\* Myth No. 3 consists of the identification of Klaes Martenszen Van Roosevelt with Klaes Kleintjen ("Little Klaes"), a Dutchman who came over from Amersfoort in an earlier galiot. An examination of the records will show that Klaes Kleintjen was an Indian fighter at a date that would bring his age, and that of his wife, into the sixties before their first child was born. As the Van Roosevelt children's births are registered for another fifteen years, or so, one must either admit a series of miracles or an error of identification.

The fact of the matter is that accurate and wholly truthful biographies are bound to be extremely dull,

\* Basil Maine: *Franklin Roosevelt*, etc.



## INTRODUCTION

and the literary temperament craves warmth and colour; so, if one author, with an imagination bolder and more unscrupulous than the rest, evolves a bright-hued fantasy, it is bound to be copied by the dozens of followers who come after.—The result is that biography has now come to out-fiction fiction. One does not look to the biographer to emulate the sun-dial and “count but the sunny hours,” but neither does one expect him to hew down the lofty family tree which is generally held to be a substantial asset after the lemuroid and pithecanthropic branches have been left behind. This axing of ancestors would deprive half the families in New York of their rightful heritage, as most of them have more or less Roosevelt blood in their veins; so it cannot be allowed to pass unchallenged.

The life of Nicholas, sole surviving son of Klaes, is an epitome of the colonial life of his day, bristling with excitement and incredible happenings. An Indian attack might occur at any moment. Never was there any real security—or any dullness, for that matter. This first native-born Roosevelt inaugurated a long line of active and patriotic American statesmen. It seems strange to think that at the early age of seven he abruptly ceased being a Dutch youngster and became transformed into a little Englishman,—when the English captured New Amsterdam and re-christened it “New York,”—to remain one for the rest of his life, except for the brief period when New York was recaptured and christened “New Orange.” It was not until the Revolutionary War (1776) that we meet the first American Roosevelt citizen, Isaac, the great-great-grandfather of Franklin Roosevelt, “the beloved,



honoured, tried, true and consistent patriot,"\* who placed his large fortune and everything else he possessed, down to the leaden fastenings of his windows, at the disposal of the revolutionaries.

From that time to the present day the Roosevelt Clan has waxed ever more and more powerful and important; each generation furnishing its quota of statesmen to help govern the country; culminating in two Presidents: Theodore, to whom the Panama Canal—that stupendous achievement—remains an enduring memorial to his greatness; and Franklin, uniquely elected for a third term to the highest position in the gift of the Nation at the most critical period of its history since the Civil War.

To-day President Roosevelt is fully occupied with intricate affairs of State. Not only are there pressing and vital problems of defence occupying his attention in the United States, but the stand of the democratic countries in Europe against totalitarian aggression has made it imperative for him to concentrate on giving Great Britain the maximum material help which America can provide to bring her victoriously out of the conflict. His views before the war are best expressed in his own words which are quoted from a message "on behalf of the 130 millions of people in the United States," which was sent to Herr Hitler on Monday, September 26th (1938), at the time when Mr. Chamberlain was engaged in a heroic struggle to avert the impending tragedy. President Roosevelt urged the continuance of the negotiations then trembling in the balance, and deplored a resort to force,

\* Lamb; *History of the City of New York*.



## INTRODUCTION

which, he said, "produces no solution for the future good of humanity." The cable—copies of which were sent to Mr. Chamberlain and M. Daladier—says:

"The fabric of peace on the Continent of Europe, if not throughout the rest of the world, is in immediate danger. The consequences of its rupture are incalculable. Should hostilities break out, the lives of millions of men, women and children in every country involved will most certainly be lost under circumstances of unspeakable horror. . . . The supreme desire of the American people is to live in peace. But they face the fact that *no nation can escape some measure of the consequences of such a world catastrophe. . . .*"

He continues: "Whatever may be the difficulties in the controversies at issue, and however difficult of pacific settlement they may be, I am persuaded that there is no problem so difficult and so pressing for solution that it cannot be justly solved by a resort to reason rather than a resort to force. . . ."

In conclusion he adds: "As long as these negotiations continue, so long will there remain hope that reason and equity may prevail, and the world may thereby escape the madness of a new resort to war. . . ."

Two days later he sent another cable to Herr Hitler, in which he said: "I desire to acknowledge your Excellency's reply to my telegram of September 26th. I was confident that you would coincide in the opinion I expressed regarding the unforeseeable consequences and incalculable disaster which would result to the entire world from the outbreak of a European war. The question before the world to-day, Mr. Chancellor, is not a question of errors of judgment or of injustices



committed in the past. It is a question of the fate of the world, to-day and to-morrow. The world asks of us who at this moment are the heads of nations the supreme capacity to achieve the destinies of the nations without forcing upon them, as the price, the mutilation and death of millions of citizens.

“The resort to force in the Great War failed to bring tranquility. Victory and defeat alike were sterile. That lesson the world should have learned. . . .

“The Government of the United States has no political involvements in Europe and will assume no obligations in the conduct of the present negotiations. Yet in our own right we recognise our responsibilities as part of a world of neighbours. Conscience and the impelling desire of the people of my country demand that the voice of their Government be raised again and yet again to avert and avoid war.”

What effect these messages had will perhaps never be known, but we may hope that they were of help when Mr. Chamberlain undertook his heroic and historic flight to Munich and made his final and alas only temporarily successful attempt to save Western Civilisation from the threat of extinction.

Will the President lead his people into war if that is the only way that Democracy can be preserved? If the United States does come into the War it will not be the President who decides but the American people; for that is what Democracy means.

THE AUTHOR.



## PART I

# THE ROOSEVELTS AND AMERICA



## CHAPTER I

### THE FIRST AMERICAN ROOSEVELT

ANYONE who has contracted the habit of reading presidential biographies is bound sooner or later to come across the statement that, in the year 1649, Klaes (Nicholas) Martenszen Van Roosevelt and his wife, Jannetje Samuels Thomas, arrived in New Netherland (now New York) in one of the Dutch galiots sailing from Holland.

In the Old Country the surname had been prefixed with a "Van," and thus it remained until the first American-born member of the family discontinued both the prefix and the coat-of-arms which accompanied it. This was Nicholas the second, called "of Esopus,"\* because he made an eight years' sojourn in that place. Clemens, in *The Ancestry of Theodore Roosevelt*, says that the name "Van Roosevelt" has been "traced back to the 12th century, when it was assumed by a family whose armorial bearings are: Arms—Argent on a mount, vert, a rose bush with three roses in bloom proper, Crest—Three ostrich feathers, per pale, blue, gules and argent. Motto: *Qui plantavit curabit.*" This coat-of-arms is found on Dutch Roosevelt silver, and on a silver tankard, now in the Museum, New York, which bears the hall-mark "Gorlett Oncelagh, 1663-1733," and in all probability was brought over by the

\* Kingston, N.Y., formerly called Wiltwyck, Esopus or Sopus.



original settlers, as the Dutch, even the poorest of them, set great store by these heirlooms.

Little is known of the original Klaes, except that he was a Van Roosevelt from Guelderland, and he is not to be confused with Klaes "Kleintjen" who came over from Amersfoort in an earlier galiot. According to Armand de Bahault de Dornon: "*Le premier membre de cette famille qui émigra en Amérique fut Claes-Martenze van Roosevelt, fils de Martin van Roosevelt de Rosefeld, Pays-Bas. Claes était né en Gueldre, région réputé alors, comme aujourd'hui encore, pour ses roses. . . .*"\*

It was then in 1649 that the original Van Roosevelt couple landed in America as immigrants, but immigrants who had seen better days. At that period of history Europe suffered from widespread poverty. Eighty years of continuous wars between Spain and the Netherlands, England and the Netherlands, and England and Spain, had reduced countless gentlefolk, descendants of noble families, to the necessity of begging their bread in the streets of the principal cities. Many Protestants lost their all in fleeing from the Inquisition, and it is more than likely that the Van Roosevelts, as members of the Dutch Reformed Church, were among the involuntary and reluctant martyrs for the Faith. However, with the ineradicable optimism which has so conspicuously distinguished their descendants, they set sail for the Land of Promise.

Whatever the reason that caused Klaes and Jannetje to leave the Old World, they certainly landed in a hornet's nest in the New. The colonists were con-

\* *Annales du Cercle Archéologique de Mons*, Tome 28.



stantly being stung out of their customary placidity by petty wars with their neighbours, while their nerves were frayed by the repercussions of terrible and portentous events abroad. Moreover, there were always the Indians, ready to lift a scalp when furnished with the opportunity.

Exactly forty years had elapsed since (in 1609) marauding Henry Hudson and his crew had sailed into the lower bay of what is now New York. In the intervening period Christiaensen and Block had explored the new territory, called inclusively by the Dutch States-General "New Netherlands," soon to become a bone of contention between England and Holland. The Dutch colonists had christened their colony "New Amsterdam." In 1665 the English pounced upon it, seized it, and changed the name to "New York." The Dutch soon snatched it back and called it "New Orange." He grabs best who grabs last: before another year was up the English had made their most determined effort, and finally secured the prize from the disgruntled Dutch. By the Treaty of Westminster, February 8th, 1674, signed under Colve, last of the Dutch Governors, the entire New Netherlands colonies were ceded to England. So "New Orange" became "New York" once and for all.

The history of New York was a chequered one from the very beginning. It had flourished under Governor Minuit, who played a rough joke on the Indians when he bought from them the Island of Manhattan for the sum of twenty-four dollars—paid in glass beads—and a bottle of whiskey. It continued to flourish under the picturesque and redoubtable Peter



Stuyvesant, Father of all the Fascists, who ruled it with a rod of iron, greatly to its advantage. Immediately before Stuyvesant there had been Kieft, the worst of the Governors, who, by his stupid and brutal treatment of the Indians, nearly brought about the extermination of the settlers. Still earlier there was Van Twiller, less ferocious than Kieft but equally unintelligent, and bibulous and quarrelsome into the bargain. In the meantime the Patroon System had been introduced in 1630, and the new over-lord-landowners soon put a stop to the Governor having things all his own way. Otherwise this innovation was of doubtful value.

Stuyvesant was a grand man, but not being a Roosevelt he cannot figure prominently in this narrative. He was still Director of the Colony when Klaes and Jannetje arrived in 1649, but at that time he was at loggerheads with the powerful New Amsterdam burghers, which fact inevitably put him in the black books of the same Company in Holland. Eventually he lost his position, but even so there existed such an overwhelming love-hate between him and the colonists that neither could live without the other; and so "Old Wooden-Leg" came back, unofficially, to end his days among his former subjects, whom he ordered about as of yore, and who obeyed him far better than they had ever done while he was in office.

In those good old days, in order to survive one had to be both hardy and courageous, two qualities which the Dutch and the English possess in abundance. In winter there was always a great scarcity of food, and at times the weather was so cold that, so it is said, the ink froze on the pen. The colonists lived in continual



fear of Indian uprisings, when they could only look forward to the unpleasant prospect of being tomahawked, scalped, and otherwise mangled and mutilated. But hardest of all to bear was the nameless underlying feeling of insecurity, due to the chronic ferment in the old countries. In the year 1649 war was once more threatened between England and the Netherlands, after a brief and uncertain truce which had lasted just long enough for the English to have a Civil War of their own, terminating with the execution of their king, Charles I, revered by his admirers as "The Martyr." Now that conflict between the two countries was imminent, there was nothing to look forward to but unrest, anxiety, privations, and the constant fear of invasion.

The Van Roosevelts adapted themselves as best they could to these precarious conditions, and they soon began to be fruitful and multiply. Christiaen, their first-born, arrived in 1650, but died in infancy. Then came in succession three girls, who do not count in so far as this history is concerned. It was the fifth child, and only surviving son, Nicholas "of Esopus," from whom all the American Roosevelts derive. There was one other girl, Anna, who is of importance genealogically, because the register of her birth in 1662 proves that a will dated 1660, which has been ascribed to her mother Jannetje Van Roosevelt, was the composition of another. Anna eventually married a Dutch scholar, Jan van Dalssen de Vries, who made his home in America.

Nicholas of Esopus, born in New York City, September, 1658, was officially baptized and recorded



the following month on October 2nd, in the Dutch Reformed Church, N.Y. Twenty-four years later, in this same church, he married Heyltie Jans Kunst, the mystery-woman of the Roosevelt clan, who is perpetually being wrongly identified, and whose parents still remain shadowy.\*

After the wedding, Nicholas and his bride went to live at Esopus, where his elder sister, Anna Margriet, had already made her home as the wife of Hyman Aldertse Roos, or Roosa, as it is more often spelt in the records. Nicholas and Heyltie remained at Esopus until 1690, when they returned to New York, and continued there for the rest of their days. Nicholas attained to the ripe age of eighty-four, dying July 30th, 1742. He is buried in the same church in which he was christened and married.

As the American-born Father of the Roosevelt clan, Nicholas deserves particular attention. Undoubtedly a man of parts, with plenty of character, both good and bad, he appears to have had more than a fair share of the family charm and all of the prancing Roosevelt energy, not to mention a certain high-handedness. But he can hardly be said to have been as scrupulous as the majority of his descendants, for history depicts him as a ruthless snatcher. However, in spite of a few flamboyant faults, he must have been an extremely likable

\* If Heyltie's birthday is correctly registered as February 24, 1664 (see Whittelsey), and her birthplace Albany, as registered, she cannot have been the daughter, as stated by Whittelsey, of the Jan Barentzen Kunst, whose wife gave birth to a daughter at Esopus on that date, a child, christened Jannetje, who eventually married Cornelius Gerritz (see *Esopus Church Entries*, Nos. 36, 437, 508, 637, and 804). But in the Dutch Reformed Church (Entry No. 332, "Esopus"), in the year 1683, we get "Nicolaus Rosevelt" and "Hillette Jans Kunst" (Baptisms). The mother customarily gave her father's name added to her own Christian name.



man, and his ardent, selfless patriotism cannot be questioned. He managed to make and keep friends, and to turn enemies into allies. He was on good terms with the Indians, giving them cheap trinkets in exchange for valuable furs, thus establishing an unofficial and to him a lucrative trade without losing the friendship of his victims. As all the settlers cheated the natives, according to Colonial custom, the Indians would hardly hold this against a white man who was otherwise agreeable.

History makes it clear that Nicholas never allowed his desire for personal gain to come between him and the interests of the Colony. In fact his sense of civic duty caused him to take grave risks, as, for example, when he championed the cause of Jacob Leisler. It was Leisler, who, when William of Orange came into power and Nicholson—Deputy Governor of the Colony and a King James man—deserted his post, had the courage and initiative to seize the governorship and rule for the benefit of the colonists until the king's orders arrived from England. But Leisler played a dangerous game. On May 15th, 1691, he was martyred for his principles, hanged for usurpation and treason. To be his henchman required considerable courage.\*

On August 23rd, 1698, Nicholas was made a "Freeman" of his native New York, and two years later he entered the political arena as an Alderman of the Leislerian Party. Although he was a "Burgher of the

\* In his study of the old Scotch Livingstone (or Levingstoune) family, Holgate, the genealogical authority, says: "Livingstone attached himself to the Anti-Leislerian faction, as did most of the prominent families in New York. The truth is that Anti-Leislerians were unwilling to recognize as their leader a man whom they contemptuously termed a 'Dutch boor.'"



Major Right," which signified that he was a man of property and position, he had the courage, independence and patriotism to side with the people, as against the aristocratic party, in the quarrel between the Colony and the Mother Country, in which the Colony undoubtedly had right and justice on its side.

In a little community of from 700 to 2,000 souls the position of Alderman carried with it much power and influence, and the dignity was eagerly sought after and fought for by the leading men of the Colony. This may explain, though hardly excuse, Nicholas's treatment of Brandt Schuyler on the occasion when he bamboozled the latter out of his rightfully won election. He may, perhaps, have yielded to a sudden temptation, an irresistible acquisitive impulse, and not have premeditated an action so at variance with his normal sense of fair play.

Trade was the ruling influence in the lives of the New Netherland colonies of the 17th century. The struggle to sustain existence was too intense to provide the opportunity for any intellectual or cultural development parallel to that which was proceeding in post-Shakespearian England. The building up, under the aegis of the West India Company, of a trade monopoly in the West was the main object in life, and conduct was calculated accordingly in terms of business, with similar ends to be attained as in the East Indies. The municipal system of Freemen or Freeholders was patterned after the plan of the Old World. But although Governor Stuyvesant, in 1653, had converted New Amsterdam into a municipality, he refused to allow it to elect its own Schout, and without a Schout





OLD DUTCH WINDMILL AND FARM OF THE PERIOD (C. 1650).

*From Etchings by Rembrandt.*



the Dutch colonists did not consider theirs to be a proper Dutch city. To conform with Dutch practice the governing body should have consisted of the Schout, the Burgomaster, and Schepens. When they had elected a Schout, some years earlier, it seems that their choice had fallen on a man who, unfortunately, had already been scalped by the Indians. When this fact came to light the matter was allowed to rest, and no further steps were taken toward a new election.

In the aldermanic contest of 1700 Nicholas, as the Leislerian candidate, was opposed by Brandt Schuyler, the choice of the aristocratic party. Schuyler's family, who came over in a somewhat earlier galiot, had already "arrived" socially, while the Roosevelts were still on probation in the Colony. The report of the political contest will ring strangely in the ears of modern New Yorkers:

"Those who voted for Brandt Schuyler . . . Inhabitants who are freeholders and freemen (then follow the names indicating their nationality—Dutch, English, French, etc.) 41, in all.

Inhabitants who pay taxes	...	...	...	...	5
Inhabitants neither free nor paying taxes	...	...	...	...	7
Inhabitants under age by confession	...	...	...	...	1

"Those who voted for Nicholas Roosevelt . . . Inhabitants who are freeholders or freemen, 37. (The names given show them to be mostly Dutch, with a sprinkling of English and French).

Inhabitants who pay taxes	...	...	...	...	2
Inhabitants neither free nor paying taxes	...	...	...	...	2
Inhabitants under age by their own confession	...	...	...	...	4
Inhabitants of another ward by confession	...	...	...	...	1
Inhabitant freeholder voted for himself, Nicholas Roosevelt	...	...	...	...	1



"Brandt Schuyler did not vote. He was more modest than candidates in later days. . . .

*"The committee reported that Brandt was duly elected, although the retiring mayor had awarded the election to Roosevelt and sworn him into office."*\*

*J'y suis, j'y reste.* Evidently the modest non-voting scion of the House of Schuyler scorned to haggle further over the aldermanic bone. It is good to know that Nicholas's daughter Sarah married Philip Schuyler in the approved fashion of reconciling opposing households.

At this period of the Colony's history—the beginning of the 18th century—the Puritans were in the saddle, especially, of course, in New England. The sumptuary or "summary" laws, as they were called, which were in force in varying degrees in all the colonies, were detested by the sensible, liberal-minded Dutch, who thoroughly enjoyed all the good things of life, not excluding fine clothes.

By these laws taboos were laid on gold and silver belts and hat-bands; on rich brocades, ornaments, lace of all kinds, except the narrowest possible edging; on gold and silver thread, and on all sorts of feminine fripperies. Sleeves were allowed to have the fashionable slashing, but only in two places, one slash in front and one at the back. No reason was given for the eccentric ruling.

Men, as might be expected since the laws were made by them, were let off more lightly; but they were not

\* (The italics are mine.) George Schuyler: *Colonial New York*.



permitted to wear their hair longer than a specified length, neither were they allowed to follow the "new fashions" in the cut of their garments. Worst of all, the Act required all citizens to assist in the enforcement of the law. If a man wished to pay off an old grudge he had only to seize his enemy and hale him before a magistrate on a charge of wearing a too fashionably-cut coat. What this might lead to, can well be imagined. Women, of course, were not permitted to expose any bareness of arm, and, like the Queen of Spain, they "had no legs."

Though in matters religious and social New York was always far more tolerant than Massachusetts, the Dutch inevitably were influenced by their more stern and narrow neighbours. The latter were so intimately acquainted—to their own way of thinking—with the mind of Deity, that they were determined everyone else should be "saved" by the scruff of the neck. Moreover, they were equally well acquainted with Satan and all his works, with the result that, being only human, they sometimes got God and the Devil mixed.

Incited by the example of their neighbours, the Dutch of New York adopted more and more of these fantastic "summary" laws, which many of the inhabitants had continued to defy openly. Heyltie Roosevelt, wife of Nicholas of Esopus, is described as being brought before the courts for flaunting a flamboyant petticoat when crossing the street, and exposing her ankles "in an unseemly fashion to the scandal of the community." At the trial, Nicholas defended his wife to such good purpose that he not only cleared her of the charge and got the case dismissed, but he instituted proceedings



and won a counter case against the slanderer. Upon this he is said to have ordered a roll of the richest and gayest brocade procurable and to have presented it to his wife, adding the recommendation that she should make a brand new set of petticoats and flaunt them to her heart's content. This ending to the story is probably an invention, or, at any rate, has been "embroidered upon," but it is characteristic of the Nicholas of history.

All the Roosevelts in America are descended from Nicholas of Esopus and Heyltie. Their first son, however, Nicholas III (1687), the titular head of the clan, was not true to type. Of an exotic, un-Rooseveltian temperament, he initiated that artistic impulse which every now and again has manifested itself in members of the family and has produced artists, poets, writers, organ-builders and musicians of distinction. The third Nicholas's talents were directed into the profitable channel of the goldsmith's art, in which he proved eminently successful. His branch of the Roosevelt clan, the least in the limelight, eventually migrated to the West, where it remained and bore fruit. One of its outstanding names was that of "Rosavella," the Marchesa D'Allegrì-Machetta (Blanche Roosevelt-Tucker), principal soprano of the original Gilbert and Sullivan Opera Company. Her statue in marble, encased in glass, is in the Brompton Cemetery, London, and is known as "The Glass Lady."

The second son, John (Johannes, or Jan), 1689, who was twice elected Alderman, was the first financier of the family; an excellent man of business, conservative, hardheaded, upright, philanthropic, and a shrewd



buyer of land, he devoted himself to amassing a snug fortune, a part of which he expended on works of art and rare furniture which he imported from Holland. He married Heyltie or "Hillotye," daughter of Captain Syoerts, a sea-faring man, and by her he had a family of sturdy sons and daughters. The eldest girl married a famous scholar, William de Peyster; while one of the sons, James (Jacobus), 1724, who married Annetje Bogaert and fought in the Revolution, was the grandfather of the grandfather of a man whose genius flowered in many different directions, Theodore Roosevelt.

John's younger brother, Jacobus (1692), third son of Nicholas of Esopus, equalled or even surpassed his elder brother in business ability. He had a flair for buying the right bits of land, as shown by his acquisition of the entire "Beekman Swamp," as it was then called, confiscated property once owned by Jacob Leisler. This land lay between Pearl and Nassau streets, and extended from the swamp on the north to Fulton Street on the south, and was acquired for the amazingly low sum of two (some authorities say one) hundred pounds. Jacobus married in 1713 Catharina Hardenbroek, and from this pair is descended one whose temperament is as alien to acquisitiveness as was that of his celebrated cousin, namely Franklin Delano Roosevelt.



## CHAPTER II

### DERIVATIONS

THE background of the early Roosevelts, in 1700, was very different from that which their descendants enjoy to-day—judging from the newspapers published in those distant Colonial days. In these journals the preponderance of foreign news is rather touching, because it so clearly indicates the homesickness of those early settlers, most of them rudely torn from the civilised comforts of the Old World and thrust abruptly into the catch-as-catch-can conditions of the New. A fairly accurate picture of the times can be reconstructed from the newspapers and various other contemporary chronicles, as, for instance, those of the redoubtable Madam Knight who, in 1704, took about four months to make a trip from Boston to New York and back, in order to buy some rolls of paper at a bargain sale.

“There are everywhere in the Towns as I passed,” writes this lady, “a Number of Indians the Natives of the Country, and are the most salvage of all salvages of that kind that I have ever seen: little or no care taken (as I heard upon Enquiry) to make them otherwise. They have in some places Landes of their owne, and Govern’d by Laws of their own making—they marry many wives and at pleasure put them away, and on ye least dislike or fickle humour, on either side, saying *stand away* to one another is a sufficient



Divorce. And indeed those uncomely *Stand always* are too much in Vougue among the English in this (Indulgent Colony) as their Records plentifully prove, and that on very trivial matters, of which some have been told me, but are not proper to be Related by a Female pen, tho' some of that foolish sex have had too large a share in the story."\*

The "salvages" referred to were the "Narragansetts," who could hardly have been called "Good Companions" judging from Madam Knight's description of an Indian visitor at the hut where she broke her "Jorny":

"Stop at a little cottage Just by the River, to wait the Waters falling, wch the old man that lived there said would be in a little time, and he would conduct me safe over. This little Hutt was one of the wretchedest I ever saw a habitation for human creatures. . . . I Blest myself that I was not one of this miserable crew. . . ." (Here speaks the Puritan Pharisee.)

With ungrateful ease our Madam sits down and proceeds to indite the usual poem, her custom whenever she had for a moment ceased trying to hold on to her horse or keep herself from falling out of a "Cannoo," in which she berates her kindly though indigent and humble hosts and all their belongings:

*"Their Lodgins thyn and hard, their Indian fare,  
The mean Apparel which the wretches wear . . ."*

She declares that when in the "Cannoo" she was afraid to move her tongue from one side of her mouth

\* *The Private Journal Kept by Madam Knight, of a Journey from Boston to New York in the year 1704.*



to the other for fear of upsetting the balance of the fragile craft.

Spelling, as may be seen from the foregoing extracts, was not the strong point of the New Netherland colonists, and it is not surprising to find that the name "Roosevelt" underwent many transformations in conformity with the nationality of the various clerks who transcribed it. We have Van Roosevelt, Roosevelt, Van Raasevelt, Van Roosewelt, Van Rosenvelt, Van Roosevelt, Rosevelt, Rosewelt, Rozeveld, Van Rosavelt, Roosewell, Rosewell, and other alternatives.

The family intermarried with the Hardenburghs, the Burghers (or Burgers), the Comforts, Tappans, Roosas, Bogarduses, Van Schaicks (or Van Schaaks), Livingstons, Schuylers, de Peysters, Van Dycks, Lows, de la Montagnes, de la Maistres, de Vries, etc. It is more than likely that there is no early Dutch family in New York that has not got some admixture of Roosevelt blood.

"Among the numerous Holland colonists who came over to New Amsterdam at an early period," Holgate states in his *American Genealogy*, "was Claes Martenzen Van Roosevelt, who must have emigrated somewhere about 1651. He is the ancestor of a numerous family in this state, residing principally in Westchester county, at Poughkeepsie, Stillwater, Skeneateles, but more particularly in the city of New York, where his descendants are intermarried with the Schuylers, Bogaerts, Provosts, Van Schaicks, De Peysters, Latrobes, Hoffmans, Barclays, Van Cortlandts, Lispenards, etc., etc. The family early obtained an extensive tract of land in the city, extending from Chatham Street to the



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East river, lying between Pearl, Roosevelt,\* and Catharine Streets, or, as it was originally called, Rutger's Old Farm. Hence in this way, and by its commercial enterprise, it has become affluent; it furnished one member to the state convention which assembled at Poughkeepsie in June, 1788, to take into consideration the adoption of the constitution of the United States,† and at the present day (1851) a member of it has officiated in our national council . . .‡ No other individual of the name is known to have emigrated, with the exception of the one above referred to . . .”

There is corroboration of the statements regarding the varied spellings of old Dutch names in the preface to the translation of the Baptismal and Marriage Registers of the Old Dutch Church, Kingston, Ulster County, New York. The ancient records belonging to this church, begun in 1660 by Domine Hermanus Blom, were transcribed and edited nearly a hundred years ago by the Rev. Randall Hoes, who points out that the Domine, or clerk, *and not the parties concerned*, was the one to sign the Register. The genealogical information contained in these records is unique: it cannot be obtained from any other source.

In early days this Kingston Church was the only one between New York and Albany; and anyone who wanted to be married or to have a child baptized was obliged to go to Kingston for that purpose. This held good not only in regard to the Dutch colonists, but

\* Named after the Roosevelt family, as it bordered on their property.

† Isaac Roosevelt, great-great-grandfather of President Franklin Roosevelt: he turned it down.

‡ Judge James I. Roosevelt.



also to the Huguenot families and to the English, Irish and Scotch settled in the vicinity, as well as to the numerous Germans from Newburgh and New Paltz. In fact, it applied to all the Protestant inhabitants of the region included between Albany on the North and the Highlands on the South, and both sides of the Hudson river to the Minisink country on the West.

According to Hoes: "The orthography of the proper names in the Registers (of this particular church) is quite in keeping with a practice of the early times in which they were written. It never seems to have occurred to the university-bred Dutch Domines of the Kingston Church to inquire how various persons presenting themselves for marriage, or their children for baptism, spelled their own names, but these names having been pronounced in their hearing, they recorded them phonetically, according to the dictates of their fancy. This practice, however, involved no unusual inconsistency, for the orthography of the Dutch language, even in Holland, as respects both common and proper names, was not wholly settled until late in the eighteenth century.

"Some of our most familiar names of to-day are recorded on these pages in half a dozen or more different ways, and in many instances variations of spelling occur even in the same baptismal or marriage entry. It is therefore impossible in any case whatever to state, at least by the aid of these Registers, the exact original orthography, even if any existed, of particular family names among our early Dutch settlers. This remark applies, moreover, to all of the early civil and ecclesiastical records of the Dutch, whether in this



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country or in Holland, and to a large extent also to those written in English, as it was not before the commencement of the present century (*i.e.*, the nineteenth) that any marked degree of uniformity was observed in the orthography of a very large number of proper names.

“The variations in spelling in the Kingston Church Registers are even more involved and confusing than usual, owing to the fact that Domines Mancius, Meyer, and Doll, and also Domine Cock, of East Camp, an advisory friend of the Kingston Church who . . . repeatedly officiated there at baptismal and marriage ceremonies, were not Dutchmen but Germans and naturally displayed German tendencies in their orthography . . .”\*

From another source we get the information that in the second generation of the Dutch families in America it was frequently the custom to make a change in the name: “Thus, Rem Janse van de Beeck became Remsen, van Brugg became Bridges, and the sons of Philip du Trieux became Truax. . . . The children of Antoyne L’Espinard became Lispenard,” etc.†

The van Rensselaer family had two or three dozen ways of spelling their name; and the Delano family were originally Delanoy or De la Noye, descendants of a Frenchman, Philippe de la Noye.

In studies of Franklin Roosevelt’s colonial ancestors there has been advanced a theory to the effect that, as “Van” means “from,” the following word must indicate the village from which the family emanated.

\* Preface to *Trans. of Records to Ref. Dutch Ch., Kingston.*

† Mackenzie’s *Colonial Families.*



An intensive search of old maps, however, discovered no sign of any Roosevelt village in Europe, with the exception of Rosenfeld in Swabia, Southern Bavaria, not far from the Austrian frontier. There are plenty of Roosevelt villages in America, but these are all named after Theodore Roosevelt. Swabia is a far cry from Holland; but a Germano-Austrian origin is not improbable,\* as the following letter suggests. It was written nearly a century ago by James I. Roosevelt, the Jurist, to his nephew James Alfred Roosevelt. Incidentally the initial "I" was adopted by its bearer to distinguish himself from his father, also a James. When asked if the letter stood for Isaac, he replied: "No, it stands for I, *Me!*"

"The Hague, March 24th, '44.

"My very dear nephew—but not half so dear as the Hague—where the Dutch King is and where as you see we are—at least so says Kit Hughes our, that is your as well as our, Chargé d'Affaires—horriblement cher is his standing—or as I should say, meaning no disrespect, lying exclamation—perhaps he only considers it dear because it is dear to him. I know he dreads to part with it—the *place* to him has charms as well as charges.

"He has been very polite to us and says we are a

\* Though documents in the Archives of the Duke of Alba are said to place the origin of the family in the Palatinate. Speaking of the Belgians under the heel of the Germans, Theodore Roosevelt said: "They are suffering somewhat as my own ancestors suffered when Turenne ravaged the Palatinate, somewhat as my Irish ancestors suffered in the struggle that attended the conquests and reconquests of Ireland. . . . I admire and respect the German people, and I am proud of the German blood in my veins." (*Outlook*, September 23rd, 1914.)



perfect god-send to him, he has been so out of spirits. Strange too in this land of gin—and water. Out of spirits in Holland! A man might as well talk of being out of coals in Newcastle.

“Your letter of the 29th via Liverpool and Paris reached here in about twenty days. It was inclosed to me in one from your father of the 23rd and 27th and one from Kate Bay to Madame, by Greene and Co. . . . Your father’s previous letters of the 8th, 14th, and 15th, via Havre had also a very short passage—also Sam’s of the 16th. . . .

“Rents you say ‘is riz,’ and so it seems are our ‘arms’; for you have traced them it appears to Vienna! After searching Leyden and Amsterdam I shall certainly, as you desire it, ‘inquire about them’ in the Austrian dominions—if we get so far. The day before yesterday we spent the evening with the Secretary of the Treasury—he told me that he was well acquainted with several persons of our name at Leyden, about half an hour’s distance from the Hague. Of the Van Ness’s\* there is one an Admiral and another a member of the Dutch Senate. And we have found a Van Schaack† in the army with the rank of Colonel. There is a probability therefore that the heraldic adornments of ‘the family,’ with their several crossings and quarterings will turn out to be *something*. I mention this that you may keep your head up. Your suggestion about the old lady is correct. I have accordingly written her a long letter of nearly four pages, which you may read if you like, about Dutch olykooks, dried

\* His wife’s family.

† His mother’s family.



rusk and brick-bats, and divers other important matters relating to the management of household affairs—climate and cookery included, to say nothing of gin and other domestic utensils. . . .

“ J.I.R.

“ Mr. James A. Roosevelt,  
New York.”

“ Postscript, March 29th.

“ Your Vienna genealogy I find was no joke. The secretary of the Herald Office has just brought me two prettily painted pictures, one the arms of the Dutch *Roosevelts* and the other of the *Austrian* *Roosevelts*. The low countries, that is part of them, once, you know, belonged to the Austrian dominions, and the latter family altho residing here (or rather in Belgium) was of Austrian origin. Within the last year all the archives relating to the Austri-dutch have been removed to Brussels. On our return to that place therefore we shall be able to pursue the inquiry. What information has cousin Jim and Bleecker Street as to the time of the first emigration, and the town or province from which our forefathers came? Also as to the original mode of spelling the name? Altho in those days I believe it was considered vulgar for ‘ Cavaliers ’ to spell correctly, and even Kings sometimes made their X as both more genteel and more religious.

“ I dined yesterday with Van Hall the Secretary of the Treasury who *will* insist upon calling me Von *Rooseveltdt*; and following his example the other ministers of Marine, State, Colonies, etc., do the same. I made several very intelligent and agreeable acquaint-



ances—and went from there to the French Minister's to join in his afterpiece, as I could not of course be at both at the same time—there I found another very pleasant company—and then a little after 9 Hughes and I drove for Madame and all three went to a soirée at the house of the lady of the Hanoverian Minister where we saw 'the most beautiful woman of all Holland.' She certainly deserves her reputation as far as I am able to judge. We found the rooms splendidly lighted but the ladies all in black—so much for royal deaths.

"Everyone (in spite of State debts) treated us with marked kindness and attention. To-morrow we go to Amsterdam. I am glad to perceive that the steamers are to begin running to N.Y. on the 27th of April. —J.I.R."

There were Van Roosevelts living in Holland during the lifetime of R. B. Roosevelt, who helped him with the genealogical researches which he made when he was U.S. Minister to the Netherlands. According to his statement the Roosevelt ancestors were all Hollanders and all members of the Dutch Reformed Church.\*

The American-Dutch genealogical confusion is due partly to the burning up of many records in the great fire of New York City in December, 1835; and partly to the fact that if one genealogist makes an error many of those who come after him accept it without taking the trouble to verify it. Whittelsey, for instance, chose

\* The *New York Times*, January 12th, 1936, had a photograph of the interior of a Dutch church, and the following paragraph: "The Master of the Rolls of a Dutch Reformed Church at Middleburgh, Netherlands, has found an ancient copper crown lamp given by Johannis Van Roosevelt, a schoolmaster." (No date given.)



the spelling "Van Rosenvelt" when there were half a dozen other spellings to choose from.

What is unquestionable is that the first Roosevelt to come to America was a Dutchman, and for some three hundred years his descendants have been good Americans. Austria probably gave them their charm, and Holland their sturdy respectability.



## CHAPTER III

### LITTLE OLD NEW YORK

THE Hudson-River gambit is always the opening move in any history of early New York. Every schoolchild in America is aware, or was once aware, that the erst-while fierce, cruel, hardy, and hard-drinking Dutch adventurer, Mynheer Hendrick Hudson, of the good ship *Halve Maen* (*Half Moon*) has been transformed in the crucible of historical higher criticism into the equally spirited English adventurer Captain Henry, Harry, or Hal Hudson.

Hudson, of whatever origin, was in the employ of the Dutch East Indian Company, which later evolved into the Dutch West India Company, under the strictest orders to discover the quickest route, via northern Nova Zembla, to India and China, the empire of the Great Khan in the Far East. But, with the capriciousness of the roving sailor nature, he blithely ignored instructions and sailed due west across the blue Atlantic; finally coming to anchor on the shores of God's Own Country, where in due course he discovered the silver waters which bear his name.

It seems that our Anglo-Dutch hero and his mixed bag of eighteen hard-boiled marauders loitered on Manhattan Island just long enough to repay the hospitality of their kindly Indian hosts by murdering or mutilating as many of them as they could lay hold of, and setting fire to the villages of the rest. Under



cover of this disgraceful smoke screen the "great white bird" of ill omen spread wings and sailed away, having deposited seeds of hatred and revenge which were destined to take root and flourish in the Land of the Three Great Rivers.

In glancing at the history of New York it is depressing to find that Ma-na-does, the Indian word for Manhattan, the island-rock on which the city is built, is interpreted by etymologists as "place of drunken men," having been so christened by the aborigines in memory of Henry Hudson and his crew.

R. B. Roosevelt refused to accept this interpretation, obstinately declaring that Ma-na-does should be translated "great, sweet, nice." However, he laid no claim to any knowledge of the Algonquin or other Indian dialect. In any case, the two definitions may not be wholly incompatible.

The Indians sold their island to the Dutch settlers for a song; but, as it had already been wrested from them, and there was small chance, if any, of its recovery, their philosophy of stoicism led them to accept any compensation they could get in the form of beads and whiskey. On the other hand, the natives had rather a low opinion of the interlopers, whom they considered only fit to be tomahawked and scalped, which conviction they were very ready to put into execution.

But all this, of course, happened in the dark days before the Roosevelts came to America. On their arrival they started to clean things up, and they have been cleaning them up ever since; politics, dust-bowls, Wall Street and what not!



The Chinese have it that "the past is a mirror in which we can see the future"; but it is difficult for us to-day to visualize the New York of 1626, two years after Captain Cornelius May sailed into the Bay and formally took possession of the land—from Cape Cod to Delaware Bay—in the name of the Dutch West India Company. In the year 1626 the infant colony consisted of two hundred Dutch-speaking settlers, living in some thirty cottages with wooden chimneys and straw roofs. These log-huts were interspersed with the inevitable windmills, reminding the settlers of their native Holland; and all the buildings were grouped about a rough blockhouse which was politely called "the Fort."

In that year Peter Minuit came to the Colony to take up his position of Governor ("Director") for the Company, a post which he filled with honesty and ability for a period of seven years. The Dutch settlers included several families of Walloons—Protestants who had fled from Catholic persecution. They, like the Dutch, were of a religious turn of mind; but unfortunately the Colony could not run to the expense of a church or a clergyman, so eventually the services were taken by a "Krank-besoecher"—comforter of the sick—and were held in the upper room of a mill.

Gliding over the vicissitudes of Manhattan Island between 1626 and 1649, we reach the year of the arrival of Klaes (Claes) Martenszen Van Roosevelt; a year noted for foreign political upheavals which were fated to change the face of Europe.

It is easier to reconstruct post-Rooseveltian New York history, as we have far more data relating to this.



In 1649, Heer Petrus Stuyvesant, the Lord General, as he somewhat grandiosely styled himself, had held the Governorship for two years, and was to continue in that position eight years longer. The population of the Island of Manhattan—of which there were said to be more than forty ways of spelling the name—had risen to about a thousand persons. Oddly enough, or perhaps one should say naturally enough, the earliest records of New Amsterdam (1653-1674) begin with an ordinance against drink, which charges “all brewers, tapsters and inn-keepers, that none of them shall upon the Lord’s Day of Rest, by us called Sunday, entertain people, tap or draw any wine, beer or strong waters of any kind and under any pretext before 2 of the clock, in case there is no preaching or else before 4, except only to a traveller and those who are daily customers, fetching the drinks to their own homes. . . .”

Some hoodlums, drunken men and boys, had thrown mud and brickbats at His Lordship’s new velvet coat, when he was coming home from church the previous Sunday. Hence the Ordinance. The charges were enjoined “under the penalty of the offenders being deprived of their occupation and, beside a fine of 6 Carollus guilders for each person, who shall be found drinking wine or beer within the stated time.”

But the colonists were self-willed and obstinate. The drink question crops up again the following year, when Stuyvesant—who had by then added the province of Curacoa to his titles—peevishly complains that: “Whereas we see and are informed that our former orders against unreasonable and intemperate drinking at night and on the Sabbath of the Lord, to the shame



and derision of ourselves and our nation, are not observed and obeyed," etc. He adds that "one full fourth of the city of New Amsterdam has been turned into taverns for the sale of brandy, tobacco and beer. . . . This causes not only the neglect of honest handicraft and business, but also the debauching of the common man and the Company's servants and, what is still worse, of the young people from childhood up, who seeing the improper proceedings of their parents and imitating them, leave the path of virtue and become disorderly. . . ."

He complains further of drink being sold to the Indians: "Notwithstanding we have in previous orders forbidden to tap, give to, mix for or sell to the Indians or natives of this country, directly or indirectly, any strong drinks, we see and observe daily drunken Indians run along the Mannhattans, and the people living outside in the country have great troubles with drunken savages which causes us to fear renewed difficulties and wars. . . ."\*

One would gather from the above that Ma-na-does, "place of drunken men," was a singularly appropriate name for little old New York.

The Dutch West India Company exploited its colonists for all they were worth. Apart from the taxes legitimately due to the Company for its preoccupation with their affairs, the colonists were charged for the expenses of their own government, in which at the same time they had no voice. Everything had to go through the medium of the Governor General, who might be

\* *The Minutes of the Burgomasters and Schepens of New Amsterdam, from 1653-1674*, translated from the Dutch by Westbrook.



good, bad, or indifferent, intelligent or stupid, benevolent or grasping.

It was this continual injustice on the part of the Company, coupled with capricious and provocative measures and irritating goody-goody injunctions, that goaded the colonists into abortive attempts at rebellion, and left them in a chronic state of discontent. Later on, this same policy, continued by the English, drove such patriots as Nicholas Roosevelt into the arms of Leisler, thrust the excellent Leisler to his death, and eventually led to the Revolution. "Taxation without representation is tyranny."

Nicholas Roosevelt was only six years old in 1664, when New Amsterdam was ceded to the English; therefore, he was brought up practically under English rule.

Apart from Nicholas of Esopus—and possibly one, single and singular, exception—the Roosevelt family was not conspicuous during the period between the arrival in America of Klaes, and the Revolutionary War. Its members were good citizens, wealthy, worthy, patriotic, and universally respected, active in matters of government and philanthropy, and generous contributors to all good causes; but they were not in any way distinguished from the mass of their fellow-citizens until the time of Isaac Roosevelt (1726-1794), great-great-grandfather of Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

The "singular exception" was one of the numerous Jameses, whose conspicuousness was entirely concerned with his death. Though not in any way out of the ordinary during his lifetime, he became a startling corpse. The notice of his death, given in the *New York*



*Gazette and Weekly Mercury* of Monday, August 12th, 1771 (no. 1033), is as follows:—

“On Tuesday last Mr. Jacobus Roosevelt, of this city, being in Health, and no otherways heated than by the Weather, which was extremely hot, drank pretty freely of cold Water from the Well in his Sugar House Yard. He was presently seiz'd with a Pain in the Stomach and Aching in the Bones, which obliged him to go to Bed; Physicians were sent for, and proper Medicines administered, but his Illness continued till next day 11 o'clock, when he grew better and the Doctors had Hopes of his Recovery—But about 12 o'clock he was seiz'd with violent Pains as before, and in a very short Time expired; *soon after which his Flesh turn'd yellow, as in Jaundice.* He was a Batchelor, bore an excellent Character, was universally beloved and esteem'd, and is generally lamented by all his Acquaintances.”

\* \* \* \* \*

Isaac Roosevelt (1726-1794)—son of James Roosevelt (1692) and Catharina Hardenbroek, grandson of Nicholas of Esopus, and fifth generation back in the direct line of Franklin D. Roosevelt—was exactly fifty years old when the Revolutionary War occurred. Although he was a wealthy man, his riches were the least item to be considered in taking his personality into account. He was indeed a pattern citizen, exercising a wide and beneficent influence over his fellows. In those unsettled times, when feeling ran high owing to the excitement resulting from the Stamp Act, it was to



men of Isaac Roosevelt's calibre that the people turned for leadership.

"It was believed that the people would put entire confidence in the mayor and aldermen, and with good reason. They were known to be among the most candid and determined opponents of the Stamp Act. Mayor Cruger, Isaac Roosevelt, the great sugar-refiner, and a beloved, honoured, tried, true, and consistent patriot, and others of the aldermen, had been among the first to sign the non-importation agreement. Hence proposals were made to Colden in writing, that the city corporation should take the stamps into its own custody. Colden hesitated, though he afterwards remarked to Judge Livingstone that the proposition was agreeable to him. At four p.m. a large crowd collected about the City Hall to learn results. The mayor, attended by the aldermen, visited the Fort and warned Colden of the imminent danger of further delay. He was in great distress and appealed to General Gage for counsel. The latter avowed his belief that a fire from the Fort would be a signal for an insurrection and the commencement of a civil war. . . 'So,' says Bancroft, 'the head of the province, and the military chief of all America, confessing their inability to stop the anarchy, capitulated to the municipal body which represented the people.' ""\*

About ten years, or so, later, when the Revolution actually broke out, Isaac was one of the first to be elected a member of the Provincial Congress, and to be appointed one of the four prominent men of affairs selected to form a Council of War, to act as an advisory

\* M. J. Lamb, *History of the City of New York*.



board to the Army. With Abraham Walton, he organised a force of three thousand men, in New York City: he also gave large sums of money to the cause, as well as putting his great financial experience at its disposal. When ammunition was short, he was among those who tore the leaden weights from the windows of their houses in order to make them into bullets.

When the British captured New York, Isaac moved with his family to Kingston (Esopus—the old happy hunting-ground of the clan) where his wife's family were settled. Here he enlisted in the 6th Regiment of the Dutchess County Militia. But the country needed him for other work. He was made a member of the General Committee of One Hundred, so that he might act as their financial adviser.

After the war, Isaac Roosevelt was one of the three New York delegates appointed to the Convention called for the purpose of drawing up a Constitution “adequate to the exigences of the Union.” It met on May 14, 1787, at Independence Hall, Philadelphia, “the Cradle of American Liberty.”

On the evening of the day on which the British fleet left New York, Governor Clinton celebrated the event by giving a dinner in honour of General Washington. This dinner, which Isaac Roosevelt attended, was given at Fraunce's tavern, situated at the corner of Broad and Pearl streets, an old house that had been built in 1730 and formerly called the Queen Charlotte. It was here that Washington, the following December, made his farewell address to his officers and men.

Dining with Washington seems to have been more of an honour than a pleasure, as the President preserved



an atmosphere of cold formality and "no cheering ray of convivial sunshine broke through the cloudy gloom of settled seriousness. At every interval of eating or drinking he played on the table with a knife or fork, like a drumstick." On the occasion when New York State honoured President Washington by another dinner, at Cape's Tavern, the arrangements were entrusted to Isaac Roosevelt with three other leading citizens, one of whom was Egbert Benson, Mrs. Isaac Roosevelt's cousin. The bill for this dinner is given as £156 10s. 6d., quite a tidy sum for those days.

Some time later, when Mrs. Roosevelt died, Washington, who was in New York, was invited to attend the funeral. However, he felt it incumbent on him to decline for the reason expressed in his diary under the date Nov. 14, 1789: "Received an invitation to attend the funeral of Mrs. Roosevelt (the wife of a Senator of this State), but declined complying with it, first, because the propriety of accepting an invitation of this sort appeared to be very questionable, and secondly (though to do so in this instance might not be improper), because it might be difficult to discriminate in cases which might thereafter happen." Prudence warned him not to create a precedent.

During the period between the Revolution and the Civil War, although comparatively quiescent after their hyper-activity in the Revolution, the Roosevelt family continued to be identified with the life and government of the State and City of New York. Many of its members were distinguished in the fields of science, philanthropy, politics, jurisprudence, finance, diplomacy, reform, land preservation, conservation of forests and



game, social life, and other departments of human activity. A short catalogue of the notables is all that space will permit.

Nicholas Roosevelt (1767-1854) achieved fame as one of the foremost American inventors. Cornelius Van Schaack Roosevelt (1794-1871) was a noted financier who founded the Chemical Bank of New York. He was widely known for his generosity and extensive philanthropic labours. His brother, James "I" Roosevelt (1796-1875), an ardent Democrat and adherent of General Jackson, Member of Congress and State Senator, was an outstanding figure in both jurisprudence and diplomacy. He studied foreign law in the courts of England, Holland and France, became Justice of the State Supreme Court in 1851., and during one term was Judge of the Court of Appeals. He retired in 1860 after serving as United States District Attorney for Southern New York.

Silas Weir Roosevelt (1823-1870), eldest son of C. Van Schaack Roosevelt, a minor poet of great charm, lived (as an invalid) for five years after the close of the Civil War; but he had already completed the greater part of his slender output of literary work before 1861. His younger brother, James Alfred Roosevelt (1825-1898), distinguished in the world of finance, was the founder of the banking house of Roosevelt and Son, and was connected with numerous other business enterprises, as well as being a keen philanthropist—President of Roosevelt Hospital, Trustee of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, etc. Incidentally, he was an ardent yachtsman and sportsman generally, and to him is due the introduction into America of the



delightful English pastime of coaching. By his marriage to Elizabeth Norris Emlen of Philadelphia he joined to the old Dutch heritage two streams of British royal blood, one deriving from Robert the Bruce and the other from Henry II through the Norrises, Lloyds, de Grays, Kynastons and Mowbrays of Axholme. Of the two sons of this marriage, the younger, William Emlen, became senior partner in the banking firm of Roosevelt and Son, New York, and continued and extended his father's philanthropic and business activities.

Another Roosevelt philanthropist, James Henry (1800-1860), left in his will a million dollars to be devoted to his life-long dream, the foundation of a charity hospital, where patients of every creed and colour could receive free treatment. It was named Roosevelt Hospital in his honour, and bears the inscription: "To the memory of James Henry Roosevelt, a true son of New York, the generous founder of this hospital, a man upright in his aims, simple in his life and sublime in his benefaction."

There is a tradition that this member of the Roosevelt family, soon after his engagement to a beautiful girl, developed a slight, but unsightly, skin trouble, which his old Nannie undertook to cure with a brew of her own making, which contained mercury; with the result that the unfortunate young man became permanently disfigured. He released his fiancée and devoted the rest of his life to rigid self-denial in order to increase his modest fortune to a size sufficient to endow the hospital on which he had set his heart.

On the outbreak of the Civil War all the Roosevelt activities were united and directed towards one sole



objective, the preservation of the Union. Robert Barnwell Roosevelt (1829-1906) and his brother Theodore (1831-1878), father of President Theodore Roosevelt, the fourth and fifth sons respectively of C. Van Schaick (Schaack) Roosevelt, joined in establishing allotment commissions. President Lincoln appointed Theodore one of the three Commissioners from New York to look into these matters. He and his brother Robert also organised the Protective War Claims Association, which "collected the dues of the crippled veterans, and of the dead, without charge," and it was in Theodore's house that organisation was initiated for the Soldiers' Employment Bureau. Among the many philanthropic Roosevelts he was conspicuous, a man of wide culture, greatly beloved by his family and friends. Robert, his brother, was more distinguished in the political sphere. Although his personal sympathies were with the South, he was on principle a strong Union man, and his energies were strenuously devoted to this cause.

Brief as are these references they are sufficient to show the public-spiritedness of the Roosevelts. Particularly is there evidence of their civic pride in the New York which they had helped to build and to prosper. That pride is reflected in the words of Robert Roosevelt:

"It was not till the discovery of the ginning machines which made cotton king that New York sprang into first importance. Up to that time ships of three and four hundred tons were first class vessels. King Cotton demanded better accommodations. Nothing less than a thousand tons. . . The latter required deep water and



that the harbours should be near the sea. They could not be risked up tortuous river channels. The wonderful concentration of wealth in New York also may have tended to add to its size and importance. But among these nothing perhaps has been more influential than the Erie Canal. . . Upon the greatness of the City of New York largely depends the greatness of the State of New York. We are the goose that lays the golden egg. The up-State people and counties have so been in the habit of putting their burdens on us that they would feel lost if they were to be deprived of the resource, or if their fat goose were to get sick and no longer be able to keep up the procession. . . Keep up our canals and you keep up the wealth and supremacy of the City of New York, and through this the supremacy of the State. . . The waterways of the State have paid for themselves, even with the reckless waste and extravagance which have always marked Republican rule and which were a monstrous scandal but a few years ago. . . . Let us emblazon on our political banners the motto, 'The deeper the canal the surer the protection against the greed of monopoly.' "



## CHAPTER IV

### THE VOYAGE OF THE "NEW ORLEANS" (NICHOLAS ROOSEVELT)

THERE is a Roosevelt tradition that Nicholas Roosevelt invented the steamboat. It would be pleasant to be able to say that he did, but historical truth forbids. However, Nicholas Roosevelt was certainly associated with its early commercial development, and he was one of the pioneer inventors who made this great forward step in transportation practicable.

The first workable steamboat appears to have been the tug *Charlotte Dundas*, built by William Symington of Wanlockhead in 1802, and tried out on the Forth and Clyde Canal. It was a success; but it was scrapped because of a misplaced fear that the wash from it would injure the banks of the canal.

If we admit that the steamboat was the outcome of many inventions we are able to give credit to a number of rival claimants with special honours to the American John Fitch. These honours used always to go to Robert Fulton, though some give them to James Rumsey and Nicholas Roosevelt. At least it is clear that the steamboat was first put into operation in America. Fitch's invention preceded that of Fulton, but owing to the financial backing of Chancellor Robert Livingston, Fulton was enabled to get a Watt-and-Boulton engine from Birmingham for his boat the *Clermont*. Nevertheless, the *Clermont* and her sister ship *The Car*



of *Neptune*, both built in 1807, were slower (five miles an hour) than the Fitch steam packet (eight miles an hour). Horace Greeley speaks of Fitch and Fulton as "the projector and achiever, respectively, of steam-navigation."

In point of time, however, Nicholas Roosevelt's invention actually antedates both those of Fitch and Rumsey, for as early as 1782 he built a boat, propelled by paddle-wheels over the sides, which he tried out in the Collect Pond, New York City. The wheels were turned by hickory and whale bone springs which unwound a cord wrapped around the wheel axles. Unfortunately for his future fame, he then turned his attention to other activities, such as "building engines, for various purposes, including those required for the Philadelphia water-works. He also contracted to erect a rolling mill and to supply the federal government with copper, drawn and rolled, for six 74-gun ships which were to be built. After he had gone to great expense to complete the contract, a change in federal administration caused the abandonment of ship construction, and, consequently, great financial loss to Roosevelt" (Whittlesey, *Roosevelt Genealogy*).

Roosevelt was unlucky all along the line, especially in his contacts with the capricious Chancellor Livingston, who at first toyed with the idea of financing the Roosevelt steam-boat, but later switched over to Fulton, while still holding on to the Roosevelt plans. In France, Livingston got Fulton to construct a steam-boat, built according to the Chancellor's own notions, which promptly sank to the bottom of the Seine. Upon which, Livingston calmly handed over Roosevelt's





FITCH'S FIRST STEAMBOAT "THE PERSEVERANCE."



THE (NEW) "MANHATTAN," ROOSEVELT STEAMSHIP COMPANY.



paddle-wheel plans to Fulton. With the aid of Watt's engine, Livingston's money, and Roosevelt's plans, Fulton contrived to make his "great invention"; though, with the submarine to his credit, Fulton was undoubtedly a great inventor in his own right, apart from his success in making the steam-boat a commercial proposition.

As a matter of fact, if anyone can be called the inventor, it should be Fitch. Roosevelt built a model-boat in 1782, but he did not construct a steamboat suitable for commercial purposes until he launched the *Polacca* (October 21st, 1798), when the Fitch boat had already been going strong for ten years at eight m.p.h. And the *Polacca* was hardly epoch-making: she could do only three m.p.h., and in still water at that. Nicholas Roosevelt's great boat-building period came a few years later (1811), when, after improving his engine, he built the *New Orleans*, the "Father of all the Steamboats," "the pioneer boat that descended the Ohio and Mississippi rivers from Pittsburg to New Orleans in fourteen days" (Whittelsey: *op. cit.*).

Both Fitch and Roosevelt built their own engines. In time Roosevelt greatly improved his; but, unfortunately, Fitch died at Bardstown, Ky. (1789) before he could do likewise, and, perhaps fortunately, before he could witness Fulton's triumph with the *Clermont* on the Hudson in August, 1807. Still, there is no gain-saying that Fitch's little steamboat was going strong (at eight miles an hour) in 1788.

The character of Nicholas Roosevelt appears to have been entirely devoid of pettiness. This is indicated by the fact that he bore no grudge against Livingston for



the latter's shabby treatment of him. Neither did he display the slightest feeling of envy towards Fulton. He even went so far as to allow them both to enter into partnership with him in his navigation of the western waters. In spite of this, the Chancellor actually double-crossed him a second time.

In 1815 Roosevelt had applied for protection of the patent, which had been granted him the previous year, for his invention of vertical paddle-wheels placed over the sides of the boat. After some discussion, "*in which Chancellor Livingston made representations opposed to Roosevelt's application,*" the Legislature decided that "it was inexpedient to make any special provision in connection with the matter in controversy before the body." So it appeared to be settled.

But after Roosevelt's death, when his papers and those of Livingston came into the hands of Richard Cox, his executor, the matter came up once more. A law-suit was about to be instituted, but the expenses involved would have been so great that it was decided to let the case drop, although it had been submitted to two solicitors, William Wirt and Roger Taney, who had given favourable opinions.

The amazing application, made in the name of Fulton, for a patent for the Roosevelt paddle-wheel invention, was not signed by Fulton, but by someone else. Neither was the required oath taken by Fulton. This was never satisfactorily explained; but Fulton practically corroborated the statement that it was the work of someone else, adding: "I have no pretensions to be the first inventor of the steamboat. Hundreds of others have tried it and failed. Neither do I pretend



## THE VOYAGE OF THE "NEW ORLEANS"

to the right to navigate steamboats except in New York. . . . That to which I claim an exclusive right is the so proportioning the boat to the power of the engine and the velocity with which the wheels of the boat, or both, move with the maximum velocity attainable by the power, and the construction of the whole machine."\*

Fulton also declared: "As to Mr. Roosevelt, I regard him as a noble-minded, intelligent man, and would do anything to serve him that I could." This remark was made to J. H. B. Latrobe, Roosevelt's brother-in-law, who was trying to bring about a Fulton-Roosevelt combination, in order to introduce steamboats in the western waters. Latrobe's efforts were successful. The two inventors buried the hatchet, and became close friends. The spoilt, wilful, clever Livingston joined the combination; welcomed probably in equal measure for his charm and for his money. However irritating certain traits in the Chancellor's character may have been, it must be admitted that his keen interest, intense activity, and readiness to risk the greater part of his fortune in steamboat enterprises, combined to bring what we may call the Fitch-Rumsey-Roosevelt-Fulton invention to a successful issue.

Steamboats were a godsend to the West. Before they were introduced, there were three methods of river transportation in use: flat boats, barges, and keel boats. The flat boat was a clumsy box-like arrangement that was sailed down stream and then broken up. But the slim, long, sharp-pointed—fore and aft—keel boats were poled, or warped, up stream by boatmen who

\* *Appleton's Encyclopaedia of American Biography*, 1888, p. 318.



stood in the gunwale in a narrow gangway. Sometimes, if the water was favourable, they were able to use oars. The barge had a low covered cabin between gangways; but otherwise it was practically the same as the keel boat, and it ascended the stream propelled in the same way.

The flat boat arrangement was called a "broad horn," and it was used solely for transportation. All three kinds of boat had enormous oars for steering and for general use.

The *New Orleans*, built by Nicholas Roosevelt, was the first steamboat to be launched on the western waters. It was 116 feet long; the engine had a 34-inch cylinder, and the boiler and other parts of the machine were in proportion. The cost of the boat is said to have been in the neighbourhood of 38,000 dollars.

We are indebted to Latrobe for his exciting description of the maiden voyage of the *New Orleans* undertaken by the inventor and his wife.\* Mrs. Roosevelt, who was about to become a mother, insisted on accompanying her husband on this venturesome trip, in spite of the vigorous protests of friends.

"In the latter part of September, 1811, the *New Orleans*, after a short experimental trip up the Monongahela, commenced her voyage. There were two cabins, one aft, for ladies, and a larger one forward, for gentlemen. In the former there were four berths. It was comfortably furnished. Of this, Mrs. Roosevelt took possession. Mr. Roosevelt and herself were the

\* J. H. B. Latrobe, *A Lost Chapter in the History of the Steamboat* (1871).



only passengers. There was a Captain, an engineer named Baker, Andrew Jack, the pilot, six hands, two female servants, a man waiter, a cook, and an immense Newfoundland dog, named Tiger. Thus equipped, the *New Orleans* began the voyage which changed the relations of the West—which may almost be said to have changed its destiny."

The intrepid wife of the pioneer-navigator gave birth to a child under these trying and precarious conditions: "It was announced one morning, that there had been a rise in the river during the night, and that Mrs. Roosevelt had become a mother." But the normal event of childbirth—considered of secondary importance to the rise in tide—sank into insignificance compared with the upheaval of nature which suddenly took place.

"The comet of 1811 had disappeared, and was followed by the earthquake of that year. The effect of the first shock was as though the vessel had been in motion and had suddenly grounded. The cable shook and trembled, and many on board experienced for the moment a nausea resembling sea sickness." The shocks succeeded one another during the night; and when morning came the voyage was resumed. But this was not the only thing to ruffle the calm of these hardy adventurers.

"Sometimes, the Indians attempted to approach the steamboat; and, again, fled at its approach. The Chickasaws still occupied that part of the State of Tennessee lying below the mouth of the Ohio. On one occasion a large canoe, fully manned, came out of the woods abreast of the steamboat. The Indians, out-



numbering the crew of the vessel, paddled after it. There was at once a race, and for a time the contest was equal. The result, however, was what might have been anticipated. Steam had the advantage of endurance; and the Indians with wild shouts . . . gave up the pursuit, and turned into the forest from which they had emerged."

On another occasion, in the middle of the night, Roosevelt, hearing shouts and trappings on deck, seized the only weapon on board—which happened to be a sword—and rushed outside. The sword was of no use, as the *New Orleans* was on fire. Some green wood left too close to the stove by one of the servants, becoming overheated in the night, had started a blaze. However, after considerable effort they finally managed to put out the fire.

At New Madrid, where the greatest damage had been done by the cataclysm of nature, terror-stricken earthquake victims begged to be taken on board; but this was obviously impossible as they would have swamped the boat. There were more than two hundred of them left homeless. So, reluctantly, the steamboat passed on.

"One of the peculiar characteristics of the voyage was the silence that prevailed on board. No one seemed disposed to talk; and when there was any conversation it was carried on in whispers almost. Tiger, who appeared alone to be aware of the earthquake while the vessel was in motion, prowled about, moaning and growling; and when he came and placed his head on Mrs. Roosevelt's lap, it was a sure sign of commotion of more than usual violence." Sleeplessness was



another unpleasant characteristic. "Sound, continuous sleep was apparently unknown. . . . Going ashore for wood was the event in each twenty-four hours."

The travellers became haggard and worn; but their courage never faltered. The "Fire-Canoe" (*Penelore*) the Indians called the boat, which they believed had some affinity with the comet that had preceded the earthquake; the "sparks from the chimney of the engine being likened to the train of the comet, and the rumbles of the earth to the fast-moving paddles."

The *New Orleans*, then and long afterwards, was looked upon by the Indians as an omen of evil. It was "the precursor of their own expulsion from their ancient homes." They continued in this belief as late as 1843, and in the great trek "refused to be moved by steamboat, and took the pilgrimage on foot."

The earthquake caused such changes in the channel of the river that for a time the pilot thought he was lost; but even this unpleasant development failed to daunt the voyagers. The small infant no doubt kept the feminine contingent occupied, and, over and above this, romance had flowered. Mrs. Roosevelt's maid and the Captain had plighted their troth. They subsequently got married at Natchez, where, owing to the fire getting too low, the *New Orleans* nearly missed her landing, and was whirled past her destination and past the assembled multitude waiting to greet her with cheers and general whoopee. However, land she did, and all was well.

The violence of this earthquake of 1811 and the terrible heavings of the earth are said by contemporary writers to have surpassed anything of the kind ever



recorded. The newspapers and magazines of the period give an idea of what the Roosevelts and their companions witnessed on this, their maiden voyage. The shocks jarred the Mississippi Valley to its centre, oscillating down the courses of rivers, through villages, and passing the Alleghany mountains before dying away on the border of the Atlantic Ocean.

On the western bank of the Mississippi, in the southern part of Missouri, the settlements of New Prairie and New Madrid, thirty miles above it, suffered the worst of the shock. Great areas of the land were hurled into the Mississippi. The entire graveyard at New Madrid was first thrown upwards and then totally engulfed by the stream; buildings everywhere were overturned, even the log cabins, which, because of their very frailness are said to be the hardest to upset, were reduced to wreckage.

The Mississippi River itself was turned from its course by a great bursting of the earth just below the village of New Madrid. This occurred at the very time the Roosevelts were there. That the *New Orleans* was not swamped, as were so many other boats in the vicinity, seems little short of a miracle. A great reflux of waves was caused by this burst, resulting in all the smaller craft being washed into the Bayou and swept high and dry on land.

Extraordinary changes were effected in the river bed, islands were sunk and new ones raised, so it was small wonder that the Roosevelts' pilot thought himself lost. "Large lakes of many miles in extent were made in an hour. Other lakes were drained. The whole country from the mouth of the Ohio in one direction,



and to the St. Francis in another, including a front of 300 miles, was convulsed to such a degree as to create lakes and islands, the number of which is not known."

Before the occurrence of the earthquake, the *New Orleans*—the first steamboat ever seen on the Western waters—appearing simultaneously with the comet; and with her strange shape and the "fearful rapidity (eight miles an hour!) with which she made her passage over the broad reaches of the river," excited a mixture of wonder and terror in the minds of the settlers, backwoodsmen who had never even heard of the invention of the steam-engine, much less of its application to navigation.

When, on a still moonlight night, the phantom craft suddenly appeared before Louisville, and there let off "an extraordinary sound which filled the air as the pent up steam was suffered to escape from the valves, on rounding to," it is said that the whole town jumped from their beds in alarm; the general impression among the Kentuckians being that the comet had fallen into the Ohio.

Up to this time things had been bad enough, but now they became worse. The weather grew hot and sultry; the monotonous voyage was continued. There was something ominous in the surrounding solitudes: the air was "misty, still, and dull, and though the sun was visible, like a glowing ball of copper, his rays hardly shed more than a mournful twilight on the surface of the water. Evening drew nigh, and with it some indications of what was passing around them became evident. As Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Roosevelt sat on deck, they heard ever and anon a rushing sound



under such trying conditions, without the aid of doctor and violent splash, and saw large portions of the shore tearing away from the land and falling into the river. . . . They spoke little for everyone on board appeared thunderstruck. The comet had disappeared about this time, which circumstance was noticed with awe by the crew.

"The second day after leaving the Yellow Banks, the sun was over the forests, the same dim ball of fire, and the air was thick, dull, and oppressive as before. The portentous signs of this terrible natural convulsion continued and increased. The pilot, alarmed and confused, affirmed that he was lost, as he found the channel everywhere altered; and where he had hitherto known deep water, there lay numberless trees with their roots upward. The trees were seen waving and nodding on the bank without a wind, but the adventurers had no choice but to continue their route. They had usually brought to under the shore, but everywhere they saw high banks disappearing, overwhelming many a flat-boat and raft, from which the owners had landed and escaped.

"A large island in mid-channel, elected by the pilot as the better alternative, was sought for in vain, having disappeared entirely. Thus, in doubt and terror, they proceeded, hour after hour, until they found a small island and moored themselves at its foot."\*

It was a miracle that they ever reached Natchez; but that is hardly more astonishing than the calm matter-of-factness with which they accepted their extraordinary situation. If they suffered any mental anguish, or if the lady who gave birth to an infant,

\* How, *The Great West*.



or trained nurse, was in any way incommoded, we do not hear of it. We read of nothing but celebrations; whoopee on shore and whoopee on the river, where, with true Rooseveltian hospitality, the inventor-hero entertained flocks of amazed and admiring guests, even going to the length of playing a trick on them.

The Natchezians, who, though warned of the coming of the *New Orleans*, never believed that she could survive the earthquake, enthusiastic as they were over the success of the exploit, could not be convinced that she could make the return journey up stream. One night at a dinner-party on board, when a crowd of these sceptics happened to be voicing their disbelief in a heated argument which had gone on for some time, their host piloted them up on deck, where, to their amazement, they no longer saw Natchez, but a little settlement two miles up the river. During the excitement attending the arguments, mingled with Rooseveltian good cheer, they had not noticed that the boat was proceeding up stream.

After this incident the enthusiasm of the Natchezians rose to fever heat, and the splendour of the celebrations passed all bounds.

The *New Orleans*, we are told, continued to run between the city of New Orleans and Natchez, "making her voyages to average seventeen days, until the year 1813 (or '14), when she was wrecked near Baton Rouge by striking on a snag."

If Nicholas Roosevelt did not actually invent the steamboat he certainly had a marvellous run for his money, and the first voyage of the *New Orleans* deserves to go down in history.



## CHAPTER V

### THE IZAAK WALTON OF AMERICA

(ROBERT BARNWELL ROOSEVELT)

AMONG the outstanding members of the Roosevelt Clan one of the most interesting was Robert Barnwell Roosevelt, the hasty, irascible and lovable uncle of Theodore Roosevelt. He had three affiliations, political, social and piscatorial, and the third was certainly nearest to his heart.

The subject of fish is not one that lends itself to lightness of heart when encountered under the formidable appellation of "Pisciculture." Still, as representative of one of the three great sources of America's food-supply it has a deservedly recognised importance.

The "Piscatorial High Priest, or Pontifex Maximus," as his friend John Bigelow called him, Robert B. Roosevelt devoted twenty of the best years of his life—as head of the Fish Commission of New York State—to the thankless and unpaid task of preserving and replenishing this particular form of nourishment for the stomachs and pocketbooks of his thoughtless and ungrateful countrymen. His barren reward consisting in the honour of being dubbed the "Izaak Walton of America." The watching eyes of Europe, however, not only observed and appreciated the piscicultural work that was going on in America, but three nations—England, France and Germany—sought to co-operate with it.



Roosevelt's original idea and chief objective was the establishment of hatcheries for the artificial propagation of fish. To attain this end he was obliged to initiate, and push through the State legislature, necessary and special laws dealing with the close season, fishing rights, etc., a none too easy task. In April, 1868, however, he was instrumental in getting a law passed for the preservation of fish, which led eventually to the stocking of American lakes and streams with really valuable fish to replace the small and practically worthless creatures that had infested the waters up to that time.

For many years the Hudson River had been full of fine-mesh nets which prevented the mature fish from ascending the stream to their spawning-beds. The new Act regulated the size of the mesh to be used ( $4\frac{1}{2}$  inches) and provided under a penalty that the nets or traps should be left open from sundown on Saturday until sunrise the following Monday, in order that the big shad could ascend the river to their spawning-grounds. Furthermore, the Act definitely determined the period between April 15th and June 15th to be the legal shad-fishing season.

This was the first important step towards the conservation of what has always been one of the greatest assets of the seaboard states and through them of the country at large. Beside being the initiator of the project Roosevelt was also the moving spirit of the newly appointed trio of Fish Commissioners. His pre-eminence may have been to some extent due to the fact that he was able to devote most of his time to the subject, while his colleagues were engrossed in other



work; Horatio Seymour was occupied with strenuous gubernatorial duties, with, in the beginning at any rate, an aberrant eye on the presidency; the third member, Judge George I. Cooper, was no doubt embedded in the Law, for nothing is heard of him beyond his appointment.

Letters from Governor Seymour indicate that Pisciculture weighed heavily on his mind and conscience; but he was already staggering under far weightier burdens, and could do little more than back up the Roosevelt-schemes, which he did right loyally. As a matter of fact it must have been easier for Roosevelt with his somewhat autocratic disposition to work unhampered by his colleagues, and with full power to choose his own subordinates.

One of the first moves of the new Commission was to engage Roosevelt's old fishing companion Seth Green to restock the Hudson River with shad. These fish had so dwindled away that there was imminent danger of their total disappearance. Green had a natural genius for anything concerning fish, and was preeminently fitted for the practical part of the work, while Roosevelt had the combination of brains, initiative, and scientific piscatorial knowledge necessary to father the undertaking, together with the dynamic energy and stubborn perseverance required to push it through to success.

The venture, which eventually achieved all its objectives, began with a false start. Green committed the initial tactical error of telling the river fishermen that he had come with a view to "making fish cheap." Imagining that their livelihood was about to be



snatched away from them, and not perceiving that the re-stocking of the river was really greatly to their advantage, the men got their backs up and started a guerilla warfare. Hatching-boxes were destroyed in the night, and all shad-raising activities were thwarted in a dozen petty underhand ways.

To hear that the river men were doing everything to frustrate the experiment must have infuriated the peppery R.B.R. Thirty and more years later he used the incident to illustrate the "inborn cussedness of human nature." But one can rest assured that he did not take the matter lying down. "Up guards and at 'em!" was his oft-quoted motto. His patience must have been sorely tried by Green's tales of how the men engaged in the night-fishing would take their pay but do no work, except to flop the shad across his (Green's) face, or drop the lantern overboard at the psychological moment when it was most needed. Their only active labour was the destruction of the fish-hatching boxes at night, and in the day-time to pretend to stumble over the boat so as to upset the pans of impregnated spawn.

Furious, Roosevelt went in person and harangued the men. Anyone who knew him would realise that this must have been to him not only a relief but a genuine pleasure. He had a surpassing command of irony, sarcasm and vitriolic invective; combined with a powerfully paternal method of appealing to one's better nature, that would bring a sob to the throat of the most callous son of toil, so long as he was unaware that it was merely forensic eloquence.

The fishermen had no chance, and they knew it. After that there was harmonious co-operation.



The fame of the Fish Commission was now rapidly spreading abroad. From Germany, France and England letters began to arrive containing suggestions regarding international conventions, inquiries concerning methods of fish-culture and requests for spawn from the hatchery. New York had leapt into fame as the world-centre of pisciculture. Early in 1871 Roosevelt received the following letter from Hamilton Fish:

Hon. Robt. B. Roosevelt,  
etc., etc.

Department of State,  
Washington.

2nd January, 1871.

My dear Sir,

Sir Edward Thornton (the British Minister) applied to me a short time since for information where he could obtain the spawn of some fish for the Marquis of Exeter. As a matter of course, I told him that you were the one man of all others in the United States who if not the Father of all the "*fishes*" was their friend, protector and guardian, and could give all information on this subject. . . .

Can you give Sir Edward, either directly, or through me the information he asks and enable him to procure what he wants? Your kind services in the matter will be appreciated no less by him than by

Yours very truly,

HAMILTON FISH.

The reply was despatched direct to Sir Edward, who sent this answer.



British Legation, Washington.

*January 5th, 1871.*

My dear Sir,

Your kind letter of the 3rd just reached me late last evening, so that I was unable to answer it by last night's Post. I am really much obliged to you for the steps you have already taken to obtain for me some fish spawn for the Marquis of Exeter. I am sure that he would be glad to get spawn both of the lake salmon trout and of the white fish. I suppose that about a thousand eggs of each spawn would be sufficient to give him a fair chance of breeding a good many fish. I am told that if they be packed in layers of damp moss, a covered tin of the capacity of a pint would conveniently hold between three and four hundred eggs, so that the two thousand would go into six cans.

I could most conveniently forward them by the Wednesday Cunard Boat and could give directions that they should be kept in a cool place and properly taken care of on board, as also that they should be forwarded immediately on their arrival at Liverpool.

Lord Exeter's place is Burghley, near Stamford, Northamptonshire. It cannot be more than four hours from Liverpool.

If the spawn could be got ready and packed for next Wednesday, I could forward it on that day. But as soon as you arrive here, I shall endeavour to find you and thank you in person for the kind interest you have taken in the matter.

Believe me,

Very truly yours,

EDWD. THORNTON.



The Honble.

Robert B. Roosevelt, M.C.

The following is an extract from a letter from the Marquess of Exeter (undated) referring to the spawn sent to him by Roosevelt.

"You will be glad to hear that I have just received a good remittance of ova from Mr. Robert Roosevelt, New York, through the kindness of Sir Edward Thornton. The ova have arrived in first-rate order, and are safely deposited in my breeding-boxes. . . . The ova of the white-fish seem to travel the least well of the three kinds; as there are many dead amongst them, while the other two sorts have arrived in perfect order. I could have some 'Black Bass' sent over, but I am afraid of them, as Mr. Roosevelt says that 'the Black Bass (*Grystes nigricans*) is a fighting American, and will swallow every British fish in your lakes. It is our champion fish, and it can whip all creation of the fish race.'

"After this description, I think that you will advise me to have nothing to do with such a devil, if I want to get up trout and *Salmo fontinalis* in my ponds. The fish hatched from eggs sent me by Sir Edward Thornton last year (Roosevelt's first consignment) are doing very well, and are growing rapidly. They are principally salmon, white and big lake trout, with a few white-fish. I hatched a good number of the latter, but, unfortunately, lost most of them, through their escaping down the waste-pipe of the lower large tank. I had a guard of perforated zinc; but the little white-fish seem to work themselves through everything, and they got away, despite all my care and that of my



servant, who is a very good hand at fish-hatching."

It would be interesting to know if these Roosevelt fish have any descendants surviving at the present day.

In America, the stocking of lakes and rivers met with well-deserved success. About 1871-1872 to 1873, two-year old shad were caught in Lake Ontario, from spawn that had been placed in the Genesee River, at the Lower Falls, two years previously, under the auspices of the Fish Commission. The final attainment of the end in view is revealed in an announcement in the *Rochester Democrat* of the time: "CHEAP SHAD. The work of the Fish Commissioners and Superintendent Seth Green, at last apparent. Shad sold in Rochester at Fifty Cents a pair."

Following on the activities of the New York State Fish Commission, the United States Commission of Fish and Fisheries was organised in Washington, and President Grant appointed Spencer Fullerton Baird to be its head. Although the post meant a considerable amount of extra work, Baird undertook the duties without pay "in order to keep the office out of politics."

It was not long before this new searchlight was focussed upon the activities of the New York State Fish-Hatcheries, much to the disgust of their superintendent and presiding genius Seth Green, who was not slow to voice his pique in a delightfully naïve letter to his chief.

New York Commissioners of Fisheries.

Horatio Seymour, Utica.

Edward M. Smith, Rochester.

Robert B. Roosevelt, 160 Broadway,  
New York.



THE ROOSEVELTS AND AMERICA

Dear Bob,

I sent you Yesterday a Spawn carrying and hatching box Prof. Baird owes me \$500 I wrote him a letter telling him some facts and he is vexed This work has been done too well to have the public money squandered in the way it has been If he had of asked you & the Gov advice about it there would not been any plaster paris fish nor photograph fish They cant be eat No laying off at Noank or Pogs hole & a hundred other thing that is no count He gets an idea in his head and goes it blind We put him there & he should advise with you if no one els You know more in a minute than he ever will know

I will explain when we meet

Yours

SETH GREEN

I dont go a cent on any Smithsonian he thinks You cant learn him anything  
Science is one thing and Reality an other.

As a matter of fact, it is shown by their correspondence that Baird did advise with Roosevelt in the friendliest possible spirit. Baird had the peculiar habit of numbering his letters—his Fish Commission ones at any rate—and it is startling to read the number “34,960” at the top left-hand corner of one of his epistles to R. B. Roosevelt. One can only feel a sympathetic hope that the consultations between the two fishermen did not extend to any such vast proportions.

Apart from Fish and Game Preservation generally, Roosevelt had numerous other interests and activities. For a quarter of a century he edited and owned the



*New York Citizen*, a newspaper devoted to literature and politics, more especially to the exposure of graft. He was a Member of Congress; tried his hand at literature, banking and diplomacy; he was the author of sixteen books and pamphlets, President of the Holland Trust Company, and Minister to the Netherlands, under Cleveland. He was a patron of Art and Music, the latter in spite of being tone deaf and unable to distinguish "God Save the King" from "The Wearing of the Green." He was a much sought-after public speaker, especially at banquets, where his rare gift of irony was a piquant addition to the feast. Twice during his political career he was "approached" in regard to the Democratic nomination for the Presidency, and once for the Grand Sachemship of (the reformed) Tammany Hall. But there is no indication that candidature appealed to him: he preferred the rôle of king-maker, and was perpetually, and usually unsuccessfully, engaged in trying to boost other candidates into the Presidential Chair, Hancock, Seymour, Greeley, and Grover Cleveland. Although he was a staunch supporter of the last named, there were some, apparently, who would have preferred himself.

"If, however, Mr. Cleveland cannot be nominated,"\* said the *New York Sun* (March 14th, 1904), "what better candidate for the Presidency could the Democracy put up to run against Theodore Roosevelt than his uncle, Robert B. Roosevelt himself? No stouter and more consistent Democrat can be found than he, and he is a man of long and wide political experience, of unquestionable integrity and of high ability."

\*Judge Alton B. Parker was nominated in the end.



On several occasions Roosevelt assisted in receiving visiting royal personages. He was on the Committee which welcomed the Prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward VII, to New York in 1860. He was on the Reception Committee of 1871 which welcomed the Grand Duke Alexis of Russia; and he entertained the Grand Duke Alexander Michaelovitch, brother-in-law of Nicholas the last of the Czars, when he accompanied part of the Russian fleet to New York in 1893. He was also on the Committee which welcomed Prince Henry of Prussia in February 1902.

Among his recollections of these royalties Roosevelt has the following notes:

“The Prince (of Wales) was a tall (*sic.*), fine looking, stalwart young gentleman of nineteen, said to be gay—so much so, it was whispered, that the Duke of Newcastle, the Earl of St. Germain and General Bruce were sent with him as much to keep him out of mischief as to do him honour by their presence on his staff. General Bruce especially was regarded as his sternest mentor. As for the others, they disliked their mission. . . . But the Prince was altogether different and what, if he were a less great personage, might be described as a ‘royal good fellow’ thoroughly appreciative of the kindness and honor that were shown him and possibly not indifferent to the future effect of his amiable graciousness. He already wore his proverbial ‘Prince Albert’ frock coat, and under it and across the breast, the broad blue ribbon of the Order of the Bath, and wherever he went he made himself friendly and at home almost as if he had been born a republican instead of the head of the world’s aristocracy. He did



this even under some rather trying circumstances. A public reception was given at Castle Garden where he was formally welcomed by Mayor Fernando Wood and Council. Mr. Wood was imposing and carried the reception off in good style, but the introduction to the then Common Council must have surprised His Royal Highness who was not accustomed to our democratic ways. . . .

"Of course our American girls went crazy over him. The barber who cut his hair made a small fortune by selling alleged locks for keepsakes. . . ."

"Now we are about to have the honor and pleasure of entertaining the brother of the present Emperor of Germany. He, too, is said to be personally a delightful companion. We will certainly receive him in the same spirit of courtesy. . . . There is no reason why we should not be on good terms with Germany. So let us all unite to give Prince Henry a royal and enthusiastic welcome. . . ."

To conclude this royal digression, here is a short extract relating to the late King Albert of the Belgians:

". . . The last visit of a Prince was when Prince Albert of Belgium went to Washington several years ago and many were the entertainments given in his honor. He refused when it was possible to hedge himself around with the formalities of his rank, and wanted to be treated as an American citizen, which was done, but of course, to a very modified extent. This gave him a feeling of independence. . . .

"He went to the opera and most elevating plays. Then he requested to be taken to the most popular resort of the American 'Johnnies,' to go incog. and



to be treated as one of them. Seats were engaged at Koster and Beal's, where, with his two escorts, he joined the audience in the orchestra, ordered his glass of beer and lighted a cigar. Suddenly becoming wearied of the man on the stage, the Prince called an usher and ordered him to go behind the scenes and have a change of programme. It was with difficulty that he was made to understand that it was too arbitrary a proceeding even for our President to indulge in."

In every biographical notice of R. B. Roosevelt attention is drawn to two great political battles which he fought and won. Both were concerned with "Rings." One was a war upon the District of Columbia "Ring," his services in that connection being recognised by the presentation of a gold-headed cane from the citizens of Washington, and the other was the "Tweed Ring," which he receives the credit for having smashed. Convict Tweed, on two separate occasions subsequent to his conviction, made frank revelations which throw the spotlight on the details of American State corruption at that time—about 1870. Tweed and his associates of the "Ring" succeeded in obtaining a Charter giving them sole control of the city government. The way they operated was ingenious; they entered into a partnership of fraud with the shopkeepers who supplied the authorities with goods, giving them a continually dwindling share of the profits. For instance, when a tradesman sold twenty-five hundred dollars worth of office furnishings to the City he added five hundred dollars to his bill, and got a receipt for three thousand dollars, receiving a hundred dollars for his



pains; the other four hundred dollars went to the Tweed gang. Tweed soon grew greedier and more impatient. From altering bills he proceeded to invent them. The shopkeepers were told to send in imaginary bills, for which they gave a receipt in full, in return for half the sum involved. This percentage was early reduced to one fourth, which they were obliged to accept with thanks.

Although the ordinary citizen had more than a suspicion of what was going on, he could do nothing, as the Tweed gang constituted a board of audit with supreme power appointed by the Legislature. They were the guardians and controllers of the City funds and the City officers.

Finally, the patience of the community was exhausted and appeals were sent in to the State Legislature at Albany, which was then Democratic by a narrow margin. Tweed, scenting danger, executed a masterly *coup*. In terror lest one or two honest democrats might get disgusted and turn the balance of power by going over to the other party, he boldly entered the enemy's camp and by bringing over a majority of the Republican party managed to secure a "caucus" vote for his charter. He boasted that he "bribed the Republicans with cash and the Democrats with appointments."

It was with this shameless scoundrel that R. B. Roosevelt locked horns, fighting him relentlessly in his newspaper, *The Citizen*, and also as a member of the "Committee of Seventy honest men who succeeded in bringing about the downfall of Tweed and his 'Ring.'"

Although he lived to within a month or two of his



seventy-seventh birthday, R. B. Roosevelt was in the public eye up to the very end. While the last year of his life was mainly spent in arranging the Hudson anniversary celebrations, yet he managed also to set New York by the ears, causing a discussion which spread throughout the State, by suggesting drastic changes in the configuration of Central Park, the sacrosanct beauty spot of Manhattan Island. At the time his proposed innovations were vociferously and indignantly denounced, but they have, to a considerable extent, been adopted since his death.

R. B. Roosevelt had a vein of the same intuition which Theodore Roosevelt possessed to such a remarkable degree. The following statement savours of the prophetic:

"Within a few years . . . I am satisfied some Democrat will forge to the front whom all true Democrats will follow, forgetting past differences as to issues of men. . . . I believe the time is not far distant when we shall find a leader, and shall enunciate principles which will attract back to our party the votes of all Democrats who, in former years, supported the party because they were confident it was right and because they trusted its leaders. . . ."

It is a pity he could not foresee that this leader would come from his own clan.



## CHAPTER VI

### THEODORE ROOSEVELT (THE SON OF HIS COUNTRY)

THEODORE ROOSEVELT has often been spoken of as the "Man of Destiny," mainly because of the tragic occurrence which swept him from off the vice-presidential shelf into the limelight of the presidency.

There is however much more truth in the statement of the writer who said: "Destiny assisted Roosevelt in certain instances, but he himself eventually assisted destiny to assist him" (Julian Street, *Roosevelt, Citizen of New York*).

Taft, in spite of the bitterness of the subsequent relations between himself and the erstwhile friend who gave him the presidency, paid to Roosevelt the man on March 4th, 1905, one of the finest tributes ever delivered. He said: "In all my experience I have never met a man in authority who was so amenable to reason, so anxious to reach a just conclusion, and so willing to sacrifice a previously formed opinion, as the President of the United States. He is honest and frank, because he does not know how to be anything else. His candour shines out from him, and no one who ever came in contact with him could be for a moment unconvinced that his ideals are honour, honesty, courage, industry, and force, and that he is faithful to those ideals."



John Morley, afterwards Lord Morley, said of Theodore Roosevelt: "This man . . . has many of Napoleon's qualities—indomitable courage, tireless perseverance, great capacity for leadership—and one thing that Napoleon never had—high moral purpose." And (on another occasion): "He is not an American, you know. He is *America!*" Bishop relates that when he and Morley were alone together—co-guests at the White House—Morley kept saying repeatedly, "He is a most extraordinary man!" On one occasion, in the East Room, he turned to Bishop and putting his hand on his shoulder, said: "My dear fellow, do you know the two most extraordinary things I have seen in your country? Niagara Falls and the President of the United States, both great wonders of nature!"\*

The smile, the gleaming glasses, the dazzling teeth, the warm "*De-lighted!*" greeting and handshake, the thrust-out underlip and mailed-fist gesture to drive home a point in his speech; these were famous all over the United States. They were part and parcel of America's son; beloved by his countrymen because they knew that his love of liberty was equalled only by his patriotism, his nobility of character, and by his will to service. He stood for the American ideal of virile, vigorous manhood; whose followers took for motto: "*In tuo lumine videbimus lumen*"—in thy light, our light.

Of his family life, his son Kermit has written simply and touchingly. He describes how his father would enter into the play of his small children, romping with them like one of themselves, unwearied and full of

\* Joseph Bucklin Bishop: *Theodore Roosevelt*, Vol. I, p. 338.



enthusiasm, in spite of the heavy cares and responsibilities of his public duties.

H. G. Wells gives a vivid account of the deep impression Theodore Roosevelt made on him in his middle years. His imagination had become so fired by accounts of the man who dominated America and American political life—the man who had had the strength to break through the enveloping crust of baseness, narrowness and selfishness, in order to release the spirit of progress; the president who had made his voice heard and his personality felt all over the world, which no president had done since Lincoln, that he, Wells, felt nothing else would satisfy him but he must cross the ocean to meet this man in person. The conjunction of these two luminaries, which occurred in Washington, is now a matter of literary history. Wells gives a delightful account of their conversation during the interview, which took place in the White House gardens, the two men walking as they talked, and T.R. seizing a chair to kneel on while he emphasized his remarks by shooting out the “mailed fist,” his face screwed up in the strong sunlight. One can almost visualise him as: “He kneels out against his setting—and his setting is the White House with a background of all America. I could almost write, with a background of all the world; for I know of no other a tithe so representative of the creative purpose, the *goodwill* in man as he.”

On the other hand, Wells speaks of the “emotional use of the ‘big stick,’ a declaration of the unsatisfying splendour of strenuous effort”; adding, however: “That, I suppose, was the most vigorous brain in a



conspicuously responsible position in all the world in 1906 " (H. G. Wells: *Experiment in Autobiography*).

Theodore Roosevelt's interests were so diversified, and his talents so many and varied, that it took him a little while—experimenting with law, history, and literature—before he finally discovered his genius for the science of government. But his remarkable will-power showed itself from the first. As a child he was delicate and suffered from asthma, but this weakness he overcame by his own ceaseless efforts; with the result that in his young manhood and maturity he was robust, athletic and capable of extraordinary feats of endurance. Of this period of his life, he has written: "I was determined to make a man of myself," adding: "I owe all my vigor to the country." This last refers to Oyster Bay, where his summers were spent. He retained this physical robustness throughout his life; or, rather, until within a few years of his death; when, on an exploration trip in Brazil, where he discovered the "River of Doubt"—now named by the Brazilian Government "Rio Teodoro"—he was attacked by the poisonous microbe which undermined his constitution, and eventually caused his death. He explored this river for 600 miles of previously uncharted waters.

Owing to his early delicacy, he received his preparatory education at home and at Cutler's private school. Later, however, he entered Harvard where he obtained his A.B. in 1880. While there, he was for a time editor of the *Advocate*; he was elected to the Phi, Beta, Kappa Society; and he engaged in the sports of boxing, wrestling and polo. On leaving Harvard, he took up the study of law with his uncle, Robert B.



Roosevelt; but he soon gave this up. His next step was to enter the Assembly, from the 21st district, N.Y., for which position he had been selected by one of the local Republican "bosses" who was on the lookout for a respectable candidate. No doubt with an eye to the expected early approach of a periodical "clean-up."

At this stage Roosevelt is described as: "A light-footed, agile, nervous yet prompt boy, with light-brown slightly curling hair, blue eyes and an eye-glass, and ready to rise and speak with a clear, sharp, boyish voice" (*Frank Leslie's Magazine*, 1881).

Between Harvard and the Assembly he had spent a year in Dresden, studying the German language and literature; going to the Swiss Alps for his holidays; climbing the Matterhorn and Jungfrau, and, incidentally, getting elected to membership in the Alpine Club of London.

In spite of all this he managed to write *The Naval War of 1812*—a book considered to be an authority on the subject—which was published before he was twenty-three.

As an Assembly man he did not shine particularly, although he got his name before the public as a hard-working young reformer who helped to get some good bills passed, notably the Civil Service Bill.

He was twice re-elected to the Assembly; where he unreservedly and enthusiastically spent himself in the service of his native state. Of his activities at this period it has been said: "Where there was corruption and inefficiency to wipe out, Theodore Roosevelt was in his element. He established the merit system instead of the spoils system." On the other hand, he



was "very generally regarded as an ultra-radical" (*National Encyclopaedia of American Biography*).

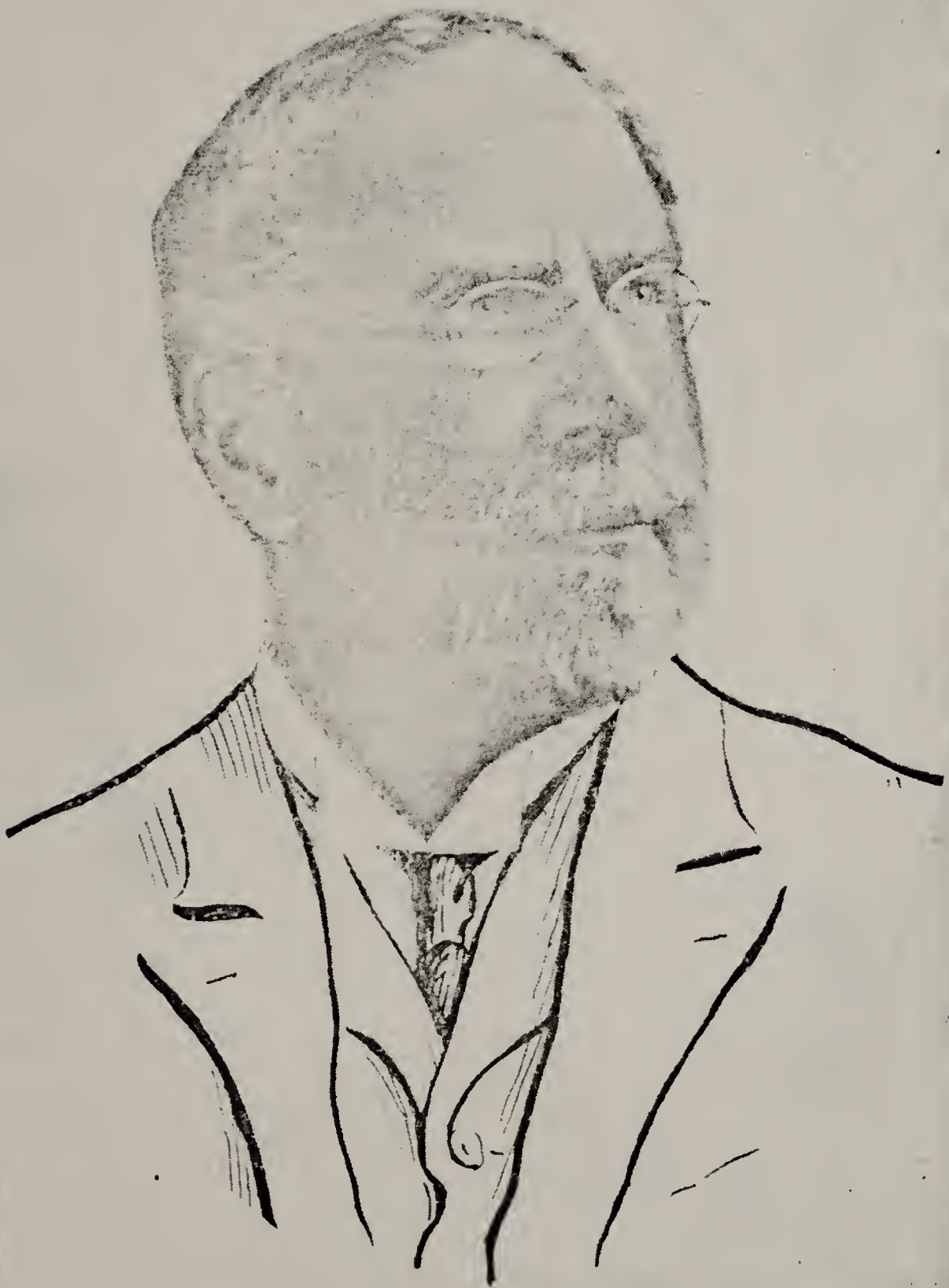
In 1883, suffering from overwork and temporarily physically below par, Roosevelt bought a ranch, the "Medora," in north-western Dakota, on the Little Missouri River, where linger the shades of Lewis and Clark, those hardy explorers of long ago. Here, amid the buttes and Bad Lands, for the ensuing three years he spent some months of each year in the successful pursuit of robust health. His days were devoted to ranching, and his evenings to literary work.

Sometimes this routine was disturbed; as, for instance, the occasion when Roosevelt was challenged to a duel by a neighbouring ranch-owner, the Duc de Mores, a French aristocrat. The cause of the challenge is obscure but when the astonished challengee called on the Duc to discover what the trouble was about, he received a polite invitation to dinner; which he accepted. The dinner had such a mellowing effect that the duel was forgotten, and Roosevelt and de Mores became fast friends.

It was on this ranch, in the following year (1884), when he had been stricken by the heavy blow of the death, on the same day, of his mother and his young wife, that he endeavoured to dominate his grief by writing the now well known books: *The Hunting Trips of a Ranchman*, and *The Life of Thomas Hart Benton*.

With rare courage he forced himself to remain in the Assembly, to complete his third term in the fight against political corruption; but he declined to be nominated a fourth time. Instead, he went to Nature to heal his wounds.





ROBERT B. ROOSEVELT, "THE IZAAK WALTON OF AMERICA."



His cure, however, was to be found in action.

It was in this year that he made his first appearance in the arena of national politics; where, in the future, he was to play so great a part. His début was his election as delegate to the Republican National Convention. Opposed to the renomination of President Arthur, he was equally antagonistic to the nomination of Blaine. His own candidate, however, Senator George F. Edmunds, of Vermont, was unpopular, and the Convention nominated Blaine. Rather than cause a split in the Republican party, Roosevelt loyally subordinated his own choice to that of the majority. He decided to support Blaine; in spite of the vigorous protests of George William Curtis and other Progressivists, co-workers with him on behalf of Edmunds.

After the election (in which Blaine was defeated by Cleveland), he once more retired to his beloved ranch; the big log house on the river bank, with its wide verandah shaded by leafy cottonwood trees, close to the forests where the wild deer and the bison roamed at will, where the birds sang in the wilderness, and the Rockies rose gaunt and majestic in the distance. Here he could read and think; lead the inner life, and "make his soul."

Theodore Roosevelt never was allowed much time for rest. It is doubtful whether his active nature would have had it otherwise; short breathing-spaces were all he required. In 1886—the year that he married, in London, his childhood's friend and comrade Edith Kermit Carow—a number of New York citizens got together and nominated him for Mayor, without consulting him, without even his knowledge or consent.



The Republican party promptly endorsed his candidature. Once more he was whirled into the political arena; but only to suffer defeat at the hands of the veteran Democrat, Abram Hewitt.

Two years later President Benjamin Harrison appointed him member of the United States Civil Service Commission, the youngest member of the Civil Service Board; and from then onwards he strode out of the shadows into the sunlight of his career.

At this period he did some of his best literary works: the *Life of Gouverneur Morris*, *Ranch Life and the Hunting Trail*, *Hero Tales*, (begun) in conjunction with Henry Cabot Lodge, *Essays in Practical Politics*, and, in 1889, he began his great book *The Winning of the West*. In 1895, as President of the Board of Police Commissioners, he carried out innumerable reforms, many of them at great personal risk, among the grafters who levied blackmail on saloons, brothels, gambling houses, policy shops, etc. (Not even scorning the humble push-cart!) He had the saloons closed on Sundays—perhaps rather a drastic measure, considering that a decent saloon serves as the poor man's club—and stopped a crying evil, the sale of intoxicants to children. Every day and in every way he was a dynamic force for good. It has been said of him that he was "the best Police Commissioner New York has ever had." Regularly, on certain nights, he patrolled—often unaccompanied—the lanes and alleys which were the haunts of the thugs whose evil activities he was engaged in fighting. Also, he inspected the tenement houses of the slums to see whether the laws passed in the Assembly were being properly carried out.



In 1897, President McKinley appointed him Assistant-Secretary of the Navy, under Long. This appointment was to his heart's delight. The post was one for which he knew he was peculiarly well fitted. The Navy badly needed putting to rights, and Roosevelt was just the man to do it. The new duties meant returning to Washington, where he remained until the outbreak of the Spanish-American war in 1898.

In the cold light of history, the Spanish-American war appears as a costly and unnecessary blunder involving the sacrifices of some of our finest men. Cuba, to be sure, was a noxious neighbour, owing, to a great extent, to Spanish misrule; but Spain was thousands of miles away, with no aeroplanes in those days, and poor as the proverbial church mouse, and by no means eager for war—in fact anxious for peace—while America was disgustingly rich, and on the spot. Surely this was a clear case for diplomatic adjustment.

The “blowing up” of the *Maine* was the flimsiest of excuses. Nobody can be sure that it ever was “blown” up; the matter never was properly investigated. It might have been an accident, or the work of an irresponsible fanatic, or of some Cuban enthusiast who hoped in this way to drag America into the war as an ally. No; America had the war-urge and, regardless of right or wrong or the dictates of common-sense, she plunged in and plunged out again, victorious, fortunately, but at too great a cost—the totally unnecessary sacrifice of many valuable lives. The cost would have been far greater but for the bold initiative and determination of Theodore Roosevelt in getting the victors evacuated from the poison-infested swamp



where, after the fighting, they were left to die in swarms like "rotten sheep."

However, laying aside the right or wrong of the case, which, after all, is a matter of individual opinion, when the war—which he had foreseen almost a year previously—actually broke out, Roosevelt at once resigned his post of Assistant Secretary of the Navy, and started to recruit a regiment, the First United States Volunteer Cavalry, popularly nicknamed "Roosevelt's Rough Riders."

"It was a relief to Roosevelt that the nickname 'Rough Rider' got attached to it; he had trembled to think that it might be 'Teddy's Terrors'" (Lord Charnwood: *Theodore Roosevelt*.)

His friends, and all the newspapers throughout the United States, urged him to remain at Washington. They told him that he was "ruining his career." They insisted that there were "plenty of men to stop bullets, but very few who could manage a navy." But nothing could shake his resolution.

Roosevelt felt that his work for the navy was done at the outbreak of the war. "I have nothing more to do," he said, "I must go to war myself . . . I have done what I could to bring about the war . . . now I have no right to ask others to fight it out while I stay at home. . . ."

In a way this was true. Naturally, the navy needed him, in as much as there is always the danger of a relapse, but most certainly he had "put his house in order." On taking up his duties as Assistant Secretary ("Why 'Assistant'?" Secretary Long had once asked, sarcastically) he had set to work, with his customary



THEODORE ROOSEVELT: THE SON OF HIS COUNTRY

energy and enthusiasm, to find out exactly what the Navy needed; and these wants he had made it his business to supply. Moreover, by some uncanny sixth sense, scenting out the war with Spain—nearly a year before it occurred—he had made every conceivable preparation wherewith to meet it. All the old ships had been repaired and brought up to date, and work on the new ones hastened; guns, ammunition, coal, had been bought. Above all *coal*. He saw that the men were properly trained in gunnery-practice, and that every one of the naval supply stations was stocked to the top notch, in order that all should be in readiness when the blow fell. He had taken for motto Washington's well-known saying: "To be prepared for war is the most effectual means to promote peace," or the first half of it, at any rate. This he called: "Sharpening the tools for the Navy," and there were those who claimed that without this preparedness Dewey "would not have been able to strike his blow at Manila." As things were, with practically inexhaustible supplies awaiting him, "he could advance without delay and offer battle before it was expected" (C. R. Davis, Chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations).

The idea of the Rough Rider regiment is said to have been suggested to Roosevelt by his historical studies of Marion's Men, the Texas Rangers, Andrew Jackson's Sharp-shooters, etc. Be that as it may, the regiment was a fine body of men, a heterogeneous mass of valour gathered from all over the United States, Western cow-punchers, many from the region of Roosevelt's Dakota ranch, Eastern College-boys, fledgelings still in or just



emerging from their teens, youths from Harvard, Yale, Princeton, University of Pennsylvania, etc. All crack horsemen, to whom it was a cruel blow to find later that they were to be used as foot-soldiers.

Although he had raised the regiment, Roosevelt, with characteristic modesty, requested that the command be given to Dr. Leonard Wood, an army surgeon and a professional soldier who had served with General Miles in the Apache campaigns, for which he received the much-coveted Medal of Honour, while he himself took the subordinate position of lieutenant-colonel. (He had already done four years' service in the 8th Regiment of the New York State National Guard, in which he had attained to the rank of captain.)

"Every true patriot, every man of statesmanlike habit, should look forward to the day when not a single European power will hold a foot of American soil. At present it is not necessary to take the position that no European power shall hold American Territory; but it certainly will become necessary if the timid and selfish peace-at-any-price men have their way, and if the United States fails to check, at the outset, European aggrandizement on this continent." This is what Roosevelt said, and honestly thought, and was quite ready to fight for, and, if necessary, die for. "All the great, masterful races have been fighting races; and the minute a race loses the hard-fighting virtues, then, no matter what else it may retain, no matter how skilled in commerce or finance, in science or arts, it has lost its proud right to stand as the equal of the best. Cowardice in a race, as in an individual, is the unpardonable sin." This, definitely, was his point of view.



The Rough Riders "started things in Cuba," at Las Guasimas, the first encounter of the war. They fought on three battlefields in all, the last of which—reached after ten days of fighting and sweltering in the bush, with the thermometer registering over a hundred—was the decisive "battle of San Juan Hill."

In this engagement Roosevelt was in command of the regiment. For gallantry at Las Guasimas, Wood had been promoted to Brigadier-General, and Roosevelt to Colonel. "He had intended to go into action on foot, but he saw that he would be unable to run up and down the line and superintend matters if he were on foot. So he rode the pony 'Texas.' " (Neil McIntyre.)

The following contemporary account was given by an eye-witness of the fight:

"The Tenth and First Regiments and the Rough Riders were ordered to make a detour and to take the hill. . . . The Spaniards were not in sight, but there were hundreds of them in concealment. . . . The rough riders marched through the gulch across the slope, whereupon the blockhouse opened fire. . . . When they came to the open smooth hillside, there was no protection. Bullets were raining down on them, and shot and shells from the batteries were sweeping everything.

"There was a moment's hesitation, and then came the order: Forward, charge! Lieut-Colonel Roosevelt led, waving his sword. Out into the open the men went and up the hill. Death to every man seemed certain. The crackle of the Mauser rifles was continuous. Out of the brush came the Riders. Up, up they went, with the colored troops alongside of them, not a man flinching, and forming as they ran. Roosevelt



was a hundred feet in the lead. Up, up they went, in the face of death, men dropping from the ranks at every step. The Rough Riders acted like veterans. It was an inspiring sight and an awful one. Astonished by the madness of the rush, the Spaniards exposed themselves. This was a fatal mistake for them. The Tenth Cavalry picked them off like ducks. The more Spaniards were killed, the more seemed to take their places. The rain of shells and bullets doubled. Men dropped faster and faster, but others took their places. . . . Roosevelt sat erect on his horse, holding his sword, and shouting for his men to follow him. Finally, his horse was shot from under him, but he landed on his feet, and continued calling for his men to advance. . . .

"He charged up the hill afoot. It seemed an age to the men who were watching, and to the Rough Riders the hill must have seemed miles high. But they were undaunted. They went on, firing as fast as their guns would work. The shooting of the Tenth Cavalry was wonderful. Their ranks closed as fast as they were thinned. At last the top of the hill was reached. The Spaniards in the trenches could have annihilated the Americans, but the Yankee daring dazed them. They wavered for an instant, and then turned and ran. . . .

"The position was won, and the block-house captured. Then on they went to drive the Spaniards further; more than half the Rough Riders were wounded . . ." (N.Y. *Sun*, July 4th, 1898.)

Two days later (11 p.m., July 3rd) the whole country was thrown into a state of excitement by the message that Cervera's fleet, in attempting to escape from Santiago Harbour, where it had been bottled up,



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had run aground and been blown to pieces by the Americans under Admiral Sampson. One vessel alone managed to get free and had started out to sea, hotly pursued by Sampson's men. The war was approaching its end.

Spain, which in the beginning had not wanted the war, now, however, had been driven by its press into a belligerent frame of mind. The following account savours somewhat of a comic opera *scena*: "Madrid, July 1st. The efforts of the Catalan peace-party and their supporters have stiffened the war party, which, through the press and politicians are crying, 'No surrender,' Silvela's *Tiempo*, Sagasta's *Correo*, the Conservative *Epoca*, the Ultramontane *Siglo Futuro*, the Carlist *Correo Espagnol*, the Republican *Progreso*, and *El Pais*, the *Imparcial*, that organ of the war party, and the Liberal *Heraldo*, all oppose peace. . . . The Bishop of Segovia has issued a warlike counterblast against the Bishop of Barcelona, who is outspoken for peace. The clergy generally are fervent advocates of continuing the war. . . ." (Tr. from Spanish newspaper of that date.)

But, on the other hand, "ex-President Pi-Y Margall expressed himself very pessimistically. He said that the only hope for the salvation of Spain was a strong and honest republic. . . ."

Things were still unsettled, but peace was close at hand. Foreign attachés made friendly calls on the army of invasion: "Captain Lee, the British attaché, spent some time with us; we had begun to regard him as almost a member of the regiment. Count von Gotzen, the German attaché, another good fellow, also visited us. . . ." (Theodore Roosevelt: *The Rough*



*Riders.*) In a letter written the following March, Roosevelt says: "Lee, the British Military Attaché, told me a lovely story the other day. He met the Russian Military Attaché in London and gave him a dinner, at which the Russian waxed eloquent of his sufferings at Santiago, and, as capping the climax, described how, when he went to pay his respects and say good-bye to General Shafter, the latter looked at him, and, with his usual easy polish and grace, remarked: "Well, good-bye. Who are you, anyway, the Russian or the German?"' . . .

Meanwhile, those who remained of this heroic band that had fought so gallantly in their first experience of war, through some blundering, or official red tape at Washington, were left to rot in a malarial swamp on the island, subject to recurring epidemics of yellow fever, instead of being evacuated to a healthy place where they could recuperate and recover their wounds. All the officers and medical men on the spot realised that this meant the annihilation of the regiment; but it was against discipline to make any personal protest to the authorities at Washington. Official reports had been sent in, and nothing further could be done about the matter. Or so it seemed to them.

Roosevelt, impatient of red tape under any circumstances, would not tolerate the existing state of affairs. With a stroke of the pen he cut the Gordian knot. He wrote his famous letter to Shafter.

Major-General Shafter had done what he could, but the authorities at Washington could not or would not realise the gravity of the situation. Secretary Alger did not wish to imperil the impending peace-negotia-



tions by letting Spain know the real condition of a large part of the American army in Cuba. At any rate, that was the excuse he gave later.

In the beginning of August (3rd inst.) Shafter had called a conference of all the officers and medical men in the Island, to consider the situation. The result of this consultation was the historical Round-Robin, sent to Shafter, but meant for Secretary-of-War Alger, based on a personal letter which Roosevelt had written to Shafter.

Somehow or other, the press got hold of both these documents, and the resultant public outcry forced Alger to order the regiments home. By his courageous initiative and determined action in this matter Roosevelt undoubtedly was the means of saving some thousands of valuable lives.

In the summer of 1898, Theodore Roosevelt was thirty-nine years of age. He was bidding farewell to his youth. By birth, breeding, and education he was a New Yorker of the New Yorkers, and, being a Roosevelt, by heredity he was a reformer. New Yorkers traditionally hate bad government, although, being busy people engaged in the all-absorbing occupation of dollar-chasing, they suffer and endure for a long period before taking action. But always comes the grand clean-up in the end. Here the active, honest, intelligent, energetic, patriotic citizen finally gets his big opportunity. In 1898, at the close of the Spanish-American war, espying such a chance, Roosevelt immediately plunged in and seized it.

The million-dollar canal-improvement scandal, the culmination of many minor irritants caused by lax



government, gave the quietus to Governor Black. Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, new-shining from the Spanish-American war; the people's idol, the popular hero, the strong-man on the spot, the incarnation of American ideals, the beloved "Teddy"—the nickname given by an affectionate public—a man of proved executive ability, honesty, and independence immediately became the popular choice for governor. Odell, scenting which way the wind was blowing, jumped with the cat. The political "Machine," although it looked upon the Rough Rider as an obnoxious disturber of the peace, was obliged either to accept the "Hero of San Juan," or shut up shop. It accepted him.

When sounded about the governorship, Roosevelt had replied with his usual frankness: "I would like to be nominated, and if nominated would promise to throw myself into the campaign with all possible energy"; a promise which he certainly kept. Republican State-Boss Platt had not wanted him, either, but, with the greatest reluctance, had been forced to nominate him. However, Roosevelt could rise above these petty bickerings; and after he was elected (by a majority of over 17,000) he tried in every way to co-operate with Senator Platt, when honesty and patriotism would permit. But he refused to allow the Boss to turn him into a mere figure-head. They finally came to grips over the matter, and "Boss" Platt, to his chagrin, discovered that he was no longer Boss.

Roosevelt liked the Governorship very much, but the Governorship did not like him. He had been forced upon the Machine, and the Machine hated him. However, thus far, he had got the better of it, in every



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encounter, from the very beginning. On his triumphant return from Cuba, the politicians had hoped to profit by his popularity, both those belonging to the regular party organisation, the Machine, and also the Independents. The latter tried to jockey him into taking the nomination for the Governorship from them, before the Machine had a chance to nominate him. But he was far too shrewd for that. He had no intention of being the candidate for a mere section of the party. He saw clearly that this would be a serious mistake; so, with great tact and skill, he managed to side-track the Independent Party and keep it from interfering with his plans, thus leaving himself free to accept the nomination from the regular Republican Party when it was offered. Once nominated, his election was assured. He was the only hope of the Republicans, the sole candidate who could save them from defeat.

He made an excellent Governor. He got laws passed to curb the sweat-shops, to improve the conditions of working women, housing conditions, etc.; he rigorously enforced the eight-hour law; and put through a better civil service law. He declared that he considered that "passing the law for the taxation of public service corporations was the great feat of his administration"—a law requiring the Corporations to pay a fair share of State taxes.

The Machine had had no alternative but to submit. Roosevelt began at once to rampage; and kept it up with increasing ardour for two whole years. He would have kept it up for another two had he been allowed to do so; but the now desperate Machine threw him



—not to the wolves; he would have fought the wolves, and might have had a chance of winning out—but to something far worse, the great warm-hearted, soft-headed Public, which smothered him with adulation, clamouring unanimously for his nomination to the vice-presidency; the one thing that above all he did not want, knowing, as he well did, that it led unerringly to political extinction. But there was no way of escape. In the end the Machine had triumphed.

So universal was the demand for his nomination that he was unable to resist it; although nearly all his friends, even up to the last moment, warned him that if he accepted he would be cold-storaged for four years, and his political career would be finished. Not a few were convinced that a plot had been hatched by his enemies to “bury him in the Vice-Presidency.” In spite of this, and of Hay’s delightful reassurance that: “There is no instance on record of an election of a Vice-President by violence,” he yielded to the universal demand for his nomination. Whereupon he wrote to Mark Hanna: “I am strong as a bull moose, and you can use me to the limit.” (This was the origin of the famous “Bull Moose” sobriquet.) After which followed a whirlwind canvass which resulted in his triumphant election. He made five hundred or six hundred speeches in this campaign.

He took the oath of office (March 4th, 1901) in the Senate Chamber at Washington. Six months later, owing to the assassination of President McKinley, he became 26th President of the United States.

When Roosevelt became Vice-President he is credited with the remark: “If I have been put on the



THEODORE ROOSEVELT: THE SON OF HIS COUNTRY shelf, my enemies will find that I can make it a cheerful place of abode." As a matter of fact, if he had not accepted the vice-presidency he would have had to go on one of his big-game hunting trips, as there was no place for him in home-politics. He was most eager to have another term as Governor, in order to finish the good work he had begun, but he had not the slightest chance of getting the nomination: he had done his work too well. One of the very greatest achievements of his governorship had been the Act requiring the taxation, as real estate, of the land rights granted to the corporations by the legislature. That he was able to put this through, was owing, in a great measure to his early legislative experience, which enabled him to know just how to bring the pressure of public opinion to bear upon the legislature, and to manipulate it so as to support him and serve his purpose in getting his measures passed. The Act was put through in spite of the most strenuous opposition from the Big Interests and the Machine. Its enactment dealt a crushing blow to combined greed and graft. Small wonder that these forces united to fiercely oppose his Gubernatorial renomination.

Robert B. Roosevelt, in an interview on his nephew's election to the vice-presidency, said: "The office of Vice-President has heretofore never amounted to much. It is regarded as only the tail of the dog. But with such a man as McKinley as the dog and Theodore as the tail, the dog would be wagged by the tail."\*

\* N.Y. Journal, August 13th, 1900. "Despite the fact that Mr. Roosevelt's nephew, Theodore, is the Republican candidate for the Vice-Presidency, the Roosevelts have been Democrats for generations. . . ." "Theodore Roosevelt's father was a Democrat. . . ."



But the tail made no attempt to wag the dog: "Mr. Roosevelt was the first Vice-President not to go against the policy, aims, etc., and to keep the personnel of his predecessor." He was "the first to succeed without dislocating his party or its institutions. As Vice-President he was always in agreement with his Chief to an extent unparalleled in American history. . . . Not for years had the wheels of administration moved with so little friction . . . and after the ceaseless bickerings of Mr. Cleveland's term, the country appreciated the return to quiet waters. . . ." (Benjamin Taylor, *Fortnightly Review*, London, 1904, v. 8.) This writer goes on to quote the ancient story of the man who had two sons, one of whom went to sea, and the other became Vice-President: "Neither of them was ever heard of again! "

Roosevelt did not want the nomination, but he accepted it philosophically enough, even to making plans to break the tedium of the position by taking up the study of law: "Just a line in reference to my studying law. I have been one year in the law school and about that time was also in my cousin John's\* office. Now could I go into an office in New York—say Evarts and Choate—or study in New York or here in Oyster Bay, so as to get admitted to the bar before the end of my term as Vice-President? . . ." (Bishop. Vol. I, p. 147, *Theodore Roosevelt*.)

Hay welcomed him back to the capital with the consoling remark: "You have received the greatest compliment the country could pay you . . . Nothing can

\* His cousin, John Ellis Roosevelt, of New York (Meadow-Croft, Sayville, L.I.).



keep you from doing good work wherever you are—nor from getting lots of fun out of it.” Adding, with his customary charming tactfulness: “We Washingtonians, of course, have our own little point of view, you can’t lose us; and we shall be uncommonly glad to see you here again.”

Roosevelt freely admitted that he was deeply touched by the manner of his nomination; but he had his periods of depression when he felt convinced that his political career was over—finished. In one of these moments of gloom he wrote to Edward Martin: “I do not expect to go any further in politics. Heaven knows that there is no reason to expect that a man of so many and so loudly and not always wisely expressed convictions on so many different subjects should go so far! But I have had a first-class run for my money, and I honestly think I have accomplished a certain amount.”



## CHAPTER VII

### THEODORE ROOSEVELT (THE RULER OF HIS COUNTRY)

*Le roi est mort, vive le roi!*—It was a romantic spot in which Theodore Roosevelt received the news that his political career, instead of being ended, was just about to begin on a grander scale. In the Adirondacks, on a holiday with his family, he was climbing Mount Tahawus when, while “resting on a shelf of land which overlooked the surrounding country,” he saw coming towards him from the trail below, the messenger of Fate, a guide with a telegram saying that McKinley was dying. Before he could get to the North Creek station, where a special train was waiting to take him to Buffalo, McKinley was dead; and it was as 26th President of the United States that he took this sad but portentous journey.

“It is a dreadful thing to come into the Presidency this way, but it would be a far worse thing to be morbid about it. Here is the task, and I have got to do it to the best of my ability, and that is all there is about it.” Thus he wrote to Lodge, September 23, 1901. Here spoke the man of character and common sense.

After taking the oath of office, in Buffalo, at the house of his friend Ansley Wilcox, he briefly and clearly announced his policy for the immediate future. He said:

“In this hour of deep and terrible national bereavement, I wish to state that it shall be my aim to continue



THEODORE ROOSEVELT: THE RULER OF HIS COUNTRY absolutely unbroken the policy of President McKinley for the peace, prosperity and honor of my beloved country." Here spoke the loyal gentleman. The country had elected McKinley, on certain policies, and his successor made it clear that, out of respect for the American ideals of popular government, those policies would loyally be adhered to. He requested McKinley's Cabinet to remain in office; and made none of the customary changes. An unprecedented attitude to adopt.

Theodore Roosevelt was the youngest President in the history of the United States. The office was a weighty responsibility to bear; but his shoulders were strong enough for the task imposed upon them.

On his assumption of office, Hay immediately wrote him a fatherly letter of congratulation:

"My dear Roosevelt,

If the Presidency had come to you in any other way, no one would have congratulated you with better heart than I. My sincere affection and esteem for you, my old-time love for your father—would he could have lived to see you where you are!—would have been deeply gratified . . . I do still congratulate you, not only on the opening of an official career which I know will be glorious, but upon the vast opportunity for useful work which lies before you. With your youth, your ability, your health and strength, the courage God has given you to do right, there are no bounds to the good you can accomplish for your country and the name you will leave in its annals.

My official life is at an end—my natural life will



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not be long extended; and so, in the dawn of what I am sure will be a great and splendid future, I venture to give you the heartfelt benediction of the past. God bless you.

Yours faithfully,

JOHN HAY."

In the seven years of Theodore Roosevelt's presidential administration there is a definite dividing line between the earlier period, when he was acting as McKinley's successor and endeavouring to adhere to his policies, and the later period when he was President in his own right. As might have been expected, the second half is the more brilliant of the two; although his greatest work, the Panama Canal, engaged his energies throughout his entire administration.

It is not possible here, to do more than to touch lightly upon his many outstanding achievements as President; but a single illustration, the Panama Canal, will serve to demonstrate his dynamic power and genius.

When he first took over the presidency, although outwardly the country appeared to be calm and prosperous, within, it was a seething mass of discontent, with Capital and Labour preparing to fight a desperate battle. The excessive greed of the trusts, and their successful efforts to corner the wealth of the nation, had exasperated the working classes into a state of fury. The President took the side of the people; although he was not blind to the value of the big corporations as a national, and international, financial asset. In a letter written at this crisis, he said:



"There is a widespread conviction in the minds of the American people that the great corporations known as trusts are in certain of their features and tendencies hurtful to the general welfare . . . Combination of capital in the effort to accomplish great things is necessary when the world's progress demands that great things be done. It is based upon the sincere conviction that combination and concentration should be, not prohibited but supervised and within reasonable limits controlled, and in my judgment the conviction is right. . . .

"Great corporations exist only because they are created and safeguarded by our institutions, and it is therefore our right and duty to see that they work in harmony with these institutions. . . . The first essential in determining how to deal with the great industrial combinations is knowledge of the facts—publicity. In the interests of the public the Government should have the right to inspect and examine the workings of the great corporations engaged in interstate business . . . "

(J. B. Bishop, *Theodore Roosevelt*.)

He realised that the trusts had grown swollen and apoplectic as the result of their greed. They needed bleeding, so he bled them. Their appetites needed curbing, so he curbed them; starting on the Northern Securities Co., which, by means of a merger that took place in all the railway systems of the northwest—including the Great Northern and Northern Pacific systems—was trying to acquire control over all the railroads of the country. The President went into the question of the legality of this merger, with Attorney General Philander C. Knox, and found that it was a



case for the decision of the Supreme Court. Without consulting the other members of his Cabinet he prepared to put the matter to the test. On February 19th, 1902, Attorney-General Knox gave out a brief statement to the press, which, when it appeared, created a tremendous agitation in Wall Street. But, worse was to come; the Supreme Court handed down the decision that the proposed merger was a violation of the Anti-Trust Act, and, consequently, illegal. Furthermore, the Court rendered a decision which authorised the Government to exercise control, to a certain extent, over all corporations. Thus making the law "bear more equally on rich and poor."

Putting a curb on the trusts was one of the greatest of the many outstanding achievements of Roosevelt's administration. Moreover it was an achievement which had permanent and far-reaching results. Nothing short of genius could have divined the danger, and as swiftly and unerringly discovered the means of averting it.

With all his intense virility—his pronounced masculinity—Theodore Roosevelt possessed extraordinary powers of intuition, seldom found in men. In this rare combination of insight and intelligence, together with his dynamic energy and lightning-like quickness of decision, lay his claim to genius. At a glance he was able to detect what was insignificant, transient, ephemeral; and to penetrate through this, down to the basic truths which underlie our social, political and economic institutions. He perceived that, as a nation, America had taken the wrong turning; in the race for wealth it had been led by an *ignus fatuus*, away from



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the path of honesty, independence, and equality of opportunity for all, the highway of normal development, into the muddy bog of plutocracy, of privilege for the rich, given merely because of their accumulated wealth, not freely accorded as a tribute paid to superiority of intellect, or in return for outstanding services rendered to the State, to the nation, or to humanity.

The evils incident on the worship of wealth had brought about the state of uneasiness and resentment all over the United States, among the people who still clung to the old ideals of simplicity, justice, liberty, and equal opportunity for all. The President had been quick to sense this spirit of discontent deep below the surface; equally quick in finding its cause; and hardly less quick in apply the remedy. His intuition discovered the disease; his practical mind, the cure. The greed of the trusts was the root of the evil: the remedy lay in the law.

This rule of obedience to law was not intended for wealth alone, but for labour as well; as his settlement of the Anthracite Coal Strike dispute, in the autumn of 1902, was soon to prove. All must learn to respect and obey the law of the land. He preached this creed far and wide throughout the United States, until the people heeded his words, and respect for, and faith and confidence in, national institutions was once more restored.

A mere catalogue of the achievements of Theodore Roosevelt, during his seven years as President of the United States, is quite a formidable document in itself. It is impossible to give more than a bare indication of the chief events. Among these were: Negotiating



twenty-four treaties of general arbitration; the Navy nearly doubled in tonnage; the settlement of Russo-Japanese War by the Treaty of Portsmouth; settling the Anti-Japanese Dispute in California; maintaining the Open Door in China; Second Intervention in Cuba, and the Reciprocity Treaty with her; Settlement of the Alaska Boundary and Venezuelan Disputes—both most delicate affairs—the Northern Securities Decision; the Coal Strike Settlement; Extension of the Forest Reserve Act; the Battleship Fleet sent round the World, a stroke of genius; the State Militia brought into co-ordination with the Army; Reorganisation of the Consular Service; Straightening-out of the Finances of Santo Domingo; the Reduction of the Interest-bearing Debt by over ninety million dollars; the Employers Liability Act; and the Preservation of the National Resources Act, etc.

There is a difference of opinion as to what was the outstanding achievement of Theodore Roosevelt's presidential administration. Some there are who select the Venezuela affair, in 1903; when he forced the "Emperor of the Mailed Fist" to recognise that the Monroe Doctrine was fact, and not fiction. Others recall the magnificent gesture in 1907, when the fleet was sent round the world, to strike peace into the hearts of our enemies. Others—but why continue? Roosevelt himself looked upon the construction of the Panama Canal as the acme of his administration. In which opinion many of his countrymen heartily concur. Let his judgment be accepted as final.

To capture De Lesseps' fugitive dream, and mould it into a living reality, was an inspiration of genius.



In 1881, the brilliant Frenchman, Count Ferdinand de Lesseps, triumphant originator and constructor of the Suez Canal, had conceived the plan of building a canal across the Isthmus of Panama. The idea itself is as old as the Incas. Rumours had reached Christopher Columbus of a waterway which connected the two great oceans, and Balboa heard the same tale from the Indians. What was the origin of the native belief in the existence of such a water-connection is beyond imagining; there is no evidence of any historical or geological foundation on which to base it.

Nearly 400 years ago the project was proposed by Hernando Cortez to Philip of Spain, whose ecclesiastical advisers told him it was interfering with the works of God. A Portuguese explorer (1550) suggested the Nicaragua and Panama routes, as well as Tehuantepec (Mexico). But in vain.

The novelty lay in the fact that the great De Lesseps, with the Suez Canal to his credit, should see fit to materialise the dream of the Incas, by embarking on this visionary enterprise. There was no trouble in selling the shares of the French Company. Money poured in. Poor, gallant De Lesseps little thought that these fresh triumphs would turn to tragedy, and that, however unjustly, he would stand a ruined man, disgraced in the eyes of his countrymen.

Bad luck dogged De Lesseps from the start. The majority of engineers—as in survey after survey, down to the time of President Roosevelt—decided in favour of a sea-level, instead of a lock canal; and, after two years of preliminary survey work, the French Company voted for this plan. It turned out to be impracticable;



and it involved an appalling waste of money. Finally it had to be abandoned and the lock-canal substituted. Owing to gross mismanagement, in which De Lesseps had no part, the Company went into bankruptcy, early in 1889, and the whole enterprise collapsed. "Sixty millions sunk in mud." De Lesseps was made the scapegoat, at the time; but he was afterwards completely exonerated.

Five years later, the Panama project was revived by a new French company which succeeded in obtaining official recognition from Colombia. However, this enterprise also proved a failure, and, like the previous one, had to be abandoned. But not before the United States, awakening from its Rip Van Winkle sleep, had opened frightened eyes to the fact that this foreign foothold in Panama might eventually prove to be exceedingly unpleasant. Already we had had several pecks at the Isthmus, but, except for one attempt—a crashing failure—nothing had come of them. The Nicaragua route was really America's choice; but, in any event, the United States had no fancy for a band of foreigners camping out on its doorstep; alert, and very possibly successful, rivals. As it turned out, the French company could not raise enough money to carry on; so it was possible to buy them out to the complete satisfaction of both parties. The only fly in the ointment was a possibly recalcitrant Colombia, from which the French concessions had originally been obtained.

This was the problem that Theodore Roosevelt, as Head of the Nation, had to solve. To him it was nothing new; Panama had long been his secret dream, the project on which he had quietly been working for



years past. The only question was how to conceal his eagerness, in order better to succeed in his enterprise. In 1899, the Isthmian Canal Commission had been appointed, and its Report to Congress (1900) had been in favour of the Nicaragua route. At Nicaragua the distance is 156 miles across, with Lake Nicaragua and a navigable river to help; as against 35 miles across the isthmus at Panama. But the divide is only 160 feet high at Nicaragua—against 300 feet height at Panama; also, the Culebra cut was a difficult engineering problem. The Nicaragua route was the one favoured by President Arthur, in his Memorandum, which was turned down by the Senate. The Commission was pessimistic in regard to Colombia, and opposed to any dealings with the new French company. But, after a period of drifting, when the matter was finally brought to a head the French concession was bought by the United States, for the sum of forty million dollars, with the proviso that the Colombia government should grant to the United States perpetual control of a strip of land, six miles in width, extending along the route of the canal.

Apart from the problem of an agreement with Colombia, which might prove to be an expensive proposition, there was the important question of the Bulwer-Clayton treaty (of 1850) in which the United States and Great Britain had undertaken that neither party should attempt to obtain exclusive control over a ship-canal across the Isthmus of Panama.

John Hay, as the most expert of diplomats, was chosen by President Roosevelt to negotiate these delicate matters, under his (the President's) personal



direction. With great skill and considerable difficulty Hay succeeded in getting the Clayton-Bulwer treaty annulled. Then came the second obstacle, the French Company; but this was easily overcome, as the company proved only too willing to sell its rights for the sum offered. Now arose the final and most formidable difficulty, the settlement with Colombia.

Once more Hay and Roosevelt put their heads together and planned. Hay brought all the battery of his diplomatic talent to bear upon the problem: Colombia had to be placated, but to what extent? Apart from the direct payment to the French company, and payment to Colombia for the privilege of paying the French company for privileges already granted by Colombia, there was a demand for a further payment to Colombia *per se*; and then a still further payment to Colombia, just because Colombia liked golden eggs and looked upon the United States as the goose that laid them.

Finally, after much haggling, the agreement between the United States and Colombia was concluded, and the matter was considered as settled. However, Colombia chose to reconsider the proposed treaty and to make further extortionate demands. Upon which "Fate intervened"; *i.e.*, Panama, in terror lest the United States should refuse to negotiate further, and foreseeing the danger of a shift to the Nicaragua plan, as suggested by Congress, engineered a well-timed revolution, and declared her independence, which the U.S. hastened to recognise. The independence of Panama once established, she was in the position to make her own treaty with the United States.



The Administration received much, absolutely unjustifiable, criticism for the *coup*. The enemies of Roosevelt covertly and openly implied that the Panama revolution had been planned in Washington. The entire matter was subsequently threshed out, and it was made clear that there was not the slightest shadow of foundation for these malicious reports. Panama, no doubt, felt that she had the moral support of the United States. Recognition of her independence may have been accorded a shade too soon. But that is the worst that could be said.

A new contract was now entered into with Panama which gave to the United States the right to "lease and control a zone across the Isthmus."

So the great work was begun, which, after incredible difficulties were overcome and recalcitrant Nature brought to heel, finally culminated in the present-day Panama Canal; a colossal triumph of Man over his environment.

Nobody in the world but Theodore Roosevelt could have put through the Panama Canal project. It required not only a human dynamo with an iron will, infinite perseverance, and a fanatical determination to succeed; but also a man of powerful imagination, superior intelligence, abundant common sense, wide practical knowledge, and the rare gift of not only being able to select exactly the right men to put in charge of the undertaking, but of being able to inspire them with his own boundless enthusiasm and will-to-success. There was one man alone who combined in his person these various and conflicting qualities; the President of the United States.



When Theodore Roosevelt said: "I took the Canal Zone and let Congress debate," he may have been in an exuberant mood, but he was merely stating the simple truth. Left to itself, Congress, and each succeeding Congress, would still periodically be debating the matter, down to the present day. We have to thank Theodore Roosevelt and his coadjutors, Colonel Gorgas and Colonel Goethals, for the inestimable benefit of the Panama Canal. So much sentimental nonsense has been spoken, and so many false statements made about this matter, that it may be as well to recall the facts: Colombia had no more right to Panama than the United States has to Mexico; Colombia and Panama both belonged to a confederation of independent states, most of which withdrew from the confederation, when it suited their fancy, and set up as autonomous republics; but Colombia tried to keep a stranglehold on Panama, which she used as her "milch-cow."

The so-called "Government" of Colombia was a farce; Parliament had not met for four years prior to its hasty comic-opera convention, called to argue the Canal Question. There had been "fifty-one revolutions in fifty-three years," of the Panamanians against their would-be oppressors, the Colombians. The self-styled "President" accepted as such because of the inertia and indifference of the lazy, artistic, *dolce far niente* natives—was in reality nothing but a ruthless usurper who had seized the legally-elected President, put him in a cage and taken him across the mountains to a lonely spot where he was left to die. However, the United States had to deal with somebody, and, as this person was the generally-accredited representa-



tive of Colombia, for want of a better they negotiated with him and his elusive "Parliament."

In regard to the Panama revolution and the recognition of Panama's independence by the United States, which was followed by the usual outburst of criticism from the nation's vociferous morons, Hay declared that there had been more noise about President Roosevelt's "suddenness on the Isthmus of Panama than elsewhere. It is difficult to treat this charge with seriousness." He pointed out that it was at Colombia's own solicitation that the President had made a treaty which was "infinitely to her advantage, to inaugurate enterprise which was to be for the benefit of the world." He called attention to the President's "endless patience while Bogota delayed and trifled with the matter, and finally rejected it and suggested new negotiations for a larger sum," until finally, "Panama, outraged by this climax of the wrongs she had already suffered, declared and established her independence. The President following an unbroken line of precedents, entered into relations with the new Republic, and, obeying his duty to protect the transit of the Isthmus, as all other Presidents had done before him, gave orders that there should be no bloodshed on the line of the railway. . . . It will be incredible to posterity that any Americans could have objected to this. He acted wisely and beneficently, and all some people can find to criticise in his action is that he was too brisk about it. If a thing is right and proper to do, it does not make it criminal to do it promptly."

He concludes by saying: "That was the time when the hour and the man arrived together. He struck



while the iron was white hot on the anvil of opportunity, and forged as perfect a bit of honest statecraft as this generation has seen." (John Hay: Speech made at Jackson, Michigan, July 6th, 1904.)

When the sentimentalists started wailing at all hours in tearful sympathy for the poor Colombian cat which had been frightened by the "Big Stick"—T.R.—into dropping its toothsome meal, the fat Panamanian mouse, President Roosevelt put the case in a nutshell:

"The Politicians and revolutionists of Bogota are entitled to precisely the amount of sympathy we extend to other inefficient bandits." (Letter to C. A. Spring-Rice, January 18th, 1904.)

Why President Wilson should have chosen to adopt the sentimentalist view is not easy to understand:

"When, during the administration of President Wilson, a treaty was drawn up under which a payment of \$25,000,000 was to be made to Colombia, Mr. Roosevelt published an article denouncing it as a "Blackmail Treaty" and traversing in every detail the history of his proceedings in getting possession of the Isthmus of Panama. . . . He said: "The proposed treaty is a crime against the United States. It is an attack upon the honor of the United States which, if justified, would convict the United States of infamy. . . ."

Even those who were opposed to the Administration were forced to admit that: ". . . the Republic and Canal of Panama are likely to be Roosevelt's most enduring monuments." This was Roosevelt's own opinion, frequently expressed. In a speech at Dallas, Texas (April 5th, 1905), after he had been elected to the Presidency "in his own right," he said:





*[From a Painting*

JAMES ROOSEVELT, FATHER OF PRESIDENT FRANKLIN ROOSEVELT.



"While I was very glad to be elected President, I would without one moment's hesitation have given up the second term in the Presidency rather than not to have begun the Panama Canal." (*The Life and Times of Theodore Roosevelt*: J. B. Bishop.)

Very naturally, Theodore Roosevelt wanted to be elected President in his "own right"; but not if he had to hamper himself with party pledges which were contrary to his chosen line of action. He made this clear (January 27th, 1904) in a letter to a friend: "To use the vernacular of our adopted West, you can bet your bedrock dollar that if I go down it will be with colors flying and drums beating and that I would neither truckle nor trade with any of the opposition if to do so guaranteed me the nomination and election. . . ."

He was nominated by acclamation, the only man in the history of the United States who succeeded to the presidency from the vice-presidency to receive such an honour. On the day of the publication of his acceptance of the nomination, the State of Maine (hitherto Democratic) went Republican; an auspicious omen, which inspired dear old Hay to leap into song:

"She went, by gob,  
For Governor Cobb,  
And Roosevelt and  
Fairbanks too."

"I judge from the tone of our friends the enemy that they are losing all heart and hope, I am getting sorry for Parker (Judge Alton B. Parker, the Democratic candidate); they will turn and rend him before long. I do not doubt he already wishes that comfort-



able judgeship back again. Everything they do is ridiculous. But their rally in defence of the Constitution is most absurd of all. One of these days they will be saying that it is unconstitutional to read the Constitution." (*Theodore Roosevelt*: Bishop.)

The story told of Fairbanks, who was none too popular, is that when the President was about to make an experimental trip in a submarine, one of his friends warned him not to go, adding, "But if you *do* go, take Fairbanks with you."

In the Theodore Roosevelt Presidential Election Campaign of 1904, Robert Roosevelt, without his knowledge or consent, was nominated one of the Presidential Electors of the Democratic Party. He declined the honour on the ground that:

"While I differ with the President and the party with which he is associated as to certain fundamental principles of public policy, I have the highest appreciation of him personally and of his unselfish and unquestioned devotion to the public good. I feel that while he is a candidate for that party for the highest position in official life our family relations and the strong personal affection which I have for him would make it improper and unbecoming in me to take any part in the approaching national canvass." (Letter to Hon. Charles F. Murphy.)

This roused a newspaper storm, but not an anti-Roosevelt one. The general opinion agreed that "some one had blundered in naming without his consent the President's uncle as a Presidential elector on the opposite ticket." (*N.Y. Tribune*, April 22nd, 1904.)

The following modest and affectionate letter shows



THEODORE ROOSEVELT: THE RULER OF HIS COUNTRY

Theodore Roosevelt's appreciation of the attitude adopted by his uncle:

White House,  
Washington.

*April 22nd, 1904.*

Dear Uncle Rob,

Your letter has touched me very much. I hardly know how to answer it. Few things in connection with the Presidency have been more pleasant to me than your attitude toward me in connection therewith.

With love to all,

Ever your affectionate nephew,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Hon. Robert B. Roosevelt,  
57, Fifth Avenue,  
New York, N.Y.

The country expressed its approval of Theodore Roosevelt's Progressive Policy, and the election resulted in an overwhelming victory, in which he received the largest majority ever received by any candidate, and also the largest electoral vote. He carried not only the Republican states, but all the doubtful states as well. A veritable tidal-wave of triumph.

Impulsively, and perhaps unwisely, in the excitement immediately following the election he gave out to the press the following statement, which was used against him in the attempted come-back of 1912:

"A wise custom which limits the President to two terms regards the substance and not the form, and under no circumstances will I be a candidate for, or accept another nomination."



"The stars in their courses fought for me," he wrote to Owen Wister: "I was forced to try a dozen pieces of doubtful and difficult work in which it was possible to deserve success, but in which it would not have been possible even for Lincoln or Washington to be sure of commanding success. I mean the Panama business, the anthracite coal strike, the Northern Securities suit, the Philippine Church question, the whole Cuban business, the Alaska boundary, the Government open shop matter, irrigation and forestry work, etc., etc. In each case, partly by hard and intelligent work and partly by good fortune we won out. . . ." (J. B. Bishop: *Theodore Roosevelt*.)

On March 4th, 1905, Theodore Roosevelt was, for the second time, inaugurated President of the United States; with a free hand to carry out his own policies in his own way. The note of his Inaugural Address was Peace. He had matured in years and wisdom since 1898. During his entire presidential administration there was no war: "We wish peace, but we wish the peace of justice, the peace of righteousness. We wish it because we think it is right and not because we are afraid."

In a letter to Alfred Noyes, the poet (November 28th, 1914) T.R. said: "I very sincerely believe in peace. I hold the man who, in a spirit of levity or wantonness or brutality or mere fancied self-interest, goes to war, to be an abhorrent brute. But, as the world now is, I am convinced that peace will only come on the same terms on which we get it in great cities—that is, by doing everything to cultivate justice . . . and at the same time having a court backed by physical



THEODORE ROOSEVELT: THE RULER OF HIS COUNTRY force, that is, backed by the police power, to which one can appeal against the brutal, the disorderly, the homicidal. I believe your verses will be of benefit here. . . ." (J. B. Bishop: *Theodore Roosevelt and His Times*, p. 198.)

In August, 1905, through the efforts of the President, aided by those of the German Kaiser, the Russo-Japanese war was brought to an end and the peace-treaty signed at Portsmouth, on September 5th, 1905. Of this, T.R. said, with a trace of bitterness foreign to his nature: "If I had not brought about peace I should have been laughed at. Now I am over-praised!" He had begun to realise the shallowness and ingratitude of the mob.

In the summer of this same year (1905) he assisted in another peace move, the Algeçiras Conference, which closed the Morocco dispute, between France and Germany, and narrowly averted a war. For his services in assisting in the negotiation of this treaty, of which the United States was one of the signatories, Roosevelt received the appreciative and grateful thanks of both the French and German Governments, through their ambassadors Jusserand and Speck von Sternberg.

How many of us ever stop to recall the fact that the ill-fated Czar of Russia instituted the Hague Peace Conferences?

In pursuance of the policy of peace, 1906 was the year of the second intervention in Cuba, when the American Government poured oil on the turbulent waters and restored serenity; and 1907 saw the start of the fleet-to-ensure-peace on its two-year tour round the world, which was concluded on its return in



February, 1909, less than a month before the fatal fourth of March which saw the end of Theodore Roosevelt's illustrious presidential career. Two weeks after his nominee, Taft, had taken office he sailed for East Africa.

The African trip has been the subject of several sagas. Unfortunately, an adequate account of it does not come within the scope of this brief summary. It was the grandest joy-ride in all history. Technically speaking, it was a scientific expedition launched by the Smithsonian Institution of Washington, and composed of Theodore Roosevelt, his son Kermit and a number of scientists; including (for part of the time) Selous, the famous British explorer, big-game hunter and naturalist. After accomplishing its work for the advancement of scientific research, the joy-ride ended up as a grand triumphal tour, in which every important potentate in Europe craved the honour of a visit from the Ex-President. Good-naturedly, he strove to satisfy them, in so far as was humanly possible.

His home-coming was delayed by an address given at the Sorbonne, Paris, by the Romanes lecture, which Lord Curzon, Chancellor of the University, had invited him to deliver at Oxford, and by the bestowal upon him of the Nobel Peace Prize, which entailed a visit to Norway, in order to receive it from the hands of the Nobel Prize Committee at Christiania. Immediately following this, came the sudden death of King Edward VII, which coincided with Roosevelt's visit to England, and led to his appointment as America's representative at the royal funeral.

In England he enjoyed old friends, and made new



ones. Among the former was Attaché Lee of the old Rough Rider days—later Lord Lee of Fareham. But Roosevelt's red-letter day was the one spent with Lord Grey (then Sir Edward Grey) in the New Forest, exchanging bird-lore by the silver waters of the Itchen. This meeting of two world-famous men has been immortalised in the representation of that sylvan spot; which is to be seen, exquisitely reproduced, in the Museum of Natural History, New York, a wing of which constitutes the new "Roosevelt Memorial."

The home-coming to the United States was that of a world-conqueror returning to his adoring subjects:

"What conquests brings he home?  
What tributaries follow him to Rome?"

His name was on all lips, his image in every eye. Such a welcome was never seen before, and in all probability will never be seen again; the fleet of vessels to meet him in the harbour; the crowds shouting, flag-waving, fighting to get a glimpse of him; the interminable processions; the horrible din, as of all hell let loose.

"Muses lend me an earthquake  
To rattle the big blue dome,  
Or a dynamite bomb, or a fierce tom-tom,  
Or a bugle-call, or Niagara's fall——  
Full justice to do to the hullabaloo  
Which roared New York and the country through  
When Teddy came sailing home . . .  
. . . Uncle Sam fell off his porch  
And the Statue of Liberty swallowed her torch  
When Teddy came sailing home" . . . etc.  
(Wallace Irwin: *The Teddysee*.)

It was the last grand burst of glory before the sun sank behind the waters. After that, there were still



some golden reflections in the sky, but already the shadows were closing in, and darkness came with incredible swiftness. If only he had been content to stand petrified on a pedestal, death-in-life to one of his temperament, he would have remained the people's idol to the end. But that was not his way. When there was work to do, wrong to be put right, he was there to do it. Taft had made a mess of things, even to revising the Tariff in favour of special privilege; and the party looked to Roosevelt as their last hope of retrieving the "political bankruptcy of the national and State Republican organizations." Without a thought of self he plunged in to the rescue.

The nomination by Roosevelt of Taft, as his successor, had been a mistake; Hughes might have been a better choice, despite his lack of personal magnetism. The public inevitably blamed Roosevelt for Taft's shortcomings, as soon as they began to experience the reaction which was the natural sequel to the hysteria of the home-coming. The third-term nomination in 1912, after the published statement of 1905, was another, possibly greater, mistake. The mind of the public had not then been trained and manipulated so as to be prepared to receive the third-term idea, which came as an unpleasant shock; and the explanation of the "four-years" interval struck the public as a distinction without a difference.

Ingratitude, even of the fickle mob, is something painful to dwell upon; but the failure of the campaign was as nothing, compared with the shock of the attempted assassination of Roosevelt, when he was canvassing in Milwaukee. Fortunately the bullet was



deflected from its course by a steel spectacle-case and the bulky folded notes of a speech which he was on his way to deliver. But it fractured a rib, in which it embedded itself, remaining there until the day of his death.

Roosevelt's first thought was for the would-be assassin, who proved to be a lunatic. After he had given orders that the man was not to be roughly handled, he calmly took his handkerchief to see if there was any blood in his mouth, and on finding none he decided that the chances were twenty to one against the wound being mortal. Whereupon he determined to proceed to the hall and make his speech. In vain, young Philip Roosevelt and others who were with him tried to dissuade him; nothing could alter his decision. By an amazing effort of will he managed to give an address which lasted a couple of hours. It was an agonizing and unforgettable nervous strain for those who accompanied him on the canvassing tour, and who, as a self-constituted bodyguard, naturally felt themselves responsible for his personal safety.\*

He recovered from his wound in time to finish the campaign; only to lose the election to the Democratic candidate, Woodrow Wilson.

This unexpected result was a severe shock, not only to his political adherents but to the nation at large. That Theodore Roosevelt, with his splendid record, his genius for governing, and the list of magnificent achievements to his credit—a man who had so long

\* Sometimes he would take young cousins with him on these whirlwind tours; partly for their pleasure, and also by way of giving them political experience. On this occasion he was accompanied by Philip James Roosevelt, fresh from Harvard, a mere lad at the time; for whom it was an unforgettable experience.



reigned as the idol of the American public—should suffer defeat at the hands of a mere academician, however distinguished, seemed hardly conceivable. It was, of course, in great part due to the third-term fetish; and also to the party split and to general campaign mismanagement.

The immediate result was that Roosevelt started on an exploring trip that he had long wanted to undertake, which led him into the Brazilian wilderness. It was this hazardous expedition that eventually caused the irreparable loss to the United States of one of her greatest sons. He suffered severe hardships when he was no longer young enough to endure the physical strain; and, although he successfully explored a hitherto uncharted river, he returned to civilization a man broken in health, if not in spirit.

The end of his life is too tragic to dwell upon. It is better to draw a veil over the rest. With his four sons fighting gallantly in the World War, and his own indomitable spirit longing for the fray, to be humiliated and held back without any given reason, to be arbitrarily refused permission to raise, equip and lead a division of volunteers, well knowing what his mere presence would mean, in heartening the troops in France; to have the repeated requests of the Allies, in support of his wishes, invariably refused by Wilson; all this was an unbearable mortification to a proud nature, accustomed not to sue but to command.

Finally, on the 14th of July, 1918, came the tragic announcement that his beloved youngest son, Quentin, the airman, "the Eagle," a boy of only nineteen, had been shot down and killed in France. Something



snapped within. Although he and Mrs. Roosevelt bore this crushing blow with heroic courage to outward seeming, it proved to be the end for one of them. Theodore Roosevelt, our "Representative American," died the following January 6th, of a clot of blood in the heart.

He passed away in his sleep. His last words were to ask his attendant to "put out the light." "Death had to take him sleeping," said Vice-President Marshall, "for if Roosevelt had been awake, there would have been a fight."

\* \* \* \* \*

His last resting-place is in the quiet cemetery at Oyster Bay, close to his beloved Sagamore Hill, on a knoll high above and overlooking the blue waters of Long Island Sound. And there, his

"... earth-forgetting eyelids keep  
Their morningless and unawakening sleep."



## CHAPTER VIII

### THE WRITING ROOSEVELTS

THAT all Roosevelts are fighters, the world is well aware, but only frequenters of the New York Public Library know that all Roosevelts are writers as well. The list of works there to their credit is something formidable.

The earliest Roosevelt author of any note was Clinton Roosevelt (1804-1898), who in the year 1858 published an interesting book on the science of government; which science, he maintains, is "the greatest of all the sciences, as it includes all others; the most benevolent, as it is intended to bring all to bear, for the greatest good of mankind, now and to come on earth. . . ."

Further on, he tells us that: "It has long ago been said that if all men were philosophers or good Christians, all government would be unnecessary. It is because men have selfish principles in them that government is necessary. . . ." (Clinton Roosevelt: *The Science of Government*.)

In this he agrees with Confucius, who says somewhere: "If good men were able to govern a country a hundred years, they would be able to transform the vicious and dispense with capital punishment." Roosevelt also recalls to his countrymen an almost forgotten law of being, which says that: "*What man does not*



*value sufficiently to guard as well as gain, that shall he not continue to enjoy."* . . . And:

"General perfection comes from the fitness of parts. The harmony of society should be effected on the same principle that the leader of an orchestra arranges all the voices in a choir—each individual to perform the part to which his voice is by nature adapted, each supplying the deficiency of others having other parts, and thus effecting harmony from an union and interchange of excellencies. . . ."

Following Clinton Roosevelt, in the order of time, comes Silas Weir Roosevelt (1823-1870), eldest son of Cornelius Van Schaak and Margaret Barnhill Roosevelt, and uncle of President Theodore Roosevelt. He and his niece, the more widely known Corinne Roosevelt Robinson, add a welcome poetical element to the Roosevelt literary output. Many of Silas Weir Roosevelt's poems are very beautiful in their imagery, especially "Kaatskill," from which the volume of poems—collected and published after his death—is named.

Corinne Roosevelt Robinson, Theodore Roosevelt's sister, and niece of Silas Weir, is well-known for her delightful descriptions of nature, found in "From a Motor in May" and other poems. There is a touching devotion in the verses "To My Brother," and also in the farewell lines on his last resting-place:

"At Sagamore the chief lies low—  
Above the hill, in circled row,  
The whirring airplanes dip and fly,  
A guard of honour from the sky:  
Eagles to guard the Eagle. . . ."

To return to the older generation of writers: the



works of Robert B. Roosevelt (1829-1906), a younger brother of Silas Weir, have already to some extent been dealt with. He, too, wrote verse, but it was not his forte; and his claims to literary fame will rest on his books dealing with game, fish, etc., and on his political addresses; although his novel, *Progressive Petticoats*, was greatly admired by both John Hay and Archbishop Roosevelt Bayley.

In *Five Acres Too Much*, an ironical description of an attempt at amateur farming, R. B. Roosevelt grows quite lyrical over a recently purchased pig, a "love of a pig" that "united many pleasant qualities and points of sagacity to a gentleness and suavity rare in the race; he had an appetite that was a joy to behold, and was as effective an appetizer as a gin-cocktail. . . ." This pig was "as clean and white as a baby in its morning gown, and would allow his flanks to be scratched in the most gracious way, grunting gently the while, and occasionally turning over on his side. He was altogether a rarely sociable companion. . . ."

This paragon pig starts R.B.R. off on a philosophical train of thought: "A pig never runs away and smashes wagons; a pig never kicks people, nor dashes out their brains, nor drags them by stirrups, nor does other such disagreeable things, but is gentle and sweet-tempered; he is all good. A boar's head was the famous dish of antiquity; his hams, and shoulders, and sides enable nations to carry on war, ships to go to sea, and commerce to exist. His bristles help us to keep our heads and clothes clean; his skin bestrides his competitor," (the horse), "and then, upon the classic rule of a part standing for the whole, he is in his right place; his



petitoes are the delight of connoisseurs; his entrails are converted into delicious sausages; and who has not read the apotheosis of roast pig?" (*i.e.* Charles Lamb's essay.) . . . .

Again he grows lyrical, over gourds, in a way that would have delighted the hearts of the Oyster Bay Garden-Club gourd-growers of to-day:

"I am great on gourds; they are my specialty. I will undertake to grow them against the world, and will meet Jonah in a fair field, and no miracles, any time; in fact I am a perfect Jonah in gourds. In early youth, when my gardening was confined to a city yard, my gourds were the first, and fattest, and yellowest to be seen; and from that remote period to the time of which I speak I had always felt an affection for the beautiful fruit, and wondered why nature did not put more in it. Of course there must be gourds in my garden, in spite of their being a useless production and very hollow—Weeville made a joke about their beating other fruits all hollow—and, except to make fragile water-dippers (which, by the way, no one ever makes of them) quite worthless; so I not only planted the seeds in the open garden, but forced some in the hot-beds. . . ."

All his tender plants were devoured by squash-bugs, until someone advised him: "When you plant gourds next time put in a few onion seeds at the same time, and you will have no trouble. The smell does it."

His vaulting ambition, however, soon o'erleapt itself, and he tells us that his gourds—particularly the "Hercules Club" variety—grew to such gigantic proportions that he felt obliged to cut down the entire lot:



"To go down to posterity celebrated for this alone, to be spoken of in horticultural works as 'the gourd-man,' was too terrible a fate. . . . There are some things which a man does too well to do often." . . . (*Five Acres Too Much*, R. B. Roosevelt.)

In *Big Game Hunting in the Eighties*, the diary of her father, edited by Anna Eleanor Roosevelt (Mrs. Franklin Roosevelt), Elliott Roosevelt's "Letters"—not "literary," and not intended for publication—are a sheer delight. They are so human, humorous, unself-conscious, and full of vivid and colourful pictures; take, for example, the following description of an incident in the Indian Jungle:

"I have been up country here for the last few weeks visiting some of the most wonderful ruins you can imagine—and in the finest kind of tropical jungle . . . affording in its cool shades and vast extent a safe home for many fierce wild beasts and also some of the most beautiful there are in the world. A little spotted deer about eighteen inches high or less, they call it a mouse deer it is so small, which is a most exquisitely shaped little brute. Once when resting out in the jungle, lying perfectly still, one of these pretty creatures came bounding along—stopping for a moment, looking from side to side with such a funny, half innocent, half startled air, then nibbling a mouthful of grass—suddenly cutting a queer little caper apparently in excess joy of living, that, though I did want the skin ever so much, I *could* not kill it. . . ."

Throughout, the letters reveal the charming character of the writer, and his keen sense of humour. The dramatic description of the killing of a famous rogue



elephant, "Tammear Cadjua Rogue," which had been terrorizing the country thereabouts, is a saga in itself. Half the time the hunter turns into the hunted, fleeing from the maddened charge of the wounded elephant:

"I saw when it was too late, that I had not reasoned correctly when I expected the elephant to fall at my first shot. . . . He started after me, chasing me here, there, everywhere. Fortunately for me, he occasionally halted in his mad chase, which enabled me to use my gun with effect; but it was only after I had put sixteen bullets into him that his great crushing weight fell down into the bamboos. . . ."

That was the fate of the bad elephant, but the good elephants are pets:

"... The pass was very steep and the elephant ride on rolling stones a novelty. They are such jolly old brutes, though, so careful and almost human in their actions, picking up loose stones in the way and throwing them aside or taking anything from the ground and giving it to their mahouts at request. . . ."

And the monkeys: "Some little scamp will run up behind a worn out old grey head and giving the venerable old party's tail an awful pull will disappear behind some little bush.—Almost putting a finger to its snub nose, or running howling to its mother who has to make a fight of protection for it against the rage of the insulted Patriarch, or bear the just punishment for its offspring's misdeeds. . . ."

We find the glittering East unrolling before us just as it comes, the good and the bad; little babies "thrown out on the road to die" on the beautiful hills, at the base of which grow the heliotrope hedges "five foot



high and running for half a mile. Flowers of all kinds. The whole air heavy in the morning, the dew itself seeming scented by them. Yet not the close, hot, stifling, sickening sweet of the lower tropical jungle and plain, but a cool, fresh invigorating air that tempted me to stroll over the beautiful hills. . . . ”

One takes leave of this writer with regret.

Of his generation, Theodore Roosevelt undoubtedly ranks first among the writers of his clan, both in the scientific value of his work and its scholarly content; though his books cannot be said to have been written in the spirit of joyousness that one finds in the light-hearted records of the adventures of his sons, the brothers Theodore Jr. and Kermit.

For deep research and keen insight into the many and varied problems which beset the pioneer settler it would be difficult to find a book that would equal Theodore Roosevelt's great work *The Winning of the West*. It is looked upon as a standard book of reference on this interesting and important subject. The *Life of Oliver Cromwell* and *The Naval War of 1812* may also be placed in the same category; in spite of the fact that the latter was written before Roosevelt was twenty-three years of age.

The *History of New York* is both entertaining and stimulating. *American Ideals* has attracted, and continues to attract, a large public. Other works of this prolific writer deal with big-game hunting, scientific and Nature subjects. There are also the Messages and uncounted magazine articles on every conceivable subject; for his interests were wide and varied, extending from World Peace to Simplified Spelling.



In his admirable speech, at Christiania, in acceptance of the Nobel Peace Prize (1910) he said: "It should be a master-stroke if those great powers honestly bent on peace would form a League of Peace, not only to keep the peace among themselves, but to prevent by force, if necessary, its being broken by others. . . ."

He also included this prophecy:

"The ruler or statesman who should bring about such a combination would have earned his place in history for all time and his title to the gratitude of all mankind."

A description of a hunting incident in Idaho, when he was charged by a grizzly bear he had wounded, is vivid and thrilling:

" . . . I held true, aiming behind the shoulder, and my bullet shattered the point or lower end of his heart, taking out a big nick. Instantly the great bear turned with a harsh roar of fury and challenge, blowing the bloody foam from his mouth, so that I saw the gleam of his white fangs; and then he charged straight at me, crashing and bounding through the laurel bushes, so that it was hard to aim. I waited until he came to a fallen tree, raking him as he topped it, with a ball which entered his chest and went through the cavity of his body; but he neither swerved nor flinched, and at the moment I did not know I had struck him. He came steadily on, and in another second was almost upon me. I fired for his forehead, but my bullet went low, entering his open mouth, smashing his lower jaw and going into his neck. I leaped to one side almost as I pulled the trigger; and through the hanging smoke the first thing I saw was his paw, as he made a vicious



side blow at me. The rush of his charge carried him past. As he struck he lurched forward, leaving a pool of bright blood where his muzzle hit the ground; but he recovered himself, and made two or three jumps onwards, while I hurriedly jammed a couple of cartridges into the magazine, my rifle holding only four, all of which I had fired. Then he tried to pull up, but as he did so his muscles seemed suddenly to give way, his head drooped, and he rolled over and over like a shot rabbit. Each of my first three bullets had inflicted a mortal wound." (*McClure's Magazine*, 1898, Vol. 12.)

Some of Theodore Roosevelt's shorter sayings are trenchant and pithy: "If there is any quality which is not admirable, whether in a nation or in an individual, it is hysterics, either in religion or in anything else": "I want to see a man take his own part. If he will not, his part is not worth taking": "Knowing the Southern people as I do, I would heartily advocate fighting twice as hard as you fought from 1861—1865 for the privilege of staying in the same Union with them" (Dec. 9, 1902): "Remember that every man, at times stumbles, and must be helped up; if he lies down you cannot carry him": "No prosperity and no glory can save the nation that is rotten at heart": "We must all either wear out or rust out, every one of us—my choice is to wear out": "The millennium is a good way off yet": "Hardness of heart is a dreadful quality, but it is doubtful whether, in the long run, it works more harm than softness of head." (Bangor, Me., Aug. 22, 1902.)

Theodore Roosevelt Jr. and his brother Kermit have



united in writing some captivating books. They have a natural easy charm and simplicity of style, combined with a dramatic gift of creating "suspense," which grip the reader's attention and hold it fixed.

The writers sling the reader on to the back of a pack-mule and carry him along with them. He sees the whole show, as an eye-witness, enjoying it with breathless interest. This is especially true of *Trailing the Giant Panda*, which is a fascinating travel-book. It is a brilliant series of word-pictures which give the effect of a thrilling cinematograph film.

There is something Marco-Poloish about it. One takes the long trek in vain, searching for the ever-elusive, semi-mythical beast; and then, in the hour of darkest disappointment, when hope is nearly abandoned, lo and behold—the panda! One can almost see it; coming from behind the bole, with its great shaggy coat, and the sinister black rings round its eyes—the incarnation of strange, slow-moving, age-old, powerful *life*—a mysterious dynamo of vital force. It is so real, so alive, that one almost calls out "*Don't kill it!*"

The very title of another of their joint books, *East of the Sun and West of the Moon* allures one. So does the promise of exploring Asia: "Though one of the oldest countries in the world, it is one of the least known. In the northern part the Mongol tribes originated, who swept like flame over Asia and half of Europe. Through it the great caravan routes run, over which trade passed before Rome was founded, when Egypt was the world-power and elephants were hunted on the Euphrates! . . ."



The reader feels the lure:

“ . . . . . We must go :  
To a couch of new-pulled hemlock,  
With the star-light on our faces,  
For the Red Gods call us out and we must go ! ”

We must go, even if only in imagination, to the Pamirs, Turkestan, and the Tian Shan mountains: —

“ The world’s white roof-tree ”——

with or without excuse; not really caring in the least whether Marco Polo’s “ ovis poli ” lives there or not.

Apart from the scientific value of this “ James Simpson — Roosevelts — Field Museum Expedition,” financed by the Head of the Field Museum of Natural History in Chicago, the Roosevelt writers’ account of it has a vivid human interest. And the pictures are fascinating.

One travels along with the explorers all the way; over the Yogi Pass, sympathizing with the purdah ranee who must have kept her eyes shut beneath the veil; on through the Karakorum Pass, with the piles of bones of pack-animals, six and eight feet high; through Leh and Yarkand; across the Muzart glacier, and the Burzil Pass; everywhere meeting the authors’ acquaintances, admiring their “ bag,” assisting in a hawk-pigeon hunt; on to the Vale of Kashmir, and thence returning to civilization with the greatest reluctance, but carrying back many never-to-be-forgotten memories.

A quite different type of book is Grace Lockwood Roosevelt’s *We Owed it to the Children*, the amusing



diary of a travel-trip, which is very pleasant reading.

Among the best-sellers of the Clan output is Alice Roosevelt Longworth's *Crowded Hours*. As the reader swishes through its tempestuous pages he is kept in a constant chortle. Occasionally, among all these whirls and eddies of superabundant energy, there appears a placid pool of serene and beautiful description, such as the delineation of the interview with the Dowager Empress of China. Here the Chinese atmosphere is caught, and held.

"... While Emperors came and went, regardless of who was on the throne, Tsz'e Hsi ruled. The character and power of the Empress were palpable, and though at the time we met she was over seventy, one felt her charm. She by no means looked her age; her small, brilliant black eyes were alert and piercing; they and her rather cruel mouth, turned up at one corner, drooping a little at the other, made her face vivid and memorable.

"Our first sight of her was through the doorway of the Hall of Audience. She was seated on a throne several steps higher than the floor, very erect, one slim hand with its golden nail-sheaths on the chair arm, the other on her lap. She wore a long loose Chinese coat covered with embroidery, strings of pearls and jade around her neck, her smooth black hair arranged in a high Manchu head-dress decorated with pearls and jade and artificial flowers. There were great pyramids of fruit on either side of her chair. . . ."

Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt Sr. is the author of the charming *Odyssey of a Grandmother in Cleared for Strange Ports*—a family omnibus—and she is also



joint author with her son, Kermit, of *American Backlogs*, a history of her pioneer Tyler ancestor.

Dr. J. West Roosevelt, one of the older generation, and father of Nicholas Roosevelt, the well-known writer on political subjects, wrote a number of books on health and kindred subjects: *Bicycling, Sickness and Health*, etc.

Dr. Richard Derby, husband of Ethel Roosevelt, younger daughter of Theodore Roosevelt, is part author of *Cleared for Strange Ports*; which also contains a chapter by Belle Wyatt Roosevelt, Mrs. Kermit Roosevelt, dealing with elephants and elephant-hunting. Other chapters are by the brothers Theodore Jr. and Kermit.

Mrs. Franklin Roosevelt has not only written several books; but she is well known to the public as a broadcaster on social, political, and scholastic subjects—for which she is said to receive \$4,000 a broadcast. Among her works are: “*It’s Up to the Women; Why Wars Must Cease; Babies—Just Babies; Addresses to Teachers; White House Lady*, etc.

Mrs. James Roosevelt, the President’s mother, has sponsored a book—*My Son Franklin*—which contains incidents and pictures of the great man at some of the earlier stages of his career. The portraits show a preternaturally solemn infant who evinces scant indications of future good looks but who is seen to be the happy possessor of a remarkably lovely parent.

The President himself has from time to time written books clearly and concisely setting forth his political policies. The principal ones are: *On Our Way*;



*Government, not Politics; Looking Forward; Whither Bound*, and various *Addresses, Messages*, etc. Most of these works have been translated into French; and several into German, Spanish and Italian. The familiar titles seem strange in their foreign guise. Who, for example, would intimately greet "la nouvelle donne" as our good friend the "New Deal"? Or see in "les recherches d'un nouvel avenir" the familiar *Looking Forward*? Nor does "sur la bonne voie" appear synonymous with *On Our Way*. However, *Big Jim Farley* sounds equally good in both languages: "Il aurait pu passer son été entier et l'automne aux Bermudas, qu'il aurait été élu aussi bien," remarqua Big Jim Farley, President du Comité des Compagnes Electorales du parti démocrate" (*La Revue des Vivants*, Mars, 1933).

Dare one commit lèse majesté, and say that the *Chronicle of Hyde Park* reads like a seed-catalogue to a non-gardener? Though it is enlivened by the tale of the ram that ran amok among the solemn church-goers.—On the other hand the *Happy Warrior* must make an impression on any sensitive reader. It is a fine tribute to friendship.

The *Messages* are perhaps the most popular of the presidential writings; equalled only by the eagerly-awaited broadcasts of the "Silver-tongued Spell-binder of the White House" who tells us that: "You and I are enlisted to-day in a great crusade in every part of the land to co-operate with nature and not to fight her, to stop destructive floods, to prevent dust storms and the washing away of our precious soils, to grow trees, and to give thousands of farm families a chance to live, and



to seek to provide more and better food for the city-dwellers of the nation. . . . The average of our citizenship lives to-day on what would be called by the medical fraternity a third-class diet. . . . ” (Atlanta Address, Nov. 29, 1935.)

“ I am prepared under my constitutional duty to recommend the measures that a stricken nation in the midst of a stricken world may require. These measures, or such other measures as the Congress may build out of its experience and wisdom, I shall seek, within my constitutional authority to bring to speedy adoption. . . For the trust reposed in me I will return the courage and devotion that befit the time. I can do no less ” (March, 1933). In the same address he delivered the oft-quoted passage: “ The only thing we have to fear is fear itself ; nameless, unreasoning, unjustified terror which paralyzes needed efforts to convert retreat into advance. . . . This great nation will endure, as it has endured, will revive and prosper.” (Inauguration Address, March, 1933.) “ . . . That brings us squarely face to face with the fact of the continued unemployment of many million persons of whom approximately three and a half million are employables in need of relief. When some of the people of a great and wealthy country are suffering from starvation an honest government has no choice. . . . ” (Address to New York Democrats, April 25, 1936.)

Nicholas Roosevelt (1893)—distinguished in the newspaper world as a Republican extremist—is the professional writer of the Roosevelt clan. He is generally held to have reached the apex of the family authorship from the technical point of view. Not only



has he the writer's gift of expression, but expert training as well.

Some of his best known books are: *The Philippines, A Treasure and a Problem* (1926); *The Restless Pacific* (1928), and *American and England?* (1930), all three of which have received high praise from the critics. His ten articles, published in 1933, on the subject of "Farmers' debts and inflation" created quite a furore of excitement in the ranks of both political parties.

Nicholas Roosevelt is to literature born, as he is the son of Dr. J. West Roosevelt, the medical author. He held the post of attaché at the U.S. Embassy in Paris from 1914 to 1916. Subsequently he was secretary of a mission to Spain, and American international correspondent of the *New York Tribune* (1916-1917). Later he became editorial writer of the same newspaper (1921-23), and at the same time acted as special correspondent of the *Vienna Neue Freie Press*, *Le Temps*, of Paris, and *De Haagsche Post* of Holland. Still later (1923) he became the special correspondent and editorial writer of the *New York Times*. From 1917 to 1919, he served as captain in the 322nd Infantry, U.S.A., and in the latter year he was appointed a member of the "Commission to Negotiate Peace." Since then he has held the positions of United States Minister to Hungary, and editorial writer for the *New York Tribune*.

According to Nicholas Roosevelt:

"In America's case effective idealism means to mind our own business and not interfere in the affairs of other nations unless we are willing to face the consequences of taking our share of the responsibility for



world peace. These consequences include the risk of war. If we are never willing to fight again, if we believe that nothing is worth fighting for—then we cannot aspire to force our views on other nations or to join them in bringing pressure to bear on trouble-makers among the nations. . . . There are no half-way measures between minding our own business and being responsible for the affairs of others. . . .”

Of the Philippines, he says: “During our brief occupation we have brought the Filipinos far more health, wealth and happiness than they ever had before. In return their politicians heap blame on us for our mere presence. We have defended them and begun to develop their islands only to be denounced as ‘oppressors’ and to be sullenly hated for our help. The truth is that we have done so much for them that we cannot expect any gratitude. Like spoiled children they are more indignant about unhumoured whims than grateful for a surfeit of good things. . . .” (*The Philippines, A Treasure and a Problem.*)

“. . . The Igorots until recently indulged in head-hunting. The Christian Filipinos love the cockpit as dearly as the Spaniards love the bull ring. The dances of the savage tribes strike us as particularly uncouth. . . . We have never appreciated the curse of the ready banana, nor the economic significance of B.V.D.’s. When a tasty meal can be had for the stretching of a hand to pluck the fruit from the tree, and a stylish costume obtained by dyeing a pair of B.V.D.’s, it is clear that the inclination to labor will be lacking. . . .” (*Ibid.*)

Had Quentin Roosevelt lived, very probably he



would have been numbered among the foremost of the Roosevelt writers. Early in his teens he exhibited unusual talent in this direction, as can be seen in Kermit Roosevelt's book, *Quentin Roosevelt: a Sketch with Letters*, from which the following vivid and colourful description is taken:

The last letter: —

July 11th, 1918.

"I room with Ed. Thomas, our transportation officer, in a delightful room. It is one of those white, plaster houses with the roofs that sag in between the rafters, and an impossible weather cock on the chimney, that doesn't work as there's a sparrow's nest between its legs. The room is on the ground floor—with a window on each side, one where you can watch everything that's going on in the street, and the other looking out on a garden that's all in bloom. It's spotlessly clean, with red tiled floor, and a huge grandfather's clock ticking solemnly in the corner.

The old lady who owns the house is equally delightful. She's a little bit of a dried-up person, at least as old as the hills, with gold rimmed spectacles, the red cheeks that all these country folk have, and a beard that even — might be proud of. At first she regarded me with deep suspicion, but I've now succeeded in winning her over. She thawed a little when she found I talked French—but the thing that won her over completely was her dog. When I first came I was greeted with furious barkings and growlings. By a strong mental effort I succeeded in showing no outward and visible signs of my inward and spiritual doubt, and walked on past him. That night,



as I was sitting reading, the old lady appeared and with her the dog, who solemnly advanced, wagged his tail, and then put his head on my knee to be patted. After that the old lady and I became firm friends and now I am Monsieur Quentin and a privileged person. Among other things she told me that she had had German officers quartered in her house in 1870 and again in 1914. Think of it. . . ."

Three days later he was killed; on July 14th, the French national holiday. He lies buried where he fell—in France, the home of his Quereau and Quaintain ancestors.



## CHAPTER IX

### FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT AT THE HELM

MOST Americans long ago ceased to live up to old Sam Johnson's *beau ideal* of a "good hater." They still continue to be faithful and enthusiastic admirers of the late Theodore Roosevelt; associating him officially with the Republican party; while at the same time many, especially those who were brought up in and retain the Democratic faith, can find it in their hearts to say a few kind words on behalf of Roosevelt the Second.

Although it is difficult to deal with anything still in a state of flux, the ultimate and crystallized form of which cannot be treated with any certainty, an attempt will be made to give the facts relating to Franklin Delano Roosevelt's aims and achievements in his Presidential capacity.

New York, admirable in many ways, wicked but well-beloved, is the most un-American city in the United States. A sea-board centre, it is so infested with desirable and undesirable foreigners that the voice of the native can no longer be heard above the noise of the alien roar. Suffering from chronic hyper-excitability, this city has long since recovered from the political upheaval of the autumn of 1936, when it snapped so rabidly at the Presidential hand which four years earlier had dragged it back from the brink of destruction.



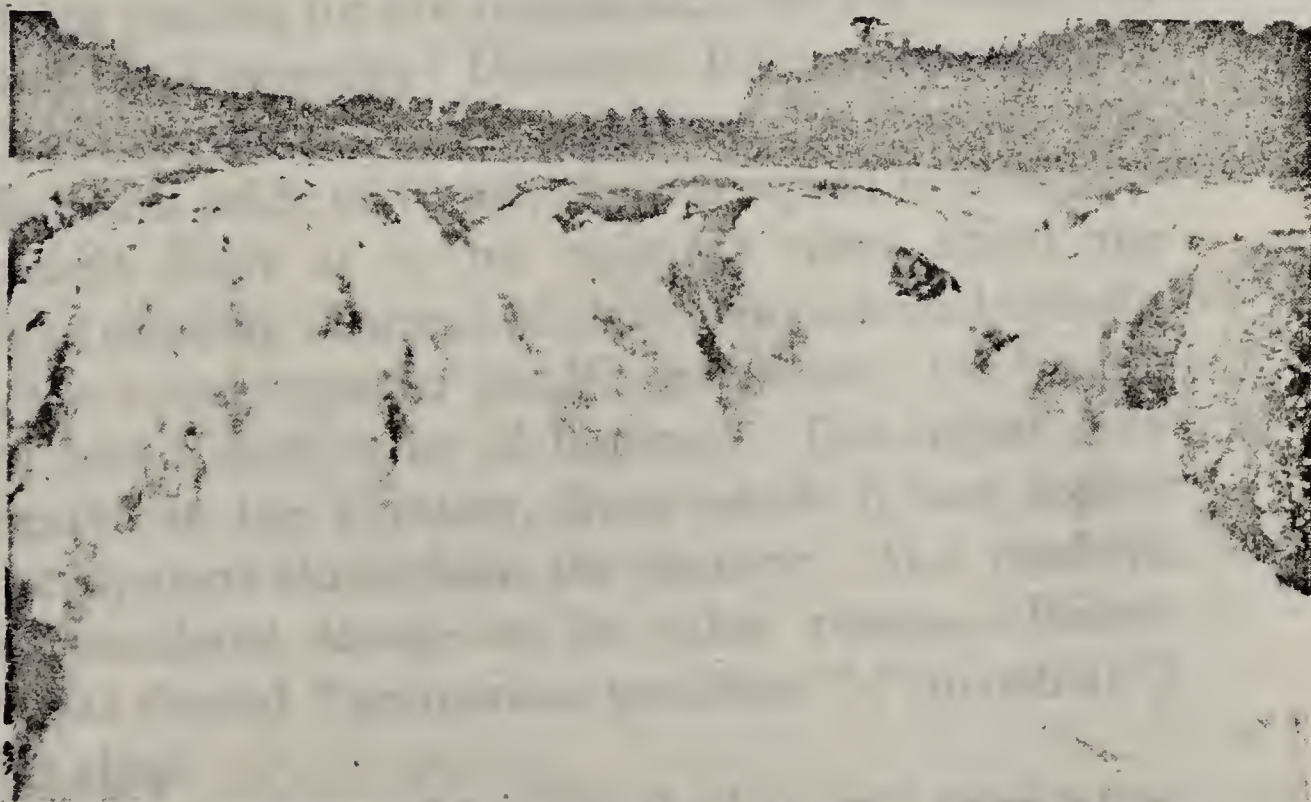
“New York did not vote at all in the first presidential election, and she was the only state that did not. Our state was opposed to the Constitution. Only one of our delegates (among whom was Isaac Roosevelt) to the convention which formed it signed it. The others withdrew from the Convention, and some of them, on their return home, published an address against it to the people. It was with much difficulty, and only after the requisite number of states had ratified it, that New York consented. The Constitution was adopted by the Convention, on the seventeenth of September, 1787, and New York did not ratify it till the twenty-sixth of July, 1788. The first election for President was not held in 1788 but in 1789, and the opposition of New York was so strong that she took no part in the election. . . .” (*Hist. Mag.*, April 1st, 1870.) The Chief Executive, when he reads the New York newspapers, no doubt consoles himself by recalling these facts.

Franklin Delano Roosevelt: thirty-second President of the United States; Democrat; fifth cousin of Theodore Roosevelt (26th President of the United States); was born at Hyde-Park-on-Hudson, January 30th, 1882—the only child of James Roosevelt’s (second) marriage, with Sarah Delano. He was educated at Groton and Harvard; and later studied law at Columbia Law School. He is said early to have shown scholarly tastes, winning the Latin Prize at school, and receiving his A.B. in 1903, “as of the class of 1904.” He was editor and president of the *Harvard Crimson*, member of several political societies and of the Alpha, Delta, Phi fraternity.





A ROCKY MOUNTAIN FORESTRY CAMP.



*[Photo by Dr. G. W. Bailey]*

GRAND FALLS, UPPER ST. JOHN RIVER.

Site for the Great Dam which will generate power for the pulp  
and paper industries.



The chief incident that singled him out from among his class mates at the university was the aplomb he displayed in calling the attention of the authorities to the faulty fire-escapes: "Of all the dormitories in the Yard not one can make the least pretence of being fireproof; indeed most are of such old-fashioned construction that if a blaze once gained headway its extinction would be extremely doubtful . . . the single rope in each suite of rooms is of such character that more than one person would find great difficulty in reaching the ground without a broken neck. . . . We can see no reason why hand grenades or even buckets of water cannot be placed on every floor in certain plainly marked places," etc. (*The Harvard Crimson*. F. D. Roosevelt, '04, President, December 17th, 1903.) Pleasant reading for the Authorities, and for mothers of sons at the University! However, Roosevelt was right.

Our hero should have rested on his laurels, but, puffed with pride of victory, he attempted to interview President Eliot as to his political views anent the coming election. Instead of getting the merited squashing, the young reporter got the interview: the benign Eliot had a keen sense of humour. The report duly appeared in the *Crimson*, from which it was copied by newspapers throughout the country. As a result of this sensational scoop—or for other reasons—Roosevelt was elected "permanent president" ("marshall") of his class.

In 1907, he was admitted to the bar, and after a few years of law practice in New York, he eventually took up finance as a side issue. On March 17th, 1905, he was married to his distant cousin, Anna Eleanor,



daughter of Elliott Roosevelt and niece of President Theodore Roosevelt who gave the bride away.

In 1910, Franklin Roosevelt entered upon his true career—politics. His initiation was his appointment as Delegate to the Democratic State convention at Rochester, N.Y. This assignment led indirectly, in the same year, to his election as State Senator; a position he had not expected to win, as his district had gone Republican for twenty-eight consecutive years; but, with the usual Rooseveltian energy, he made such a forceful and spirited campaign that he won the election by 1,140 majority. He was launched.

Like his kinsmen Robert B. and Theodore, Franklin Roosevelt soon got to grips with the Tammany Tiger. He and nineteen other Insurgent Democrats rose in one solid phalanx, and came down (metaphorically speaking) with their forty feet on the neck of "Blue-eyed Billy" Sheehan. They squashed their victim, and got another and—to their mind—better man appointed in his place.

Roosevelt was re-elected in 1912, winning by close on to 1,300 votes. That year, and the previous year—with the Empire State Democracy—because of his political principles, he supported Woodrow Wilson for the presidency. Many other Democrats, not feeling the same urge, cast their votes for Theodore Roosevelt. By a decree of Fate, or through some bungling on the part of the Republican campaign-manager, Wilson won. Subsequently Franklin Roosevelt was appointed Assistant-Secretary of the Navy, under Daniels. This position he was peculiarly well equipped to fill. The Roosevelts are said to have "first mortgage on that



job": Theodore Roosevelt held it under President McKinley; Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., under Presidents Harding and Coolidge; Douglas Robinson (son of the poet, Corinne Roosevelt), under President Coolidge; and Franklin Delano Roosevelt, under President Wilson. The late Henry Latrobe Roosevelt held it under the present Administration.

Franklin Roosevelt made an outstanding Assistant Secretary of the Navy. Not only is his knowledge of naval science and history far and away beyond the requisite, but he has an intimate acquaintance with the mysteries of construction, tonnage, etc. Along with these assets he has a peculiar talent for organisation, which, coupled with a suave and charming personality, would tend to make the wheels run smoothly. Not a single strike, or difficulty of any kind, is recorded as having taken place during his occupation of this office. On the entry of the United States into the World War his efforts helped to a very considerable extent to bring victory to the Allies. He was responsible for the submarine-chasers and for the taking over of private yachts for Government service. Also, in conjunction with Admiral Sims, he inaugurated the mine-laying activities, in the North Sea, of a new type of sunken mine which proved most efficacious in the crippling of submarines.

During the war he made two voyages of inspection to Europe. The first trip lasted eight weeks; in which time he visited the trenches, with King Albert, consulted with Clemenceau in Paris and accompanied General Foch in an inspection of the French front line trenches, where he was constantly under fire. His



second visit was in 1919, when he went abroad for the purpose of supervising the demobilization of the American Navy—and succeeded in selling the Bordeaux Wireless Station to the French (for cash).

In 1920 he ran for Vice-President, with James Cox, Governor of Ohio, for President. There might have been a better chance of success the other way about, as Cox was distrusted because of his supposed association with the oil scandals, while Roosevelt had been nominated by acclamation. They were defeated, as had been anticipated.

The following year (1921) while swimming in the Bay of Fundy, Roosevelt was stricken by the paralysis which nearly ended his career. Happily, by what seems almost a miracle, he has been able to overcome this terrible handicap and to use it to the benefit of humanity; notably in the establishment of the Foundation at Warm Springs, Ga., which has helped thousands of sufferers from the same dread disease.

At the time of his seizure he was thirty-nine years of age—a tragic farewell to youth.

After seven years of retirement, devoted to a determined effort to regain his lost health, the cure was interrupted by Alfred E. Smith who, to further his own presidential ambitions, urged Roosevelt to run for the governorship of New York. In the year 1928 Smith had his hat in the presidential ring, with Joseph T. Robinson, of Arkansas, on the ticket for vice-president. In his uncertainty as to the result of the struggle Smith felt that his former ally would be of paramount assistance; so he summoned Roosevelt to his aid. The latter explained that this was out of the question,



because of his physical disability. Smith, however, with forty-five electoral votes trembling in the balance, put forth intensive efforts to obtain what he considered to be necessary to his success. Again Roosevelt refused: "This is final. I can't do it." Still Smith persisted. At last, Roosevelt wrote:

"... My doctors are very definite in stating that the continued improvement in my walking is dependent upon my avoidance of cold climate and on taking exercise here at Warm Springs during the cold winter months. It probably means getting rid of my leg brace during the next two winters, and this would be impossible if I had to be in Albany.

"As I am only forty-six years of age I feel that I owe it to my family and myself to give the present improvement a chance to continue. I must therefore with great regret confirm my decision not to accept the nomination and I know you will understand." (Ross and Grobin, *The Democratic Roosevelt*.)

His optimism was misplaced; Smith wrote back: "If the committee nominates you any way, will you refuse to run?" "That," countered Roosevelt, "is an unfair question. . . . You're hitting below the belt."

Upon this, Smith thanked him cordially for what he chose to consider an acceptance.

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends,  
Rough hew them how we will."

Fate, using Smith as its instrument, had led Roosevelt back into politics.

Having thrown himself into the fray Roosevelt fought strenuously but unsuccessfully for the election of



Smith and Robinson. Herbert Hoover proved to be what is technically termed "the Nation's Choice." Hoover's campaign-platform was founded on the promise that he would "undertake to wipe out poverty in the nation." How that promise was kept is a matter of history. The story goes that Roosevelt, recognising this as a mere political bromide, said: "When he does *I'll* vote for him!"

Roosevelt was elected Governor. The Senator from Georgia hailed him as "the hope of the South," and prophetically called him "the heir apparent for 1932."

The new Governor started in with vigorous measures which with surprising swiftness he managed to put through a legislature dominated by the Republican party. When seriously opposed he had recourse to the original method of radio-invocation, broadcasting a direct appeal to the people, a highly successful and original scheme.

In 1930 he was re-elected by the large majority of 760,001. When the odd "one" was commented on in his presence, the Governor is said to have laughed and remarked, "Well, *I* had a vote, hadn't I?" (Shade of Nicholas of Esopus!)

For another two years Roosevelt worked hard. If he suffered any pain or fatigue, the world saw no sign of it. His programme included prison reform: "Every state hospital, prison, and reformatory was inspected by the Governor in person, to an extent hitherto unknown. He took the administration of these institutions out of politics, and placed them under the supervision of business men and experts." (*National Encyc. of Am. Biography*.) He put through measures



for rural tax-relief, salvage of abandoned farm-lands, afforestation, the regulation of water power, state employment relief, soil-survey, etc., etc.

In 1932 he was nominated by the Democratic party as their presidential candidate, over the rival aspirants, Garner, Ritchie and Smith. Roosevelt received almost five times as many votes as Smith. On being informed of his nomination, he flew to Chicago and arrived there in time to make his speech of acceptance before the assembled convention, thus cutting through the archaic red-tape which had always bound the presidential nominee to remain silent until he was formally waited upon by a notification-committee.

The result of the November election was an overwhelming victory for Roosevelt; with a popular vote of 22,521,525, against 15,957,537, for Hoover. The electoral vote was a record one of 472 to 59; and Congress became almost wholly Democratic.

The story goes that during this campaign, on one occasion when several hundred people had crowded around the Roosevelt car in a small village, the Oldest Inhabitant thrust his way through with the aid of his stick until he could get a good look at the occupant of the car. Then, with a single glance he scowled, turned his back and hobbled off, with the contemptuous exclamation, "Hell!—I thought you was Lindbergh!"

After his strenuous campaign, in order to recuperate his strength, the President-elect went for a yachting cruise around the West Indies. On his return, while being welcomed by a large crowd at Miami, Florida, his life was attempted by an anarchist-assassin.

Fortunately Roosevelt escaped uninjured; but Mayor



Anton Cermak, who was with him, was mortally wounded. Minor wounds were suffered by other members of the crowd, several shots having been fired in quick succession before the assassin could be seized.

Roosevelt remained perfectly cool and collected. He took command of the situation, and gave the necessary orders to get Mayor Cermak to the hospital as quickly as possible, before the crowd could collect and block the way. On the journey he comforted and encouraged the dying man. But, although everything humanly possible was done, Cermak's life could not be saved. This tragedy cast a black shadow over Roosevelt's assumption of office.

Between the November election and the March Inauguration the President-elect was in close communication with the out-going President Hoover, who graciously welcomed his co-operation and did everything in his power to facilitate matters for his successor. The two men were in accord on matters of foreign policy generally, especially the Manchurian situation.

Roosevelt used his influence with the Democrats in Congress to get passed preliminary measures for the repeal of the 18th (Prohibition) amendment. Incidentally, he published *Looking Forward*, which outlines his presidential policy for the "New Deal."

In examining the New Deal record, to see what has been accomplished so far; first we must consider the desperate condition of the United States—of the whole world, in fact—when Franklin Roosevelt took over the administration. In 1933 he was hailed as the Great White Hope, not only of the United States but of the entire western civilisation. Never before was a President



confronted with such a Herculean task. The country was in a state of chaos, financially and socially. More than fifteen (some records give seventeen) million men were unemployed. Mortgages on which interest could not be paid were devouring the homes of the working man and the man of small means generally. The farmers were in a terrible plight; six and a half million of them considered themselves lucky if they were able to get a hand-to-mouth living from the 350,000,000 acres on which they were unable to make the mortgage payments. Financial values were slumping from low-level to lower-level, down to the abyss waiting to swallow them. Prominent Wall Street brokers were convinced that there was "no financial future for the United States." The big railroad corporations were running their systems at such a loss that they were obliged daily to dismiss a greater and greater number of their employees. The tax-payer, between the upper and nether millstone, was ground to powder. Prohibition had proved to be an undiluted curse, turning decent people into law-breakers, and poisoning them in the bargain; and, worst of all, giving rise to a crop of "bootleggers"—about the lowest type of creature called "human."

In the world of finance, things were just as bad; the banks had good reason to tremble in fear of failure and total collapse, as frightened investors were daily and hourly drawing out their deposits. Panic and fear reigned everywhere. There was no ray of hope; not even a mirage of recovery.

History shows that we have had panics before this one—severe panics. But they have taught us nothing;



as past wars have taught us nothing; as past floods have taught us nothing. In twenty years we forget anything and everything. America was on the verge of a panic in 1914, when the war broke out and munition profits brought in fresh revenues. In 1907 there was national financial trouble. Under Cleveland (1893-97) there is recorded widespread unemployment and financial worry—this time originating in Europe. Under Arthur we read of railroad failures. Under Grant (1873) there was a financial crash, during which the New York Stock Exchange was obliged to close its doors for 22 days. And so on, back through the history of the United States. There have been plenty of panics; but the country has not yet learnt how to deal with them. Hoover was not helpful. Roosevelt was required. The “money-changers of Wall Street,” the “malefactors of great wealth,” as they were picturesquely if not always justifiably called by Theodore Roosevelt, dropped on their knees (according to the Democrats) and prayed in unison: “Save us, or we perish!” Discounting to some extent this heart-rending description, it is an undoubted fact that Wall Street was in a serious plight, and an equally undoubted fact that the President saved it from crashing. The Bank Question was the first problem he attacked, immediately on taking office.

To start with, Roosevelt accepted the Democratic platform *in toto*: “I accept it one hundred per cent.” What was this platform, and what were its implications? Taking the latter first; it attributed the unprecedented economic and social distress to the “disastrous policies pursued by our Government since



the World War, of economic isolation, fostering the merger of competitive business into monopolies and encouraging the indefensible expansion and contraction of credit for private profit at the expense of the public." It maintained that, "Those who are responsible for these policies have abandoned the ideals on which the war was won and thrown away the fruits of victory, thus rejecting the greatest opportunity in history to bring peace, prosperity and happiness to the people of the world. They have ruined our foreign trade; destroyed the values of our commodities and products; crippled our banking system, robbed millions of our people of their life savings, and thrown millions more out of work, produced widespread poverty and brought the Government to a state of financial distress unprecedented in time of peace."

What were the remedies suggested? Roosevelt declared that the only hope for improving existing conditions lay in a complete reversal of the government's economic policies. He said: "We advocate an immediate and drastic reduction of governmental expenditures by abolishing useless commissions and offices, consolidating departments and bureaus, and eliminating extravagance, to accomplish a saving of not less than 25 per cent. in the cost of federal government. We favor maintenance of the national credit by a federal budget annually balanced on the basis of accurate executive estimates within revenues, raised by a system of taxation levied on the principle of ability to pay. We advocate a sound currency to be preserved at all hazards." He was in favour of a competitive tariff for revenue, "with a fact-finding tariff commis-



sion free from executive interference; and a reciprocal tariff agreement with other nations." The planks of the Democratic platform also included the extension of federal credit to States unable to provide unemployment relief for the needy; further extensive construction; proper control of waterways; shortening of the hours of labour; expansion in the planning of public works; unemployment insurances; old age insurance under the State laws; restoration of agriculture; better financing of farm mortgages; control of crop surpluses; and the construction of an adequate Army and Navy for national defence.

In finance, the platform stood for the strengthening and impartial enforcement of the anti-Trust laws to prevent monopoly. In planning; the conservation of the nation's water-power, of its forests, and of the valuable top-soil, were the main issues. It also advocated the removal of the government from all fields of private enterprise except where necessary to develop public works, etc.

The investors were to be protected by putting a curb on the Trusts; and by a more rigid supervision of national banks, for the benefit of depositors. Furthermore, there was to be a severance of affiliated security companies and banking companies, and a divorce of investment banking business from commercial banks. Another plank was: "the full measure of justice and generosity for all war veterans who have suffered disability or disease caused by or resulting from actual service in time of war, and for their dependents."

A firm foreign policy was laid down; including "peace with all the world, and the settlement of the



international disputes by arbitration, no interference in the internal affairs of other nations . . . and co-operation with nations of the western hemisphere to maintain the spirit of the Monroe Doctrine."

A further main plank in the Democratic platform was the repeal of the Eighteenth, Prohibition, Amendment. The cancellation of the debts owed to the U.S. by foreign nations was opposed; and the Hawley-Smoot Tariff Law was condemned; "the prohibitive rates of which have resulted in retaliatory action by more than forty countries, created international economic hostilities, destroyed international trade, driven our factories into foreign countries, robbed the American farmer of his foreign markets, and increased the cost of production. . . ."

"Equal rights to all, special privileges to none."—This is a brief summary of the Democratic Platform in the proposed social and economic revolution known as the "New Deal."

The platform was approved and accepted by the country in the presidential election of November 1932. What, if anything, has been accomplished since then?

(1) On March 5th, 1933—the day following his inauguration—the President called an extraordinary session of Congress, and had passed an emergency *Banking Act*, which was signed by him and Congress on the first day of the session. The first move of the President, therefore, was to save the banks and in doing so, he saved the Insurance Companies, the railroads and farms. It was exactly two days after he had taken over the Administration that the banks were closed by his order. This banking holiday was subse-



quently extended to March 13th. On March 9th, the Banking Law went into force. April 5th, came the Executive Order against the hoarding of gold. April 20th saw the Gold Embargo. The financial policy was sharp and successful. Immediately things began to pick up; the people regained self-confidence—hope flashed its beacon fires throughout the entire country.

(2) *Agriculture* came next. The message of January 3, 1933, dealt with that. The Farm Bill had four main objects: raising of prices of commodities, levying of taxes on such products as corn, wheat, rice, dairy produce, sheep, hogs and tobacco, and the regulation and control of market prices; land-production restriction; and compensation to the farmers.

In his message to Congress, regarding the Farm Bill, the President pointed out:

“That many thousands of farmers in all parts of the country are unable to meet indebtedness incurred when their crop prices had a very different money value, is well known to all of you. . . . The legislation now pending, which seeks to raise agricultural commodity prices, is a definite step to enable farm debtors to pay their indebtedness in commodity terms, more closely approximating those in which the indebtedness was incurred.”

The prosperity of an industry is judged by the buying power of those engaged in it; so, in order to restore the buying power of the farmer, the President adopted two measures; the first was the limitation of production, with the idea that the price of farm produce should rise to the average level of the normal pre-war



years: the second was the granting of large credits to the farmers, and the taking over, by the Administration, of cultivated land for the purpose of leaving it (about an eighth of the cultivatable ground) untilled, so that, by reason of less land being under cultivation and the harvest thus reduced, the price of farm produce would rise.

"In addition," the Message says, "the Federal Government should provide for the refinancing of mortgage and other indebtedness so as to accomplish a more equitable readjustment of the principle of the debt, a reduction of interest rates, which in many instances are so unconscionably high as to be contrary to a sound public policy. . . . I seek an end to the threatened loss of homes and productive capacity now faced by hundreds of thousands of American farm families."

The Government granted the farmers financial help. On May 12, 1933, the Farm Bill was passed, and the Agricultural Adjustment Administration was under way. It had at its disposal about seventy-five million dollars for the purposes indicated in the bill. Among other things, excess produce was bought by the A.A.A. and distributed among the starving population who were unable to get work. Sand and dust storms, following on drought, had been a cruel curse to the western farmer.

(3) *Currency*.—There was an inflation amendment to the Farm Bill. It gave the President the power to issue notes up to three billion dollars (without gold security) on the credit of the United States; to increase the Federal Reserve credit up to the same amount; and to devalue the gold content of the dollar, up to



50 per cent. To this was added the power to fix the ratio of silver to gold. The idea being that the Reserve Banks should buy up the securities of Government-financed corporations, etc. (Unheard-of powers to grant).\*

(4) *Economy*.—Meanwhile, the Farm Board of 1929 had been replaced by the Farm Credit Administration, which gathered to itself all the old bureaux; banks, credit corporations, seed-loan offices, etc., thus entailing the economy of saving one hundred million dollars a year to the Government. The cutting out of competition between the various bureaux alone has been estimated as saving two million dollars annually.

The salvage of Muscle Shoals†—in the Tennessee Valley Experiment—is held to have saved for the Government the sum of between a hundred and a hundred and fifty million dollars. In a message to Congress, the President said: “The continued idleness of a great national investment in the Tennessee Valley leads me to ask the Congress for legislation necessary to enlist this project in the service of the people.” This permission was granted by both houses; and confirmed by the Supreme Court—after it had been assailed as “unconstitutional.”

Other measures authorised by the Economy Bill were: the cut of fifteen per cent in the salaries of Federal employees; the reduction of Army and Navy

\* “Notwithstanding the radical nature of many of the recovery measures . . . the government's credit remained unimpaired, as indicated by enormous over-subscriptions to all treasury offerings of government securities.” (*Dict. of Am. Biog.*)

† Muscle Shoals, Ala., seat of the Government's power and nitrate plants during the World War. (A project which cost between 100 and 150 million dollars, all told.)



appropriations; and the proposed cut in the Veterans' Pensions. The threat of a European war caused a reversal of the reduction policy and all hope of economy in pensions was extinguished by the passage of the Veterans' Pensions Bill, over the President's veto.

On the positive side, large sums have been saved by planning; soil conservation, afforestation; the restoration of agriculture and business; and the Government profits derived from the sale of beer, wines, etc., due to the repeal of: (5) *Prohibition*.—Prohibition was repealed amid general rejoicing.

(6) *Conservation and control of land and waterways*, as exemplified by the "T.V.A.," set up in May, 1933. "Technology" appears to be the correct word to express this "Great American Experiment," now taking place in the Tennessee Valley: an astounding operation on the face of old Mother Nature, which might appropriately be termed "Earth-rejuvenation." It is in fact an enormous work of planned, controlled reconstruction, such as the world has never before seen. No longer doomed to be the slave of his environment, the tables are to be turned and by means of land-planning and protection, electric super-production and control, soil-conservation, flood control, reforestation, etc., man, will, literally, conquer the Earth.

Unfortunately, however, ever since its inauguration the T.V.A. has been the scene of bitter wranglings, both between the Authority and the Power Companies and between the President and Congress: and this spirit of contest continues.

(7) *Unemployment*. This is not one problem but half a dozen problems which are far from being solved.



Continually we hear of improvements in machinery which contract the sphere of labour and throw more and more men out of work. Emergency relief measures have been tried with more or less success. An amelioration has been effected; but the real root of the trouble has not been unearthed. Road-building, the construction of public works, and afforestation, all of these have helped. The last-mentioned found in four Western States alone health-giving jobs for 28,400 unemployed men. The "C.C.C." (Civil Conservation Corps), inaugurated in 1933, is highly commended by the political enemies of, as well as by friends of, the Administration. It was mapped out in proportion to the unemployment existing in the different States. The young men recruits were to be enrolled for the term of one year, unless sooner discharged. Originally the term was six months, with an extension of time; but, in 1937, a two-years' limit was set.

The C.C.C. serves a double purpose; the preservation of the country's natural resources and the gift of healthful employment to its youth. In its inauguration, the Departments of Agriculture, War, Labour, and the Interior co-operated with the Director of Emergency Conservation Work. Under these auspices three hundred thousand young men and boys were enrolled and put to work in a net-work of outdoor camps which extended all over the country. Each camp consists of 200 men who are clothed, fed, and provided with out-door work at the rate of thirty dollars a month. Twenty-four dollars of this is allotted to those who are dependent on them for support and who are receiving public aid.



Under this scheme Army men were appointed camp commanders.—Later these posts were filled by reservists. These camp commanders are responsible for the general direction of the camp, including the educational programmes. Although study is not obligatory, ninety per cent of the young men take pleasure in enrolling themselves for some sort of educational activity; and this in spite of the fact that for five days out of the week they work eight hours a day in the open. The out-door work consists of afforestation, in all its branches; erosion control; trail-making; flood and drainage control; wild life development; structural improvements; wild-life conservation; and range development.

These young men, who are between the ages of eighteen and twenty-three, are saved from the moral and physical dangers of an idle life, and are turned into useful, happy, and healthy members of the community. It is claimed that they have already planted more than a billion trees, where forests are part of the afforestation programme. They have salvaged wide areas of waste land; built three million check dams, and fought innumerable devastating forest fires.

The C.C.C. has turned out to be such an unparalleled success that when its time limit expired in 1937, the whole country rose up and demanded an extension. This was granted by a Congress consistently in opposition to the policies of the President. Though a singular triumph for the Chief Executive, it is only half a loaf, as President Roosevelt would like to make the C.C.C. a permanent institution.

(8) *Balancing the Budget*.—In his budget message of



Jan. 3, 1936, President Roosevelt said: "We are justified in our present confidence. Restoration of national income, which shows continuing gains for the third successive year, supports the normal and logical policies under which agriculture and industry are returning to full activity. Under these policies we approach a balance of the national budget. . . . No mortal is permitted unfailingly to predict the future. This is particularly true of estimates which relate to the money values of property and service in a world of nations torn by dissention, by violent price fluctuations and by forebodings of the future. It is therefore cause for congratulation within our own nation to realise that a consistent, broad national policy, adopted nearly three years ago by the Congress and the President, has thus far moved steadily, effectively and successfully toward its objective."

(9) *Foreign Policy.* Peace is the keynote. But this does not imply unpreparedness. The United States is to be the Good Neighbour, but not the Easy Mark.—"Thrust ivrybody, but cut th' ca-ards."—In his message to Congress (Jan. 3, '36) the President recalled the fact that in 1933, "the world picture was an image of substantial peace."

He quotes his only reference to the subject of world policy, in that address:

"I would dedicate this Nation to the policy of the good neighbour—the neighbour who resolutely respects himself and, because he does so, respects the rights of others—a neighbour who respects his obligations and respects the sanctity of his agreements in and with a world of neighbours."



*A rara avis in the world of to-day.*

He proceeds on the assumption that the South American nations see eye to eye with the United States in this important peace question: "In the years that have followed, that sentiment has remained the dedication of this Nation. Among the nations of the great Western Hemisphere the policy of the good neighbour has happily prevailed. At no time in the four and a half centuries of modern civilization in the Americas has there existed—in any year, any decade, or any generation in all that time—a greater spirit of mutual understanding, of common helpfulness, and of devotion to the ideals of self-government than exists to-day among the 21 American Republics and their neighbour, the Dominion of Canada. This policy of the good neighbour among the Americas is no longer a hope—no longer an objective remaining to be accomplished—it is, in fact, active, present, pertinent, and effective."

Since this message was written, however, there has been the little matter of the Mexican appropriation of the American and English oil properties, and the retaliation of the United States in the discontinuation of the monthly purchases of Mexican silver (Subsequently adjusted).—And the large matter of the Nazi World War.

It may be of interest to glance at the United States' attitude towards Mexico nearly seventy years ago when the following letter was written by General William Starke Rosecrans—a veteran of the Civil War, who was afterwards appointed Minister to Mexico—to a kinsman of President Roosevelt:



New York City.

March, 1870.

Robt. B. Roosevelt, Esq.,  
*New York Citizen.*

I enclose a copy of a memorial to Congress, giving some of the writers' views respecting the condition of Mexico, and of our interests in relation thereto, to which I beg leave to draw your attention. . . .

Mexico ought to develop and to prosper. She cannot do so without aid. That aid ought to, and as things are, I might almost say *must* come from us. The sooner it comes the better. It cannot come from a few, nor without organized effort.

The great tax-paying interests of our country loudly demand it. Because unless speedily developed under her own Government, we shall be forced to expenditures on her account, the nature and amount of which will be to increase the burden of taxation.

The bond-holding interests are equally bound to favour it, otherwise consequences will follow depreciating to our public securities.

The shipping, commercial, and manufacturing interests of our own country and of the world must favour the development which promises to make Mexico an increased and paying consumer and customer.

But to enlist organized capital to aid in this work, demands a Nation's voice of sanction and encouragement. . . . .

Should you reach these conclusions, may I beg you for the sake of patriotism, humanity and civilization, promptly to exert your influence to secure the favourable action of Congress on the subject. I will esteem



any such exertion and a reply as personal favours to me. Many important consequences of the policy urged in the memorial are for brevity left undeveloped. Its effects will be at last:

1st. To establish our primacy in the Western Continent, in the hearts of Mexicans, and of all the Spanish-American Governments, on the solid basis of justice, good-will and practical fraternity.

2nd. It will add to the dignity and strength of our policy in the eyes of all nations, and give a noble and beneficent interpretation to our Monroe doctrine.

3rd. It will open the doors of the New World to the capital, enterprise, and commerce of the United States, and make it the commercial centre of the Western World, as England now is of the East.

4th. It will consolidate public opinion at home in favour of a new policy worthy of our future.

I am very respectfully,

W. S. ROSECRANS.

As for the nations of Europe; once more to quote the President:

“ Since the summer of that same year of 1933 the temper and the purposes of the rulers of many of the great populations in Europe and Asia have not pointed the way either to peace or to good will among men. Not only have peace and good will among men grown more remote in those areas of the earth during this period, but a point has been reached where the people of the Americas must take cognizance of growing ill will, of marked trends toward aggression, of increasing



armaments, of shortening tempers—a situation which has in it many of the elements that lead to the tragedy of general war. . . . ”

He foresaw what was about to happen and took a pessimistic view of the situation, in accordance with the general consensus of opinion. But at any rate the President did not delude himself—as did so many of his compatriots—with the false belief that the people who constitute the nations dominated by the “twin spirits of autocracy and aggression are out of sympathy with their rulers, that they are allowed no opportunity to express themselves, that they would change things if they could.”

While admitting that there is justification in nations “seeking expansion, seeking rectification of injustice springing from former wars, or seeking outlets for trade, for population, or even for their own peaceful contributions to the progress of civilization,” he deplored their impatience in seeking to attain these “legitimate objectives” by the “law of the sword” instead of by “peaceful negotiation or by an appeal to the finer instincts of world justice.”

In an outspoken commentary he asserted that the dictator-ruled nations are suffering from the “fantastic conception that they, and they alone, are chosen to fulfil a mission and that all the others among the billion and a half human beings in the world must and shall learn from and be subject to them. . . . While the other nations are honestly desirous of peace, but must constantly aline themselves on one side or the other in the kaleidoscopic jockeying for position that is characteristic of European and Asiatic relations to-day.”



In the light of later events this statement has proved to be a prophecy.

(10) *The Trusts.* The Trusts are generally held to be the unwanted stepchildren of the present Administration. The same thing was said of Theodore Roosevelt's Administration. He whacked them with his "Big Stick" and whacked them hard. Especially in his famous fight with the Northern Securities, where his victory was confirmed by the Supreme Court by a majority of one, or what is known as the "five to four decision."

High Finance, however, is a Thing Apart; the lay mind can no longer be expected to understand it, as it does not come within the scope of common sense.

In an earlier speech, accepting the nomination for the Presidency, Roosevelt alluded to the period prior to 1929, when the country had reached an unprecedented pitch of inflation, and over-construction in building; an expansion far beyond the normal, and consequently, dangerous and undesirable. He spoke of the enormous profits made by the corporations, at this time, and the small proportion of these profits paid in dividends, or given to the workers in the form of increased wages, or devoted to the reduction of prices. The worker was forgotten, the consumer was forgotten and the stockholder was forgotten. And included among these forgotten men was the "beneficent government of those years," which received little—practically nothing—in the way of taxation.

"What was the result? Enormous corporate surpluses piled up—the most stupendous in history. Where, under the spell of delirious speculation, did



those surpluses go? . . . First, into new and unnecessary plants which now stand stark and idle; and secondly, into the call money market of Wall Street, either directly by the corporation, or indirectly through the banks. They are the facts. Why blink them? . . . ”

In his Message of January 3, 1936, President Roosevelt said: “. . . We have earned the hatred of entrenched greed. The very nature of the problem that we faced made it necessary to drive some people from power and strictly to regulate others. . . . ”

In “cleaning up,” the President runs true to type: *bon chien chasse de race*. Of the ten planks of his election platform, five have been outstandingly successful, and four have been as successful as could be expected under the circumstances. The tenth is on the borderline and only time can tell whether it is sound or not. To sum up briefly:

(1) The Banks were saved by a brilliant master-stroke: (2) The Farmers’ Vote at the 1936 Presidential election was the answer to this: (3) The national credit is unimpaired: (4) When the remaining opposition to the Saint Lawrence Power Project is wholly withdrawn the United States will have a clear gain of another eighty million dollars a year income to add to profits pouring in from the sale of wines, spirits, etc.: (5) Prohibition has been repealed: (6) Conservation of soil and control of waterways have proved of such great value to the nation that at the 1936 Presidential election the Republican Party thought fit to “lift” this plank to help bolster up its own caducous perch: (7) Unemployment relief has not had a fair chance—what with floods, droughts, strikes, and opposition from “on



high " generally—but it is "on the way": (8) The gallant attempt to balance the budget was frustrated—shot to pieces—by the Veterans' Bonus; inundated by floods and the resultant huge expenditure necessary for relief for the sufferers; and sniped at from a dozen different quarters: (9) The foreign policy of the Administration has won the approval of everyone—Democrat and Republican alike: (10) As for the Trusts. . . . They still live—do they not?

Apart from Big Business—imbued with the instinct of self-preservation—and excluding the Senate's rejection of the St. Lawrence Waterway Treaty with Canada, the chief obstruction to the President's policies came from the Supreme Court of the United States, with its narrow and ultra-conservative interpretation of the Constitution.

In May, 1935, the Supreme Court pronounced the N.I.R.A. (National Industrial Recovery Act) to be unconstitutional, after it had been in operation for two years. This decision put an end, among other things, to the proposed measures for the elimination of child labour; Government control over wages and hours of labour; and the curbing of unfair practices in business.

To checkmate this obdurate hindrance by negation, the Administration made a strenuous effort to get a Bill passed which would effect a transfusion of fresh blood into the moribund Supreme Court, by means of the addition of new and younger members. In this project there was no attempt to curtail the right of the Supreme Court to nullify laws which it held to be contrary to the Constitution of the United States: the



proposed legislation dealt solely with the question of interpretation. President Roosevelt has never sided with the extremists who are out for a two to one majority to enable the Supreme Court to invalidate a measure passed by Congress, or to give Congress the power to re-enact a law that has been annulled by the Supreme Court. He merely asked for a just and reasonable interpretation of the Constitution *as it stands*. He disclaimed the absurd idea of a "Dictatorship." He did not even ask for extra power to be given to the Federal Government. But he did demand a fair and just interpretation of powers that already exist, and which are, he maintained, fully adequate, if Congress would release the strangle-hold which renders them ineffectual.

The attempt to pass this proposed Bill met with defeat. This was to a great extent due to the irreparable loss to the Democratic Party of Senator Joseph T. Robinson, who died suddenly in the midst of the battle. Had he lived, it is practically certain that he would have kept the party from splitting on this issue. As things were, it was owing to the defection of Democratic Senators that the Bill was killed.

Robinson's vacant seat in the Senate was filled by Hugo La Fayette Black, of Alabama, whose nomination was greeted with a storm of opposition due to the fact that, in his early youth, Black had joined up with that antiquated Bogey, the Ku Klux Klan—or what then remained of this once-powerful organization—which, owing to its traditions in the South, still had considerable influence in getting a young man started in politics. Black subsequently resigned from the



society, but the incident was dug up by his political enemies who hoped to make capital out of it. However, the Committee appointed to investigate the matter could find nothing against Black, and, consequently, his nomination was confirmed.

As a matter of fact, the real Ku Klux Klan has been little more than a myth since 1870, when, after doing excellent work in mitigating the horrors of Reconstruction in the Southern states—the aftermath of the hatred and cruelty born of the Civil War—the original organization faded out, and its powers were usurped by a gang of outlaws who in its name committed numerous crimes against civilization, before they were finally brought to book by the Force Laws enacted by Congress in 1871.

Later on, there was some sort of a reconstruction of the parent society, with its idealistic principles and puerile ritual, which first saw the light at Pulaski, Tennessee, in 1865. The Ku Klux Klan was originally intended to be a social club for young men with visionary tendencies and a leaning towards the grotesque. Some of its members, however, accidentally discovered that their strange uniform and weird nocturnal antics had the effect of putting the fear of God into those lawless and superstitious blacks who, at the close of the Civil War, had run amok when they were suddenly given their freedom and the vote; this, while as yet there was no stable government in the South, giving the negroes the whiphand over their former masters, the majority of whom were disfranchised.

The principles of the Klan—like those of the old



English Neighbourhood Police—were wholly praiseworthy. Their Constitution was framed to: “protect and succor the weak and unfortunate . . . to defend constitutional liberty, to prevent usurpations, emancipate the whites, maintain peace and order, the laws of God, the principles of 1776, and the political and social supremacy of the white race,” etc. Soon this new organization had gathered under its wing all the secret societies of the South; the Knights of the White Magnolia; the Pale Faces; the White Rose; the '76 Association; and many others.

Though the Ku Klux Klan was modelled on the lines of the Federal Union, with its own constitution, etc., its ritual was a leap from the sublime to the ridiculous. The entire South was an Invisible Empire under a Grand Wizard; this Empire was divided into Counties, under Grand Giants, and groups of these Counties were ruled by a Grand Titan. The smallest sub-division was a Den, ruled by a Grand Cyclops. The officers were called Genii; Hydras; Furies; Goblins; Night Hawks, etc.; and the lesser luminaries went under the picturesque names of Ghouls, Knights, or Brothers. The Brotherhood would dress up in white sheets and hideous masks, mount fiery horses and dash out into the night. These raids were designed to uphold law and order and to execute rough justice on dangerous blacks and profiteering whites; Southern renegades—“scalawags”—and “carpet baggers” from the North. In spite of its surface hocus pocus, the Klan did good work in bridging a dangerous gap—caused by the death of Lincoln—when a post-war Congress had chosen to abandon the proud and sensitive Southern



gentry to the mercies of a party which consisted chiefly of their former slaves.

The following extract from a letter written (March 7th, 1868) by General Winfield Scott Hancock—Head of the Federal troops in Louisiana, and Democratic candidate for the Presidency—gives an idea of the political feeling at that time:

New Orleans, La.

. . . We have profound peace here—nice house, no trouble unless the soldiers make it (they have delicate duties under present laws). We have a great deal of unhappiness and fear for the future . . . and much misery.

Negro suffrage will last here, a little while after the Federal hand is removed, and no longer. There is good feeling towards the blacks and they will get justice—provided they do not claim political rights, beyond what the good will of the white man accords to them; as one race has probably *thirty millions in the Union* . . . what will be the result when the negro demands more than the white men give him? To demand more than that will seal his doom.

W.S.H.

To R. B. Roosevelt,  
New York.

(There are now about 12 million negroes in the United States; or nearly one tenth of the total population. They claim that in the South they are not permitted to vote, even at the present day. The Negro Problem is the worst problem that the United States will be called upon to face. Water is good and ink is good; but, mix them and they are good for nothing.)

In regard to the vexed question of the Supreme Court



we have the dictum of Chief-Justice Marshall—one of the finest minds America has ever produced—delivered over a hundred years ago. It goes to show that he was considerably in advance of his time—and ours.

“Powerful and ingenious minds, taking, as postulates, that powers expressly granted to the Government of the Union, are to be contracted by construction into the narrowest possible compass, and that the original powers of the states are retained, if any possible construction will retain them, may by a course of well digested, but refined and metaphysical reasoning, founded on these premises, explain away the constitution of our country, and leave it a magnificent structure indeed to look at, but totally unfit for use.” (Supreme Court, March 2nd, 1824.)

He goes on to say: “. . . If they contend that narrow construction which, in support of some theory not to be found in the Constitution, would deny to the Government those powers . . . that narrow construction which would cripple the Government and render it unequal to the objects for which it is declared to be instituted, and to which the powers given, as fairly understood, render it competent, then we cannot perceive the propriety of this strict construction nor adopt it as a rule by which the Constitution is expounded.”

Chief-Justice Marshall's view was that: “The Judges must exercise, in the examination of the subject, that understanding which Providence has bestowed on them, with the independence which the people of the United States expect from their department of government.”

Originally, President Roosevelt's idea was to add to





GROVER CLEVELAND.  
*From an Etching by Zorn.*



the present nine Judges an extra Judge for each of the nine who failed to retire within six months after having reached the age of seventy. This adding-process to go on until the Supreme Court consisted of fifteen members; but not to exceed that number. The appointments to be subject to the consent of the Senate.

The proposed Bill let loose a maddened swarm of political hornets. Opposition was particularly virulent in the Senate. In the midst of all the excitement Judge Vandeventer—seventy-eight years of age and rigidly conservative—sent in his resignation. It was generally expected that Senator Joseph T. Robinson, of Arkansas, would be nominated to the vacant place, but the nomination did not materialise. Whatever the reason for this, the Bill was presented eventually by Senator Robinson, in the compromise form, and under this guise it was introduced in the Senate (July 2nd, 1937) by Senator Logan who was one of its authors.

The revised Bill empowered the President to appoint an additional Judge for each member of the Supreme Court who had reached the age of seventy-five; at the rate of one a year, and up to two-thirds of the present membership of nine. Several provisions set forth in the original Bill were retained: a Proctor to be appointed to supervise business in the lower Federal Courts; and up to twenty additional circuit and district Judges to be added to the number of those who had reached the age of seventy. These Judges, on the recommendation of the Proctor, might be assigned by the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court to service in other circuits or districts.

This Bill, if passed, would prevent the fate of national



and state legislation from hanging on the precarious thread of a "five to four" decision. More than likely the Bill will come up again, in one form or another and, more than likely, it will be passed: Franklin Roosevelt is strong in the come-back.

At the present time, although the Administration's Good Neighbour policy seems to be thriving in the Americas, the dream of Universal Peace has turned into a Universal Nightmare. In pursuance of the fine ideal of Pan-American co-operation, Canada and the South American Republics have taken to heart the President's admonition that, "Friendship among nations, as among individuals, calls for constructive effort to muster the forces of humanity in order that an atmosphere of close understanding may be cultivated." And a Pan-American non-aggression pact has been agreed to. (Mexico alone is still somewhat out of the picture.)

In Europe, however, pandemonium reigns. A general conflagration was temporarily averted by Mr. Chamberlain's efforts; but there was no adequate guarantee that it could be postponed indefinitely. In Asia war was already a glaring reality. Now the whole of Europe is ablaze.



## CHAPTER X

### F.D.R. AND THE FUTURE

THE clear-cut policy of the Administration in regard to possible future wars was set forth and made law in the "Neutrality Act," passed May, 1937. It was to the effect that the United States does not intend to enter into the quarrels of other nations, and intends to safeguard its rights as neutral trader in time of war. It also hopes to form an Anglo-American trade agreement to remove the danger of Anglo-American friction over trade rights. The utmost efforts are to be used to limit armaments; actively to assist disagreeing nations to arrive at a peaceful solution of their disputes; to give moral support to the oppressed of other countries; and to use every legitimate means to help forward freedom of expression, religious liberty, equality before the law, and government in accordance with the popular will.

According to President Roosevelt America is to seek for commercial expansion by encouraging: "a more reasonable interchange of the world's goods. In this field of international finance we have, so far as we are concerned, put an end to dollar diplomacy, to money grabbing, to speculation for the benefit of the powerful and rich at the expense of the small and poor."

The foreign policy of the United States is now, and



will continue to be, one of "twofold neutrality toward any and all nations which engage in wars that are not of immediate concern to the Americas. We decline to furnish arms or ammunition to the belligerents, and we seek to discourage the use by belligerent nations of any and all American products calculated to facilitate the prosecution of war, in quantities over and above our normal exports to them in time of peace."

To sum up: "We advocate a firm foreign policy, including peace with all the world and the settlement of international disputes by arbitration. . . ." (Message of January 3rd, 1936.)

America and Great Britain, it was understood, could always count on mutual co-operation in the cause of peace; and, standing side by side, they would make a formidable combination against war; a strong bulwark to protect international law, justice, and the sanctity of treaties. In the words of the Secretary of State, Cordell Hull (of March 17, 1938): "The peace and progress of every nation are just as dependent on international law and order . . . as the welfare, stability and progress of a community are dependent upon domestic law and order based upon legal, moral and other recognised standards of conduct. No government, committed to the sacred trust involved in the task of providing for the safety and well-being of its people, can disregard these universal principles."

He insisted, however, that: "In a world in which the rule of force has not yet been firmly and surely supplanted by the rule of law, it is the manifest duty of a great nation to maintain armed forces adequate for its national defence."



Industry was to be bulwarked by a \$1,500,000,000 loan—on the “recovery through spending” principle—and President Roosevelt signed a Bill (April 13th, 1938) empowering the Reconstruction Finance Corporation to lend up to that amount. This “pump priming” policy, as it is called, might entail certain concessions in return for its sanction by Congress; although, it being an election year, members would hesitate to quash relief-work loans to their respective states.

In the United States strikes are a perpetual minor affliction. They are the result of the greed which affects all classes of society. The Federal Government has shown infinite tact and patience in dealing with them. As the matter stands at present the Railway Act permits the intervention of a National Mediation Board which, if unable to arrange a settlement, can refer the matter to a Board of Arbitration or to the President himself. In the latter event the President appoints a “fact-finding commission” which is obliged to make a report within thirty days. Another thirty days must elapse, after the report, before either party can take any action. After that, it seems that they can do what they like; it gives them time to cool down, at any rate.

Among the Administration's numerous activities a great project proposed by the President is the St. Lawrence Seaway. In this, the Power Plan, in spite of the enormous revenue to be derived from it—estimated at eighty million dollars a year—sinks into insignificance beside the conception of the Waterway itself.

This seaway project, initiated by President Roosevelt and passed by Congress, was defeated in the Senate, March 14th, 1934, by a vote of 46 in favour and 42



against, a two-thirds majority being required for its ratification. Strange to say, this defeat was owing to the defaulting of 22 Democrats, out of the sixty in the Senate. Fourteen Republicans had the patriotism and foresight to join the 31 Democrats who supported the treaty. That feeling was strong in regard to this subject, is shown in the fact that 88 of the 96 members of the Senate voted. Five of the remainder were absentees.

The rejection of the St. Lawrence Seaway treaty was said to have been accepted in Canada with characteristic British phlegm. One senior Minister in the Bennett Cabinet is reported to have remarked placidly: "You can forget all about the seaway for at least fifty years." Premier Taschereau's sole comment was: "Great joy is silent."

There was bitter disappointment in New York, among those who saw the great benefits to be derived from the Treaty. The Report of the Federal Power Commission in conjunction with the Power Authority of the State of New York had shown that electricity could be "generated on the St. Lawrence, transmitted, and delivered at the sub-station in New York City at the price of less than one-half cent per kilowatt hour at 80 per cent. load factor. . . ."

Of greater importance than the large saving resulting from a huge supply of cheap electricity is the tremendous advantage of opening up a waterway between the Great Lakes and the sea.

The President declared that, in his opinion: "It is perfectly obvious that if the United States rejects the plan to co-operate with Canada, the seaway will be



built by Canada.” A newspaper (*N.Y. Times*, Mar. 15, 1934), commenting on the situation—after admitting that President Roosevelt is a good loser—said: “Undismayed, he announced that the subject would be brought up again. He felt that if the United States did not join with Canada in completing the outlet to the sea, our neighbour to the north would enter alone upon the undertaking and collect tolls from American ships.”

That, as far as the Power part of the treaty is concerned, the way to it has already been shown by the power-project in the Tennessee Valley—and consequently it will be no rash, untried experiment—was pointed out by Chairman Frank P. Walsh of the State Power Authority, on October 15th, 1934, who maintained that:

“We have enough power on the St. Lawrence to light all the homes and farms in the Northeast at rates as low as the Tennessee Valley Authority is charging to-day in the South. It is not surprising that short-sighted selfish interests are resisting the St. Lawrence development as they opposed the Muscle Shoals project, but, as the Tennessee Valley is demonstrating, nothing can halt the economic progress of this country. . . . With the normal growth of power consumption over the seven years required to build the works, there will be an actual shortage of power in New York if we choose to let our natural resources of hydroelectric energy run to waste, and continue to purchase more expensive current.”

Colonel Frank Knox (Republican Vice-Presidential candidate) went so far as to send telegrams to all the



Senators, warning them that opposition to the St. Lawrence seaway "simply reverses the political technique of the pork barrel," and expressing his belief that Illinois Senators voting against it would find their attitude repudiated at home:—

"... Opposition to ratification of St. Lawrence Seaway Treaty presents an unusually clear picture of the tactics employed by confederated special interests fighting a project conceived in the public interest."

The truth of this statement is evident when we examine the statistics in the Federal Power Commission Report. In Tacoma, Washington, where the power was sold by a municipal system, the consumer paid \$3.62 for 250 kilowatt hours per month; while the New York City consumer paid \$12.75 for the same amount. Needless to say that New York City was served by a private company.

We are now aware that at Ottawa, March 20, 1941, Mr. Mackenzie King announced that the St. Lawrence Seaway Agreement had been signed by representatives of the United States and Canada. Both navigation and power development are covered by the terms of the Agreement which, in the main, follows the terms of the Agreement of 1934.

In a letter to Mr. Mackenzie King, in regard to the Seaway project, President Roosevelt said:—

"The Government of the United States is engaged in a great defensive programme. It is determined to supply such aid in material to Great Britain, members of the British Commonwealth and their Allies as may be necessary to bring the war to a successful termination."



He further declared that he regarded "the construction of the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence basin project as a matter of vital necessity. . . . While our countries must put forth the maximum immediate defence effort, we must prepare for the possibility of a protracted emergency which will call upon the industries on both sides of the border to meet constantly expanding demands. The combination of advantages offered by the St. Lawrence project makes it imperative that we should undertake it immediately."

Much water has passed under the bridge since the King and Queen made their memorable journey to Canada, in which they included a flying visit to the United States, where their simplicity and charm won all hearts. This American visit undoubtedly did much to stimulate and cement the friendship between Great Britain and the United States. A friendship that was soon to be put to the test, for even at that time there were signs and warnings of the terrible conflagration that was to engulf Europe.

President Roosevelt has been called "Britain's Friend," and with justice. He has been openly and consistently on the side of the Democracies since the outbreak of war—and before. He did everything in his power to avert the present world-catastrophe when the danger appeared imminent. While Mr. Chamberlain was making heroic efforts to preserve peace by flying to Munich, America's President with the same object in view was sending personal appeals to Hitler and Mussolini. Although these appeals failed of their object, their excellent reception by the American public disclosed the significant fact that the Administration's



foreign policy had the support of the bulk of the people of the United States.

The way this and subsequent situations were handled by the President illustrates the Roosevelt genius for finesse and an almost uncanny flair for "timing." The ground had been well prepared by the "Good Neighbour" policy which had successfully united in bonds of friendship the South American Republics, Canada and the United States. This resulted in a formidable backing behind the Presidential messages to the Dictators. Another point worth noting is the tactful wording of the communications. They are requests for "*peace*." This word countered the isolationists, who, though they were in a minority, clamoured vociferously that the Administration was "leading the country into war."

The *entente* with Canada was an understood thing, not only on account of the solid and long-standing friendship between that country and the United States, but also because of the cordial personal relations existing between President Roosevelt and the Canadian Premier, Mr. Mackenzie King.

It soon became plain that appeals were useless and that only the axe of *force majeure* would have any effect on the Nazis. America stood solidly behind Roosevelt in his foreign policy, whatever might be the dissensions over home matters. He was quick to realise that the totalitarian threat was bound to affect the United States eventually. Knowing that Congress was supporting him and that he had the backing of two former Republican adversaries, Mr. Henry Stimson and Colonel Frank Knox, President Roosevelt started in at



once to penalise German goods—which the Tariff Act empowered him to do—with the effect of paralyzing Nazi export to the United States. He also sent a warning to Germany, declaring that: “The United States cannot be disinterested in an attack on the liberty of the world.”

The influential *Washington Post* came out strongly in support of the Administration. Of the Dictators it said: “Like less exalted bullies, force is to them a real deterrent,” adding that “a war forced by them would from the outset involve the destinies of a nation which, as they fully realise, is potentially far stronger than Germany and Italy united.”

Large bodies move slowly; especially if they are composed of dozens of different and often conflicting elements. It has taken the United States two years to be fully awake to its danger—a danger which President Roosevelt perceived from the start. One must bear in mind, however, that there is a strong anti-war complex in all Americans. It is grounded in the Constitution, which might be termed the American Bible—everybody swears by it and nobody (or hardly anybody) reads it. Added to this are the Monroe Doctrine and the advice contained in Washington’s Farewell Address. All three boil down to: “Keep out of European quarrels; and do not allow Foreign Powers to interfere in American affairs.” But in spite of this, the love of Liberty is by far the strongest sentiment in the American heart. It was this which drove the United States into the World War and it will be this same hatred of tyranny and love of Freedom that will, in all probability, cause history to repeat itself.



Briefly to recapitulate the Administration's war activities up to the present time:— On November 2, 1939, the House of Representatives passed the repeal of the Arms Embargo Bill by the large majority of 242 to 181. This meant that the "Cash and Carry" plan would be available to the Allies: in January of the following year President Roosevelt's Special Envoy, Mr. Sumner Welles, arrived in Rome with the object of making a personal survey of the war situation. On July 18 (1940) the American Democrats showed their approval of the President's foreign policy by nominating him as their Presidential Candidate for a Third Term; an event unprecedented in the history of the United States. (He was nominated by acclamation.) Senator Lister Hill, of Alabama, who proposed the nomination, said: "Roosevelt is the man to preserve peace if this is possible or to win the war if war is inevitable." Oddly enough the Republican candidate, Wendell Willkie, had predicted: "Mr. Roosevelt will be nominated at the first ballot, and will accept."

On July 24, the United States undertook to supply Great Britain with 3,000 aeroplanes per month. On the same day the great American newspaper magnate, William Randolph Hearst, hard-boiled Isolationist No. 1., predicted that: "The entry of the United States into the war may be considered more than a probability. In fact, it may be set down as a certainty." President Roosevelt issued an order on January 31 prohibiting "the export of aviation petrol except to American countries. This did not affect Great Britain, as her petrol came from other sources, but it



was a solar plexus blow to Japan. On August 15 ("Der Tag"—the day that Hitler boasted that he would "dictate peace terms from Whitehall," instead of which he lost 169 of his aircraft, with their pilots and crews), the United States and Canada agreed to consider the momentous step of joint defence. September 3 saw 50 U.S. destroyers transferred to Britain in return for the lease of certain air bases: September 24 witnessed the inauguration of the Anglo-American talks in Washington. Two days later President Roosevelt put "an embargo on the iron and steel scrap exported from the United States to the Eastern hemisphere . . . . with the exception of Great Britain."

At the Centenary Commemoration of Admiral Mahan's birth, on the 27th of September, 1940, Rear-Admiral Ghormley, of the U.S. Navy, said that Admiral Mahan was convinced that "in Anglo-American naval supremacy lay the greatest hope of world peace." Admiral Ghormley declared it to be his belief that to-day the dream of Admiral Mahan is coming true. The following day, September 28, the first batch of American destroyers arrived in England. On October 5, Colonel Frank Knox, Secretary of the U.S. Navy, made the outspoken declaration: "America will fight if challenged." He added: "We will fight on the high seas and on the battlefield—we have never yet lost a war." Colonel Knox declared that: "Should Britain fail to stem the tide of advancing tyranny, we shall find ourselves surrounded by these international brigands, whose greatest victory would be the destruction of the United States." He continued: "An adequate Navy at this time demands that we



should be able to meet enemies far from our own shore and defeat them in both oceans—simultaneously, if necessary. The conquest of Europe and the possibility of a successful invasion of England are problems we must face now, realistically, with swift action.”

From October 12, when President Roosevelt announced the continuation of military preparations and aid to Britain, there has been an ever-increasing output of aircraft and munitions.

Roosevelt's speech at Dayton, Ohio (October 13, 1940), in the course of his electoral campaign, was bold, even challenging. He left no doubts in the minds of his hearers as to the strength of his convictions in regard to American foreign policy. He made a swift straight call of the Nazi bluff which threatened the United States with war if it continued to send help to Britain. He declared (speaking for the whole Continent): “The Americas will not be scared or threatened into the ways the Dictators want us to follow, and no combination of the Dictator countries of Europe or Asia will halt us in the path we see ahead. . . or will stop the help we are giving to almost the last free people now fighting to hold them at bay. The men and women of Britain have shown how a free people defend what they know to be right. Their heroic defence will be recorded for all time. It will be perpetual proof that democracy, when put to the test, can show the stuff of which it is made. The peoples of the Americas reject the doctrine of appeasement, knowing it for what it is, a major weapon of the aggressor nations.” He concluded by saying: “Our course is clear, our decision is made. We will continue to pile up our defence and



our armaments. We will continue to help those who resist aggression and who hold the aggressors far from our shore."

Soon after this memorable speech was delivered, Lord Lothian, one of the most widely popular British Ambassadors ever sent to the United States, arrived in London on a flying visit. He spoke enthusiastically of the ever-increasing number of aeroplanes which America was sending to Britain, adding: "There is a new understanding in America of what the war is about, and of Great Britain's part in it. The Army authorities have asked the aeroplane factories to work a 24-hour shift. . . Americans have come to admire immensely the courage and calm with which all classes are standing up to the bombing of London."

In November the excitement of the Presidential election reached fever heat. On Friday the 1st, the candidates were said to be "neck-and-neck." Many of Roosevelt's followers abstained from voting, because of the "Third-Term" fetish. Nazi propaganda had been working overtime to prevent the President from being elected. Willkie, they felt, they could cope with, but not so Roosevelt. Therefore they moved heaven and earth to keep him out. Their agents in the United States dwelt on the dangers of a third term, endeavouring to excite the fears of the people at the destruction of a safeguard which has acted as a check on the continuation of great powers in the hands of one individual for an indefinite length of time.—If a third term, why not a fourth? And so on.—It would be providing a precedent which might very well lead to disastrous results in the future.



On November 4, President Roosevelt made his final campaign speech, in which he reiterated his faith in Democracy and his unswerving determination to resist the forces of Dictatorship. Willkie, meanwhile, had not been idle. He was tireless in his campaigning; speaking early and often—and well. He had the tremendous backing of Big Business throughout the United States, the solid Republican vote, all the anti-Third-Termers who did not abstain from voting, and, in addition, a charming personality of transparent candour which could not fail to inspire confidence. On the other side stood Franklin Roosevelt, the “beloved, honoured, tried, true, and consistent patriot,” with a staunch and devoted following and eight years of magnificent achievement behind him.

The Democrat slogan was: “Willkie fights Roosevelt but Roosevelt fights Hitler.” But it might be said with truth that both candidates were out to fight Hitler and all the horrors for which he stands. However, Willkie had some adherents who did him more harm than good. Lindbergh, who was looked upon as pro-German, and therefore anti-American; Henry Ford, who refused to turn over his works to the Government, because the aeroplane engines would go to Britain; and others of the same ilk. However, it seemed to be a close thing. Only La Guardia, New York’s sturdy, independent and far-seeing Mayor, had no doubts whatever about the result of the election. He declared: “Roosevelt will sweep the country. He’ll clean right up. I have no doubts at all.”

La Guardia proved to be a true prophet. Roosevelt was victorious, and it was a landslide; 39 States to 9,



468 electoral votes to Willkie's 63, and a majority of four and a half million votes.

It was an amazing triumph; but not the least amazing part of it was that the President had actually increased his following in the House of Representatives by 22 seats. This meant a majority which would allow his Aid-to-Britain policy to go through without any obstruction. Naturally, Berlin was furious, and, equally naturally, Britain was delighted.

Colonel Frank Knox made a stirring speech in which he said: "It has been the undisguised hope of Berlin, Rome and Tokyo that the election would leave us disastrously divided. We must prove that this is a vain hope. We must speed up to our maximum our productive capacity in armaments so that we can lend all possible assistance to the people of Great Britain and China in their gallant fight against those Powers which are seeking to conquer and divide the world among themselves."

Mr. Willkie proved a good loser. He accepted the result of the election "with complete good will," as he expressed it, and, rising above political differences, he has co-operated enthusiastically with the President in the "Aid-to-Britain" campaign.

The Roosevelt "Fireside Chats" are known far and wide. In the one delivered on September 29, 1940, were the following memorable words: "Does anyone seriously believe that we need to fear attack anywhere in the Americas while a free Britain remains our most powerful naval neighbour in the Atlantic? And does anyone seriously believe, on the other hand, that we



could rest easy if the Axis Powers were our neighbours there?

“If Great Britain goes down, the Axis Powers will control the Continents of Europe, Asia, Africa, Australia, and the high seas—and they will be in a position to bring enormous military and naval resources against this hemisphere. It is no exaggeration to say that all of us in all the Americas would be living at the point of a gun—a gun loaded with explosive bullets, economic as well as military. We should enter upon a new and terrible era in which the whole world, our hemisphere included, would be run by threats of brute force. And to survive in such a world, we should have to convert ourselves permanently into a militaristic power, on the basis of war economy.”

It was in the course of this Fireside Chat that the President made the oft-quoted comparison between the kitten and the tiger. He said: “The experience of the last two years has proven beyond doubt that no nation can appease the Nazis. No man can tame a tiger into a kitten by stroking it. There can be no appeasement with ruthlessness. There can be no reasoning with an incendiary bomb. . . . The history of recent years proves that the shooting and the chains and the concentration camps are not simply the transient tools but the very altars of modern dictatorships. They may talk of a ‘new order’ in the world, but what they have in mind is only a revival of the oldest and worst tyranny. In that there is no liberty, no religion, no hope.”

In the annual message to Congress, on January 6,



1941, President Roosevelt emphasized the acuteness of the danger to the American republics when he said: "As long as the aggressor nations maintain the offensive they, not we, will choose the time and the place and the method of their attack. And that is why the future of all the American Republics is to-day in serious danger. That is why this annual message to the Congress is unique in our history."

In alluding to the necessity of speeding-up the aid to Britain, he declared that: "The happiness of future generations of Americans may well depend on how effective and how immediate we can make our aid felt." In his fine peroration he quoted the words spoken by Washington in 1789: "The preservation of the sacred fire of liberty and the destiny of the republican model of government are justly considered . . . deeply . . . finally, staked on the experiment entrusted to the hands of the American people."'. If we lose that sacred fire, if we let it be smothered with doubts and fears, then we shall reject the destiny which Washington strove so valiantly and so triumphantly to establish. . . We do not retreat. We are not content to stand still. As Americans we go forward in the service of our country by the will of God."

Of the "New Order," he said at the dinner of the White House Correspondents' Association (March 15, 1941): "It is not new and it is not order. For order among nations presupposes something enduring. Some system of justice under which individuals, over a long period of time are willing to live. Humanity will never permanently accept a system imposed by conquest and based on slavery. These modern tyrants find it neces-



sary for their plans to eliminate all Democracies, eliminate them one by one. The nations of Europe, and indeed we ourselves, did not appreciate that purpose. We do now. . . . To-night I am appealing to the heart and to the mind of every man and every woman who within our borders loves liberty. I ask you to consider the needs of all nations at this hour, and to put aside all personal differences until victory is won.

“The light of Democracy must be kept burning. In the perpetuation of this light each of us must pool his own strength. The single effort of one individual may seem small, but there are 130,000,000 individuals over here, and there are many more millions in Britain and elsewhere bravely shielding the great flame of Democracy from the black-out of barbarism. It is not enough for us merely to trim the wick and polish the glass. We must provide the fuel in ever-increasing amounts to keep the flame alight. There must be no divisions of party or sections or race or nationalities. There is not one among us who does not have a stake in the outcome of the effort in which we are now engaged.

“A few weeks ago I spoke of freedom—freedom of speech and expression, freedom of every sort to worship God in his own way, freedom from wrong, freedom from fear. They are the ultimate stakes. . . . If we fail, if Democracy is superceded by slavery, then these four freedoms, or even the mention of them, will become forbidden things. Centuries will pass before they can be revived. By winning now we strengthen the meaning of those freedoms. We increase the



structure of mankind. We strengthen the dignity of human life."

The President praised the "magnificent morale of the British, that has enabled them to endure all the dark days and the shattering nights," and paid a warm tribute to the Prime Minister: In this historic crisis Britain is blest with a brilliant and great leader in Winston Churchill. But knowing him, no one knows better than Mr. Churchill himself that it is not alone his stirring words and valiant deeds that give the British their superb morale. The essence of that morale is in the masses of British people, who are completely clear in their minds about the one central fact that they would rather die as free men than live as slaves."

The *Herrenvolk* he dismisses in two sentences—after characterizing their boastings about the "master race" as "stuff and nonsense":—"There never has been, is not now, and never will be any race of people fit to serve as masters over their fellow-men. The world has no use for any nation which, because of its size or because of its military might, asserts the right to goosestep to world power over the bodies of other nations and other races."

He concluded by stating his *credo*: "Never in all our history have Americans faced a job so worth while. May it be said of us in the days to come that our children and our children's children rise up and call us blessed."

It is not by words alone that President Roosevelt has expressed his sympathy for the down-trodden Democracies of Europe. In every possible way short



of an actual declaration of war he has been an active and enthusiastic "co-operationist." Apart from unremitting efforts to speed up aircraft and armament production for the Allies; settling strikes which threatened to slow down this production; sending over special envoys, like Welles and Harry Hopkins and naval and military experts as observers to study the situation in England, he has put through the extremely important measure known as the Lease-and-Lend Bill, which became law on March 11, 1941.

The Lease-and-Lend Act, or the Aid-to-the-Democracies Act, as the President preferred to call it, is said to have turned the United States into the "Larder as well as the Arsenal" of Democracy. Armaments, food, raw materials, all have now ceased to be a worry to the Democratic Nations in so far as the payment for them is concerned. Formerly war materials had to be paid for before they could be shipped abroad, but under the Lease-and-Lend Act the Democratic States can obtain whatever they need, leaving the payment until such future time as they may find convenient. In cases where the burden would prove too heavy it will be omitted. This generosity is in keeping with the mighty plans for the victory of Democracy.

Hardly had the Bill received the President's signature (after it had passed both Houses)—thus making it Law—than, with what has been termed his "electrifying speed," Roosevelt asked Congress for an appropriation of seven billion dollars to finance its provisions. This was granted without demur except for a suggested alteration (the Taft Amendment) which proposed outright loans to the Democracies instead of



authorizing the President to provide them with war materials. The Amendment was rejected and the Bill passed as presented. The trend of feeling in the country can be gauged by the fact that 89 of the 95 Senators voted for aid to the Allies in spite of the fact that there was widespread prejudice against extending personal Presidential powers.

It is recorded that "within five minutes" of the passing of the Lease-and-Lend Act Roosevelt issued orders for the release for export of more than thirteen hundred million dollars' worth of war material to be transferred under the Act. An enormous supplement to the steady stream of war supplies which had been flowing to the Allies since the repeal of the Arms Embargo in September, 1939. The comment of the *London Observer* was:—

"It is the greatest appropriation ever requested by a President of the United States under conditions of non-belligerency. As in our Prime Minister's case, Mr. Roosevelt's words are battles like his acts. On these two extraordinary men destiny depends."

After President Roosevelt's speech of March 15, in which he promised all-out aid to the Democracies, ships, planes, food, tanks, guns, ammunition and supplies of all kinds—the powerful Hearst Press declared: "We are in the War." Up till then the Hearst newspapers had strongly opposed every step of the Administration which might cause the United States to be involved in the war. Then, suddenly, came the *volte face*. On March 17, William Randolph published on the front page of all his newspapers an editorial written by himself. In it he said: "The



country has been brought into war by a masterly series of good speeches. . . It has been no part of the purpose of the President's eloquence to tell us the full consequences of his decisions at once. He has waited for our own endorsement of each step. . . In this able and skilful and entirely democratic way he has secured popular endorsement of his whole programme."

Referring to the President's speech, he said:

"It is a very moderate description of what we will have to do and undergo. It will receive almost universal popular support. Indeed, the President could not ask less, and as the situation develops he will in all probability have to ask much more. And we will grant much more and be glad to give it. We are in the conflict now—irretrievably involved in it. We have made our own decisions as a nation. We must stand by our decisions. We must unite in standing by the Government we have elected and the policy we have determined upon. There is only one way out of our situation now, and that is by victory."

These sentiments were echoed by newspapers throughout the United States. All the petty misunderstandings and disillusionment which were the aftermath of the World War and which had rankled for so many years were cast aside and forgotten in the determination to defeat the Powers of Tyranny.

There are two crucial issues in America at the present moment, Convoying and Strikes. There is no use in President Roosevelt calling for a twenty-four-hour day in a seven-day week in the defence industries, for home protection and "all-out" aid to Britain, if all this effort is to be frustrated by strikes engineered



by the combined Gestapo and Communist agents who are an active corrosive influence in every armament industry in the United States. The Chairman of the House of Representatives Judiciary Committee, Mr. Hutton Sumners, is quoted as saying that he "would, if necessary, propose the electric chair for the enemies of this nation, whether in factories or elsewhere"; adding that: "America's danger is no less great than that of France before the German invasion." Now, however, that the nation is at last fully aware of the Nazi peril, it will soon find an answer to the strike problem.

Convoying is another matter; the Atlantic patrols, although they have operated at points 2,000 miles distant from the shores of the United States, are not sufficient to get the goods across. Forty per cent. of the recent output have been sunk in the Atlantic. This is not good enough as an answer to the U-boat problem. There is a feeling in some quarters that convoying will inevitably and immediately lead to America becoming involved in the War. But if it must come in eventually (which seems to be the way things point), the sooner it comes in the better. It is impossible to remain, for any great length of time, half in and half out of a door-way—or a war. There is said to be a growing demand in Washington for the President to take the matter in hand and boldly ask Congress for the authority to use convoys. That the President should hesitate before taking such a step is only natural, as the decision to undertake convoying would mean that the United States had passed the Rubicon.

The Battle of the Atlantic will be, in all probability,



the deciding factor of the War. Mr. Cordell Hull, U.S. Foreign Secretary, has pointed out that: "The defeat of the British and the delivery of the high seas to the invader would create a colossal danger to our own national defence and security. The breadth of the sea may give us a little time. It does not give us safety. Safety can only come from our ability in conjunction with other peace-loving nations to prevent any aggressor from attaining control of the seas. . . ." He added: "Were the control of the seas by the resisting nations to be lost the Atlantic would no longer be an obstacle—rather it would become a broad highway for the conqueror moving to the West."

In a letter to the Maritime Commission (May 22) the President stated that "more and faster ships will be built and manned by American seamen," which would "carry through the open waters of the Seven Seas implements of war which will help destroy the menace to free peoples everywhere."

When the Lease-and-Lend Act was signed, Mr. J. L. Garvin (editor of the *London Observer*) declared that: "Without his (Roosevelt's) personal genius for national leadership the thing now accomplished never could have been done. With flexible patience of method and iron steadfastness of aim, he has combined in a marvellous way the gifts of practical management and moral inspiration." He described the putting through of the Act as "the proudest moment of his (Roosevelt's) astonishing career up to then." Adding the prediction: "The sequel will exceed it."

Years ago President Roosevelt prophesied for his



generation a "rendezvous with destiny," it is said. Will this rendezvous take place on the Atlantic Ocean? This question seems about to be answered.

The momentous pronouncement delivered by President Roosevelt on the evening of May 27th came to the American people at a moment when they were rejoicing with Britain at the sinking of the German battleship Bismarck, after a dramatic 1,750-mile chase across the Atlantic.

The speech, which was broadcast as a "fireside chat," lasted for 45 minutes. In it, the President proclaimed a state of unlimited national emergency in the United States: "which requires that its military, naval, air and civilian defences be put on a basis of readiness to repel any and all acts or threats of aggressors directed toward any part of the Western Hemisphere."

He declared that: "The delivery of needed supplies to Britain is imperative. This can be done, it must be done, it will be done." All additional measures necessary to deliver the goods would be taken: "The pressing problems that confront us," he said, are military problems. We cannot afford to approach them from the point of view of wishful thinkers or sentimentalists. What we face is cold, hard facts. The first fundamental fact is that what started as a European war has developed, as the Nazis always intended it should develop, into a world war for world dominion. Adolf Hitler never considered the dominion of Europe as an end in itself. European conquest was but a step towards the ultimate goals in all other continents. It is unmistakably apparent to all of us that unless the advance of Hitlerism is forcibly



checked now, the Western Hemisphere will be within range of Nazi weapons of destruction."

He briefly reviewed the main events of the War, and stated clearly and determinedly the proposed policy of the United States Government:

"Our whole programme of aid for the democracies has been based on hard-headed concern for our own security and for the kind of safe and civilized world in which we wish to live. Every dollar of material that we send helps to keep the dictators away from our own hemisphere. Every day they are held off gives us time to build more guns, tanks, aeroplanes and ships. We have made no pretence about our own self-interest in this aid. Great Britain understands it—and so does Nazi Germany. And now—after a year—Britain still fights gallantly on a 'far-flung battle-line.' We have doubled and redoubled our vast production, increasing month by month our material supply of tools of war for ourselves, Britain and China—and eventually for all the democracies. The supply of these tools will not fail; it will increase. With greatly augmented strength, the United States and the other American Republics now chart their course in the situation of to-day."

Later in the speech President Roosevelt said: "The war is approaching the brink of the Western Hemisphere itself; it is coming very close home. The control or occupation by Nazi forces of any islands of the Atlantic would jeopardize the immediate safety of portions of North and South America and of the island possessions of the United States, and the ultimate safety of the Continental United States itself. . . .

"The Axis Powers can never achieve their objective



of world dominion unless they first obtain control of the seas. This is their supreme purpose to-day, and to achieve it they must capture Great Britain. They could then have power to dictate to the Western Hemisphere. . . .

“But if the Axis fail to gain control of the seas they are certainly defeated, their dreams of world dominion will then go by the board, and the criminal leaders who started this war will suffer inevitable disaster. Both they and their people know this and they are afraid. That is why they are risking everything they have in conducting desperate attempts to break through to command the ocean. . . . Yes, all freedom—meaning freedom to live and not freedom to conquer and subjugate other peoples—depends on the freedom of the seas.”

President Roosevelt pointed out the danger to the United States that would ensue if the Nazi hordes were to occupy Iceland or obtain bases in Greenland—both stepping-stones to Labrador, Newfoundland and Nova Scotia. The same being equally true if they should gain control of the Azores or Cape Verde Islands.

“Nobody,” he said, “can foretell to-night just when the acts of the dictators will ripen into an attack on this Hemisphere and us, but we know enough by now to realize that it would be suicide to wait until they are in our front yard.”

He pledged all-out aid to Britain, and concluded with a quotation from the Declaration of Independence: “With a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honour.”



Wells maintains that: "All the organized communities of the world without exception are in a state which partakes in equal measure of vague half-hearted experiment and convulsive reaction. We realize that the 'civilizations' and cultures, the laws, the political institutions, the economic methods, loyalties, moralities, religious and poetical interpretations that served to sustain us well enough in the slower and apparently stabler past, are working more and more discordantly and dangerously, but we still lack the force of mind and will to essay the gigantic clearances and the gigantic new constructions upon which these omnipotent changes in our conditions insist."—(H. G. Wells: *The New America: The New World*.)

America hates war and fervently desires a European peace; but she can be counted on—in everything short of war and if necessary in war itself—to back the nations that are fighting for the maintenance of liberty and permanent peace.

A leader's business is to lead. When the people show their confidence in a man by electing him three times President in defiance of tradition the least they can do is to sink all petty rivalry and let him get on with his job. The country is very fortunate in having a leader with a genius for governing, a gift which the Roosevelts possess to a remarkable degree, possibly an inheritance from a long line of ancestors intimately associated with the political life of New York. In the words of Plato:

"Ruling is a directive science. The one relevant distinction between claimants to be rulers is therefore their possession or want of this science. . . . If a states-



man makes his citizens better men by forcing them to innovate on their written and inherited laws, we must not say that he has committed a fault. . . . The wise ruler has only one rule which is inviolable, the rule of doing what is wise and right.”—(Plato: *Sophistes-Politicus*; trans. Taylor.)

Franklin Delano Roosevelt, with his outstanding humanitarianism, his far-reaching vision, genius for initiative, tireless energy, unfailing optimism and immense courage, is a pioneer struggling to open up a pathway leading to prosperity and peace for all—not only in America, but throughout the world.

“A republic must raise up great leaders. The office of President is compassed about with insufficient glory to save an unworthy occupant from contempt; indeed it has too little glory to insure that a worthy President shall always be known as such and receive the honour which is his due. An American president, if a really capable man, is likely to raise up sufficient opposition to make his presidency not wholly a joy, but if he is a great man he has an opportunity to test the quality of his greatness.”—(Rev. William E. Barton.)

“The struggle of to-day is not altogether for to-day; it is for a vast future also,” said Abraham Lincoln. And surely this is true of the Roosevelts, so many of whom have struggled gallantly for what they believed to be right in their own day. Collectively their contribution to the progress and welfare of their country has been overwhelming: it has assumed the old-world force of a tradition, to be continued, America must hope, for many generations.





CLARA MORRIS.



# 1893-1894

1893-1894

From the collection of the University of Chicago

University of Chicago

Chicago, Ill.

May 2, 1894

My dear Mr. Roosevelt:

## PART II

I have just received your letter of the 28th inst. and am glad to hear that you are interested in the history of the University of Chicago.

### SOME UNPUBLISHED LETTERS, MAINLY TO ROBERT BARNWELL ROOSEVELT

I have a great deal of material on this subject, and I am sure that you will find it of interest. I have also a great deal of material on the history of the University of Chicago, and I am sure that you will find it of interest.

I have also a great deal of material on the history of the University of Chicago, and I am sure that you will find it of interest.

Very truly yours,

Wm. B. E. (signature)

William B. E. (signature)

I have just received your letter of the 28th inst. and am glad to hear that you are interested in the history of the University of Chicago. I have a great deal of material on this subject, and I am sure that you will find it of interest. I have also a great deal of material on the history of the University of Chicago, and I am sure that you will find it of interest.



## CHAPTER I

### LETTERS FROM PRESIDENTS

*From Chester Alan Arthur, 21st President of the U.S.*

Executive Mansion,  
Washington.

May 7, 1884.

My dear Mr. Roosevelt,

I have your favor of the 5th instant, with inclosure, and thank you very cordially for the friendly sentiments therein expressed.

I wish it were practicable at this season to divest my mind of politics altogether, and turn my thoughts to the more agreeable subject of the rod and reel, but this, it is needless to say, is not easy of accomplishment.

I leave for New York to-day, and hope I may have the pleasure of seeing you before my return on Saturday next.

Very faithfully yours,

(To R. B. Roosevelt)

CHESTER A. ARTHUR.

Arthur was the first President to negotiate a treaty with Nicaragua for the building of a canal across the Isthmus at that point. A project which Theodore Roosevelt had in mind when he first thought of building his canal.—Later he changed over to the Panama route.—The Senate, however, refused to ratify Arthur's treaty, and the United States had to wait another twenty-five years before getting the benefit of the canal. Arthur, who put through some excellent measures—clearing out the Mormon plague, promoting trade with China, etc.—was sometimes called "the British President" by his opponents, who misidentified him with his elder brother who was born in Canada.



*From Stephen Grover Cleveland, 22nd and 24th  
President of the U.S.*

Albany.

*February 2, 1885.*

My dear Sir,

I thank you for your good letter of Jan. 27th. The story you tell of whale catching would be quite tempting if they were the kind of whales I am after, and I know you second my hope that my fishing excursion in the Sea of Statesmanship may result in my bringing to land the largest and best.\*

Your cordial invitation to dine I should be very glad to accept; but I cannot do it. I shall visit New York for the express purpose of visiting certain people and conferring with them, and I mean to devote myself to that business with industry.

My stay will be very limited, and my time filled with engagements and my mind with perplexities. I feel that I should forego all social pleasures.

Yours sincerely,

GROVER CLEVELAND.

Hon. Robert B. Roosevelt,  
New York City.

\* The "largest and best" is, of course, the Presidency.



*From Grover Cleveland, 22nd and 24th President  
of the U.S.*

Executive Mansion,  
Washington.

*January 9, 1886.*

My dear Sir,

Will you accept the office of Sub-Treasurer of the United States at the City of New York?

I am anxious to fill the place as soon as possible and should be glad to have your decision by telegraph on Monday.

I don't know that I can say more to induce your acceptance, than to assure you that I am entirely certain your appointment would satisfy those who desire to see a fit instrument in this important and honourable office and that your consent to this would be gratifying to me.

Yours sincerely,

GROVER CLEVELAND.

Hon. Robert B. Roosevelt,  
New York.

Roosevelt declined the honour. Cleveland was extremely forthright, outspoken and honest; but he also was tactless, rough, and intolerant.—It was said of him (quoting Scott): “The devil aids him surely, for all that would sink another ten fathoms deep seems to make him float the more easily.”



*From Theodore Roosevelt, 26th President of the United States.*

White House,  
Washington.

Oyster Bay, N.Y.  
July 27, 1903.

Dear Uncle Rob,

I need hardly tell you how much we all enjoyed our visit. The horses came back in good shape. You see, riding over we did the distance in a little less than five hours, between two a.m. and seven a.m.—about seven miles an hour.

Coming back we would ride an hour, then walk, leading the horses, for half an hour. We spent six hours and a half on the road.

With love to all,

Faithfully yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Hon. R. B. Roosevelt,  
Sayville, N.Y.

He and his son, Theodore Jnr., accompanied by a couple of young cousins, George and Jack Roosevelt, had ridden over by night, on a visit to R. B. Roosevelt at "Lotos Lake," Sayville, L.I., and had also ridden back by night when the visit was ended. The President rode his favourite stallion, "Bleistein," and T. R. Jr. rode "Wyoming," a horse presented to the President by the citizens of Douglas, Wyoming.



LETTERS FROM PRESIDENTS

*From Theodore Roosevelt, 26th President of the U.S.  
To his Uncle, Robert B. Roosevelt.*

White House,  
Washington.

March 6, 1905.

Dear Uncle Rob,

It was peculiarly pleasant having you here. How I wish Father could have lived to see it too! You stood to me for him and for all that generation, and so you may imagine how proud I was to have you here.

Ever yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Hon. R. B. Roosevelt,  
57, Fifth Avenue,  
New York, N.Y.

R. B. Roosevelt had travelled down to Washington, quite an undertaking for a man of his age, to be present at his nephew's inauguration. (This letter is published in Bishop's, "Theodore Roosevelt, His Life and Times.")



*From Theodore Roosevelt, 26th President of the U.S.*

The White House,  
Washington.

Camp.  
East Divide Creek, Colorado.  
Glenwood Springs, Colorado.

*April 20, 1905.*

Dear Uncle Rob,

That is a very interesting thing, and I must thank Senator Neylands. When you see Roly\* he will tell you how splendidly I was received in Kentucky and Texas. A former member of my regiment introduced me at the dinner in Dallas as "the man who had more admirers and fewer voters in Texas than in any other state of the Union." But of course he must not forget that one reason why at the Jefferson dinner and in Texas and in Kentucky the Democrats can afford to express their admiration is because it is perfectly safe to do so. If I were even a possibility of a candidate they would have to be more careful, but as it is they can let themselves go.

I cannot tell you how I enjoyed having Roly with me, both on the Presidential trip and on our five days' wolf hunt in Oklahoma. Both Edith and I are very fond of Roly.

I am concerned at what you tell me about being ruptured. How did it happen? As for me, you need

\* Colonel Granville Roland Fortescue, 4th U.S. Cavalry (R. B. Roosevelt's step-son), then a young lieutenant acting as President's Aide, in Washington. He frequently accompanied the President on his big-game hunting trips.



LETTERS FROM PRESIDENTS

not be under any uneasiness. I am always extremely cautious on any trip of this kind and take no chances that I do not think absolutely necessary. I got a fine big bear the third day out, by the way.

Affectionately your nephew,  
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Hon. Rob't B. Roosevelt,  
57, Fifth Avenue,  
New York, N.Y.



## CHAPTER II

### LETTERS FROM GENERALS

*From General Winfield Scott Hancock.*

*The technique of creating a Presidential Candidate.*

St. Paul,

Minnesota,

*April 3rd, 1871.*

My dear Mr. Roosevelt,

Your favour of March 22nd, has been received. I note what you say concerning a reply to "Anchor,"\* and am much obliged to you for your kind offer to receive my criticism editorially.

I have so much private correspondence at present, that I scarcely feel like writing on war subjects: I am informed, however, that Genl. C. U. Morgan, my former Chief of Staff (2nd Corps) or "Combined 2nd, 3rd Corps" as "Anchor" understands it intends to notice the errors of "Anchor" by sending his criticisms to you. There is no better judge of facts in the premises, than Morgan: should he write it will not be well for me to do so, now. I only fear his (M's) criticisms will be severe on some individuals whom "Anchor" is disposed to elevate far beyond their merits—not more severe probably than the truth warrants. Morgan has one advantage, he has seen all the parties in the field. I presume "Anchor" has not had that advantage.

I should like to see you and to talk to you about the "matters worth considering" to which you refer. I do not think I shall go East, soon. Why can't you jump on a boat at Buffalo, or Erie, and steam for

\* General J. Watts De Peyster.



Duluth; fish for trout in Lake Superior and the stream emptying into it, then come here by Rail: we can show you trout fishing nearby; there are two small lakes in the country containing brook trout. You won't believe it I know, but it is so! Springs rise from the bottom of the lakes: there is a connecting rivulet and an outlet to a river or stream from the lower lake.

But few people (only two that I know of) have ever fished there: The owner who years ago located the land containing these lakes, on the representations of those gentlemen, has never been there; but proposes with those gentlemen and one or two others, including your humble servant, to fish them in May: Can't you come? That over, we can talk, and then you can float down the Mississippi in the season of the year when the scenery is the most beautiful and the weather most delightful. You must know that there is scarcely any scenery more beautiful than the Upper Mississippi.

—I am troubled somewhat about politics, I am indifferent myself; would be "shy," in fact, if it was not a little too late. (Some of my friends seem to have already embarked.) Should you feel as warm to me as you did two years ago, I should be pleased; and to know the fact.

I am truly yours,

To:

WINFD. S. HANCOCK.

Hon. R. B. Roosevelt,

House of Reps., Washington, D.C.

During the presidential campaign of 1880 General Sherman said of Hancock, to a newspaper man: "If you will sit down and write the best thing that can be put in language about General Hancock as an officer and a gentleman, I will sign it without hesitation."—Hancock was called "the Bayard of the Northern Army, *sans peur et sans reproche*."



*Letter to General Hancock: from R. B. Roosevelt.*

*Confidential.*

Roosevelt, Henry & Olin,  
Attorneys & Counsellors at Law,  
149 Broadway (Cr. Liberty St.),  
New York.

*April 21, 1871.*

My dear General,

May I ask you to destroy this letter after you shall have read it. While I do not propose to say anything I would not tell everybody under proper circumstances, it is essential to keep quiet for the time being.

I always have regarded you as the strongest Democratic candidate since I wrote my first editorial about you in the Citizen, the first article that ever was written to that effect, I believe. But for you to succeed, other people must support you who are now in favor of another candidate. My view of the situation is this: we must carry Pennsylvania. Of New York we are sure with any decent candidate, but to win we must have the twenty-eight electors from the Keystone State. With those secured we are sure to win, by every calculation made. Take the statement of probabilities in any paper, Democratic or Republican, and give Pennsylvania to us and we have a majority. Without her we fail to an almost dead certainty. In fact it is a political axiom that the party which carries that state carries the Union. Now the candidates are John T. Hoffman first and foremost, the only man who



really stands in your way. Then Hendricks, Thurman, Adams, and some men of less account whom we need not consider.

I having been in Washington for some weeks with little to do, have not been idle discussing this question, and have studied the sentiment of every section. Hoffman is earnestly and warmly and persistently supported by Tammany; do not believe anything to the contrary, he is their candidate all the while, and will be to the end; that is to say until they are assured he cannot be elected. Tammany can nominate him whenever the leaders resolve to do so; they have got a power in the matter that cannot be resisted. New York is the only source of money supplies left to the Democracy, money must be had and Tweed will say to the Convention, go for Hoffman and here is the money to run the canvass, go against him and raise the means where you will. Besides, if it is necessary other influences will be used. I have gone over the field carefully, and knowing that you want me to state the case clearly and honestly without humbug or flattery, I tell you plainly that Tammany will carry the nomination if it pleases. But Sweeny does not want to be beaten. If he is once convinced that Hoffman cannot win he will withdraw from his support, and that Hoffman cannot win is very generally believed among Democrats. If people from different sections called on Sweeny and explained this without too much advocacy of anyone else, he might be convinced. I am on very friendly terms with Mr. Sweeny and can do much for you, but not in that way. Once get Hoffman out of the way and I will promise to bring Tammany to your



support; in fact I fancy I am the only man to make these arrangements, and it was in that view partly that I begged you not to commit yourself.

You must remain to the last in a position to give Sweeny anything he asks for; he is entitled to it and will do no discredit to any administration, and the assistance of his brains and Tammany Hall's money is worth it.

Of the other candidates I would say that Hendricks is disliked by Valandigham who will throw Ohio against him sure, but he stands well with our people here. Thursman is popular and has few enemies, but his strength is mainly local, while Adams as a Massachusetts man and closely allied with old whigs and Republicans is hardly in the deal.

There are men who want a representative of law to sit up against the representative of force, to put the ermine against the sword, but this I am sure is an error. Warlike nerves have always been admired of our people, and with an army just disbanded of a million of men, are especially available just now. Of your war record I will not talk to you, as we both understand it, and I never was good at praising a man to his face. You can beat Grant at his own game, and are the only man that can do so, you will get more soldiers' votes than he will and can work up the army vote magnificently.

Now, the things to do are these. You must have the Pennsylvania delegation solid. In that I cannot help in the least, it is an affair for your friends at home and a matter of pride for your state. Secondly, proper influence must be carefully brought to bear on Sweeny;



and, thirdly, if Hoffman is withdrawn you must get the hearty co-operation of Tammany. I think Sweeny will weaken as time progresses and the situation develops itself.

Of course I can say nothing of all this publicly, and have only written the mere outlines. I want to succeed and should hate to be beaten again by any blunder on the part of the leaders. This feeling, I am glad to say, is general, and was expressed by the Southern members of Congress when the address was being prepared that has just been issued; it will help you unless I am greatly mistaken, for as much as I may respect Hoffman and highly as I may think of Sweeny personally, there is much to be said against Tammany Hall and an odium that neither can escape from, and the Republicans can get up a cry against both that will hurt us badly and cost us many votes.

I cannot explain matters further at present, but remain

Yours very truly,

R. B. ROOSEVELT.



*From General Winfield Scott Hancock.*

St. Paul,  
Minn.

May 8, 1871.

Dear Mr. Roosevelt,

Your favor received. I think that Este is all right; still, others think that he is *cautious*. He ought not to be! He can do much good, in certain ways: He is a good talker—and logical.

If he is *certain*, let him *talk*; but unless you know he is so, be careful! I shall have some friends who will fill the role that E. could better fill, if he has no reservations! The others would be more prominent, but E. understands the Subject better and can well express his ideas and convictions.

I do not intend to have it declared that I *am* a Candidate: I am quite indifferent personally: yet I may be! It will depend on certain matters—not entirely developed. If I “go in,” it is to Succeed—not to tie my friends to a beaten Candidate.

We know that the attitude of Pa.\* is to be *all* important. It is not wise to declare so; for we do not wish to show the vulnerable spot in our Cuirass.

It is time now in many ways to let it be known that it is in the opinion of the war men, that none but a war man can be elected—which can command success before the people, by finding the “Soldiers’ vote.”

As for platform, at present, it will do to say: An

\* Pennsylvania.



## LETTERS FROM GENERALS

honest man and a restoration of the government. I am receiving many letters, and it looks as if my strength outside, might not be insignificant.

I want the party to win; I believe that circumstances have so shaped events that I can win if the Democratic party will adopt that idea.

Truly yours,

WINFD. S. HANCOCK.

To:

Hon. R. B. Roosevelt,

New York.



*From General Winfield Scott Hancock.*

Governor's Island,  
New York Harbor.

*July 1, 1880.*

My dear Sir,

I have received your letter of the 23rd ultimo. Its friendly tone is exceedingly gratifying, and its pleasantries are refreshing in these hot days.

You express, jocularly, some fears that no suitable reward can be found for the first man who picks out from the fifty millions of our citizens the one who is finally honored by election to the Presidency.

You must remember not only that our Republic is a particularly generous one in bestowing rewards, but that our people are remarkable for inventive talent: I do not doubt, therefore, that they can devise a suitable reward for the service you mention.

I have been a little dilatory in responding to your kind note. My correspondence, personal and official—at all times heavy—has been immensely increased through the great distinction recently conferred upon me. I am not able at present to respond promptly and fully to all of the welcome greetings extended to me. I hope unavoidable delay may not be mistaken for indifference or neglect. The truth is I have not heretofore realized how many there are in the land who feel kindly towards me personally, and who espouse the Cause in which I have been so conspicuously honored.



## LETTERS FROM GENERALS

In the delay of my acknowledgements, I beg the forbearance of my friends; and of my most intimate acquaintances, I venture to ask the most in this regard.

Thanking you most heartily for your congratulations, and for your kind letter.

I am, truly,

Your friend,

(To R. B. Roosevelt)

WINFLD. S. HANCOCK.

Hancock had been nominated for the Presidency, but was subsequently defeated in the election by James A. Garfield.

*From General F. E. Spinner, U.S.A.*

Treasury of the United States,  
Washington.

*September 25, 1871.*

My dear Sir,

Please accept my thanks for your kindness in sending me a copy of your timely speech; and a *thousand thanks* for your bold daring in its enunciation.—It is truly refreshing in these fearful times of venality in high places, to find an honest man, that possesses the courage to denounce the corruption of his political associates.



A quarter of century ago, I used to meet at the Office of the late Arthur N. Gifford, in Wall Street, a coterie of gentlemen who were in the habit of discussing subjects connected with finance and political economy. Like myself, most, if not all of them, were democrats, belonging to the same school with General Dix, A. C. Flagg, Michael Hoffman and Silas Wright.—Among them I remember Capt. Spencer, the Messrs. Wolfe, Messrs. Sampson and Jones, Robert and Peter Goelet, and J. I. and Cornelius V. S. Roosevelt.—I have a theory that you are a son of the last-named gentleman, whom I knew intimately.—If so, your blunt honesty is easily accounted for, Mr. Roosevelt possessed it in an eminent degree. As you know, I am now in the ranks of the Republican party; but, I am none the less a thorough democrat on that account.—Indeed, I separated myself from the democratic Organization, when it repudiated the first principles of democracy, by denying the equality of all men before the law. That principle has been vindicated.—

The first duty of all good citizens now, is to see to it, that the Elective franchise, and the administration of public affairs, shall be purged and purified. Unless this is done our democratic republican institutions will be in great peril.—Most men prefer force to fraud and corruption; they would rather be ruled by an honest despot, than by a mob of knaves and thieves.—

Again thanking you,

I am, very respectfully yours,

F. E. SPINNER.



## LETTERS FROM GENERALS

Honble. Robert B. Roosevelt, M.C.,  
New York, N.Y.

General (Francis Elias) Spinner was three times a Member of Congress, once as an anti-slavery Democrat and twice on the Republican ticket. He was appointed Treasurer by Lincoln, on the recommendation of Chief Justice of the Supreme Court Salmon P. Chase.

Spinner was in advance of his time; he favored the appointment of women in government offices—an unheard-of idea in those days.—He “signed different series of paper money in a singular handwriting which he cultivated in order to prevent counterfeiting.” He may be looked upon as the pioneer Florida health-holiday seeker, since he took his recreation at a camp at Pablo Beach, Flo. As he lived to be eighty-eight, this speaks well for Pablo Beach.

*From General George Armstrong Custer.*

Darling, Griswold and Co.,  
Fifth Avenue Hotel,  
New York.

*Sunday, 9th (no date).*

Dear Mr. Roosevelt,

The fates seem to oppose our meeting each other. I received your kind letter a few weeks ago at Fort Lincoln and would have replied promptly had I not been looking forward to a flying visit to New York, during which I hoped I might have an opportunity to



take you by the hand. Being greatly pressed for time during ordinary days I made an effort to pay my respects this morning, but was so unfortunate as not to find you at home. I expect to leave the city either Monday evening or Tuesday evening, although I may be detained longer. I fear I must go without having had the pleasure of seeing you; if so I will trust that the pleasure will not be long deferred.

If you ever make your way west do try and reach me and I will endeavor to make your visit agreeable, and interesting to you, and those who may be with you. My address is Fort Lincoln, Dakota.

Cannot you tear yourself away from the business as well as the pleasure of this delightful city long enough to enable you to see something of the Great West? I am sure the trip would well repay you the effort.

Hoping this may be received at no distant day,

I am truly your friend,

G. A. CUSTER.

The meeting took place during that visit, which was the last Custer ever paid to the "delightful city." He was killed in a fight with the Indians, shortly after his return to the West, in the battle of the Little Big Horn—the famous "Custer's last charge."—He was the author of several books on the North American Indians.



LETTERS FROM GENERALS

*From General C. C. Augur, U.S.A.*

The American Eagle.

Head Quarters Department of the Platte,  
Omaha,

Nebraska.

*November 3rd, 1870.*

Dear Mr. Roosevelt,

As I see you are being run for Congress, I suppose I may appropriately address you on the subject of the American Eagle. A friend of mine, Major Chambers, commanding Fort Fetterman, has offered me a pair of splendid eagles—not the bald headed—but the large black variety. I cannot suitably care for them, and it has occurred to me that they might be desirable for the collection being made for the Central Park, or they are quite at your own service, should you desire them.

If they will be acceptable in either case, I shall be happy to send for them and will forward them by express as you direct.

I wish you had been with me on a recent trip to the mountains. The party with me in one day's hunt killed eighteen elk, three grizzly bears, two black-tailed deer and an antelope on discretion . . . (illegible). Any number more of elk could have been killed had there been means of bringing them in. . . .

Very truly yours,

C. C. AUGUR.

R. B. Roosevelt, Esq.,  
New York City.

General (Christopher Colon) Augur was a distinguished Indian fighter and Civil War veteran. At the close of the War he commanded the depot at Washington, and later he was given the depot of the Platte.



THE ROOSEVELTS AND AMERICA

*From General R. U. Sherman.*

Game Preservation.

New Hartford.

*December 19, 1887.*

Hon. R. B. Roosevelt.

Dear Sir,

I have gone carefully over the report and have toned it down so that I think it will not now offend against your ideas of good taste. The clause relating to deer hunting I have omitted altogether; preferring to do this to modifying what I know to be the truth and no more than the truth. There is still vitality enough in the report to keep it at least till warm weather.

I am not prepared to say that the revision has not made an improvement. What I write to-day may seem to myself all right, but if I put away the matter in a drawer and leave it for three weeks, I find it on second view, full of defects. In this respect, I think we are our own best critics. If one could read his own effusions in print before he gave them to the public, in half the cases, the public would never see them.

I have very good accounts from the Adirondacks. Marks has secured 1,139,000 salmon trout eggs, 712,000 brook trout, and over 1,000,000 frostfish spawn,—all in superb order. He is enthusiastically devoted to his work and is bound to make a success of it.

I do not expect to be at the January meeting.

Yours truly,

R. U. SHERMAN.



## CHAPTER III

### LETTERS FROM AUTHORS, ARTISTS, ETC.

*From Francis Bret Harte.*

713 B'way,  
B.H.

*September 21st, 1876.*

My dear Mr. Roosevelt,

Pray pardon me for having left your honest and thoughtful note so long unanswered. But I have been quite busy lately, and in my moments of leisure, have, I dare say, bestowed more attention on my adversary than my friend.

Your criticism of the condonement of a mortal offence by one of the "Two Men of Sandy Bar," is a point well taken. But it is a fault of *execution*, I think, rather than of *conception*. I erred,—as most men who are not born dramatists will err—in endeavouring to show by simple *narrative*, instead of *action*, the domination of a strong man over a weaker one—a case we have all had delivered (?) to us in Brooklyn, *in re* Beecher, Tilton *et al.* And this explanation by dialogue is really one of the cardinal defects of the play.

As to the Chinaman, don't you think he would become tiresome and monotonous as the central figure in a three act play? And I can't help giving you the remark of that clever actor, Parsloe, when I suggested to him that I might, if he wished it, inject him in the first Act. "Don't, Mr. Harte, give me a line more—



to please *me*. I am content. I should only repeat myself, and may be disappoint the audience." This from the actor who has made the one decided "hit" of the piece, strikes me as worthy of consideration.

Nevertheless, as actors are apt to look at "parts" rather than "wholes," and are not generally good judges of *ensemble*, I'll look into the matter. Meantime, dear Sir, let me thank you for your kindly interest, and believe me,

Yours very sincerely,

BRET HARTE.

Robt. B. Roosevelt, Esq.

Francis Bret Harte was one-half English, a quarter Dutch and a quarter Hebrew; but his humour is wholly American. His books had, and still have, a wide public. Among them are: "The Luck of Roaring Camp"; "Condensed Novels"; "The Heathen Chinees"; "Gabriel Conroy," etc.

Bret Harte spent the last twenty years of his life in England; where he died—at Camberley, in Surrey—in 1902.

*From Clara Morris.*

*Audaciter et Sincere.*

My dear Mr. Roosevelt,

I am sorry to send my list so late—but indeed I was so ill I feared to promise myself anything. Would it not be well to notify your guests of the *grave nature of this undertaking*? They may have been prepared to risk a good deal, but the man or woman who eats of *my* cooking shows a courage worthy of a better cause.



LETTERS FROM AUTHORS, ARTISTS, ETC.

Why not break up the pots and present to the survivors of the feast an iron cross?

In accepting this situation I am thinking less of wages than of having a comfortable home.—Of course I expect to eat at the first table.

Very sincerely,

Your obdt. servant,

(To R. B. Roosevelt)

CLARA MORRIS.

*Monday night.*

*Wanted.*

Custard Kettle, egg beater. Boules galore.

Quart thick and sweet cream. Eggs *galore galore*.

One cocoanut.

One large jar peaches (for "jar" read can).

One box gelatine—if it is spelled right—if not a little glue will answer just as well.

White sugar *ad lib*.

One or two vanilla beans and

*C'est tout*

Which proves me a French Cook.

Clara Morris—who, in this letter appears to be preparing for the famous *Pot Luck Club*—was a distinguished American emotional actress who flourished in the eighteen-seventies, or thereabouts. She is said to have aroused the jealousy of Sarah Bernhardt who, after seeing her act *Camille*, remarked that: Miss Morris was *not acting*, she was *suffering*!



*From Joaquin Miller.*

Sadu Springs,  
Head of Sacramento River,  
Col.

June 12, 1879.

My dear Roosevelt,

My father, a staid and sober Quaker, who reads *Harper's Monthly*, read in this magazine some account of my Fish-dinner speech and was honestly and justly stricken that what I said, or that aught that his son should or could say, was, or might be, doubted.

And so he desires that I should at once take steps to convince you of the truth of all I said on that occasion.

Of course I cannot send you, in a letter, a green pasture field and a truly fine brook salmon travelling down a forty acre field of grass, but I can and I do herewith, rolled on a pine pole, send you a skin of one of the million of gold trout of which I told you on the occasion of that memorable speech:—every word of which was the pure, clean, cold, frozen truth!

I have been at great pains to send for this skin, and, seriously I expect you to enjoy the possession of it as much as I do the sending it. *Possibly* you have seen specimens of this fish before and have a name at your tongue's end, but I doubt it; as it is only found in the coldest waters made of melting snows. In Oregon they are more golden than here. They are shy and rarely rise, but keep in deep lakes and dark eddies of the largest mountain streams.

This is the skin of a small one. The largest are thirty inches in length and weigh as much as thirty



pounds. They are exactly the shape of the mountain trout except the head, which is like the head of a pike in picture (?) though not much like it. Indeed only a close observer could detect any difference at all between this fish and the brook trout, so far as *form* and *shape* are concerned.

I am enjoying the summer with my little daughter Maud, a sweet girl of more than a dozen summers. And I never so thoroughly enjoyed a summer in all my life. The California and Oregon papers managed to make it very unpleasant for me on my return to the coast because of my letter to the President about the Chinese, but here I have escaped them, for we are many a mile from any post office and the poor folk here know no more about a telegraph than they do about the Keeley Motor. The place has other advantages also. We are the very shoulders of Mount Shasta, the place where I spent my boyhood. The "Songs of the Sierras," though born in England, were conceived on this very spot, and what a delight it is to meet the old mariners and miners whom I knew here twenty and more years ago. They are not so many now, and the little graveyard on the hill is nearly filled. But the hills, the skies, immortal Mount Shasta, all time are just the same. . . .

How you would like this place. It is the Fisherman's Paradise. And *I* think there is no such one on earth. Certainly there is no such scenery. And it is only about one hundred miles to the Railroad. You ought to arrange to come here some summer. I forgot to say that this fish was caught in the McCloud river, a day's ride east of here. Californians call it "The Dolly Border," but the Indians name it "Wiy-li-diket."



## THE ROOSEVELTS AND AMERICA

Please give my regards to all who inquire after or for me, roving minstrel, and say (to them), take no stock in any newspaper account of me or mine.

It has been hot *hell* here for me. But all is well and I shall be free soon and at my work as of old: and little Maud, the sweetest girl alive, enters the sisters' school somewhere East, or in Paris.

And so may the Lord love you and yours,  
(To R. B. Roosevelt) JOAQUIN MILLER.

The "Sweet Singer of the Sierras," whose real name was Cincinnatus Heine Miller, dropped the Law to join the gold rush of 1861. Failing at that, he started an anti-war newspaper, the *Eugene Democratic Register*, which was promptly suppressed as "treasonable." Miller then went back to his first love, the Law, and was appointed Judge for Grant County, Oregon. Then, quite suddenly, he dropped everything and settled down to Poetry. His *Songs of the Sierras*, *Songs of the Sunlands* and *Songs of Italy* brought him world fame. He took London by storm; appearing in a cowboy costume to read his poems to fashionable audiences. He spent his latter days in California, living in a disused church, which he had fitted up as a bungalow, and voluntarily waited on by Japanese students, admirers of his poetry. He was known as the "Sage of Oakland Heights."



LETTERS FROM AUTHORS, ARTISTS, ETC.

*From Joaquin Miller.*

109 W. 33 St.

May 18, 1881.

Thanks for the cheque and for the mag. with the *very* funny sketch. Had the bossy and commercial M.T.\* written it the whole world would be laughing over it. Such is the perversity and Jackassiness of the world we live in.

Here is a little ms. memorandum or list of names which you left in the mag. by mistake no doubt. Is it of use?

Am back in town for the last month. If you come this way climb up.

Yours,

(To R. B. Roosevelt)

JOAQUIN MILLER.

\* Mark Twain.



*From Joaquin Miller.\**

The Hights—Dinsmore (?) Cal.  
8-11-12.

Hon. R. B. Roosevelt, New York.

My dear Robert,

. . . . .  
. . . . . I send you a paper indicating what I am about. I have been at work hard in my — (?) here for nearly 10 years. I have done my best work here, *best by odds*. And I am going to storm New York soon, as I once stormed and captured London.

I want a Publisher—a new, young, strong, bright, and brave Publisher. Are you in touch with any one of that sort? If so see him and tell him what I want, and put me in communication with him.

Love to you and yours,  
JOAQUIN MILLER.

\* Much of this letter is illegible.





*[Photo by Prince*

**PRESIDENT THEODORE ROOSEVELT.**



*From Sir Arthur Sullivan.*

Union Club,  
Fifth Avenue and 21st St.,  
*Thursday.*

Dear Mr. Roosevelt,

Pray forgive the delay in answering your very kind and friendly note—but I know very well that you will be indulgent. When you produce *your* new Opera you will understand the work and worry of engaging band, chorus, etc., and rehearsing Principals, and trying to keep up with business correspondence.

I need scarcely tell you that it would interest me immensely to see the new Brooklyn Bridge, and I could not see it under better auspices than your own. When I return from Boston and get well ahead with the rehearsals here, I shall feel a little freer, and shall be too happy to arrange any day and time convenient to you for our excursion.

The more oysters the better! In the meantime I hope to see you to-morrow evening.

Yours very truly,  
(To R. B. Roosevelt)                      ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

R. B. Roosevelt was one of the three Commissioners appointed for the construction of the Brooklyn Bridge.—Incidentally, he was stone-deaf.



*From Sir Arthur Sullivan.*

45, East 20th Street.

12 December, 1879.

Dear Mr. Roosevelt,

I received *both* your letters last night, one brought from the theatre (to which I do not go much) and one from Mr. Grant's. I am much pleased with your sympathetic expression about my Orchestral troubles—we settled them, but I think fresh ones will still crop up, as I hear the new Board at the Union will not ratify the decision of its predecessor.

Now for the Brooklyn Bridge question. Of course I want to see the famous structure, and especially with such a cicerone, but I don't know how to fix a day or hour. We are hard at work night and day at the new opera. Rehearsing in the day, and writing, scoring, etc., at night.

As the rehearsals cannot get on without one of us being present, I don't see how we are to manage it. It would take half a day at least I suppose to do the excursion properly, and the only way we could get half a day would be to go early in the morning, so as to be back at *one*. Would this be possible? If so, I will see Gilbert and we will hold ourselves at your disposal.

Yours very truly,

ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

R. Barnwell Roosevelt, Esq.



LETTERS FROM AUTHORS, ARTISTS, ETC.

*From Sir W. S. Gilbert.*

27, Waverley Place.

5th January, 1880.

Dear Mr. Roosevelt,

I am very much obliged to you for renewed invitation, and also for your book, which I shall read with great interest.

We shall be most happy to inspect the Bridge any day next week that will suit you. During the rest of the week Sullivan will be at Baltimore, and he would be sorry to miss it.

Very truly yours,

(To R. B. Roosevelt)

W. S. GILBERT.



*From Blanche Roosevelt-Tucker, Marchesa d'Allegri Macchetta.*

*Friday, 34 E. 20th (1880).*

Dear Cousin Robert,

Praise from a Roosevelt is the highest, and dearest compliment I ever wish to receive. Your sweet letter then is doubly sweet, accept thanks; not modest, blushing, unassuming thanks, but proud, royal remerciements—if indeed I be as you say “Queen of the House of Roosevelt.”

Of course you will come to the concert, and into my “loge” after, to say good evening.

I must ask you a favor? With whom do you go to the Casino next Monday night? that is to say if not engaged, could you take me? I have, or will have tickets, and General Sherman said I ought to go by all means.

I should be proud of your arm dear, and cannot say with Gretchen: “*Non, monsieur. Je ne suis ni belle, ni demoiselle, et je n'ai pas besoin qu'on me donne la main.*”

*Au revoir, toujours la même affect. cousine.*

(To R. B. Roosevelt)

BLANCHE.

The Marchesa—under the name of “Rosavella”—was the *prima donna* of the original Gilbert and Sullivan (Doyly Carte?) Opera Company. She is said to have been extraordinarily beautiful. She was the author of several books, including a Life of the American poet Longfellow.



LETTERS FROM AUTHORS, ARTISTS, ETC.

*From Oscar Wilde.*

(No date.)

Dear Mr. Roosevelt,

What a little Gānymede you have sent me as your herald! The prettiest thing I have yet seen in America.\*

As regards my movements, I dine with Mrs. Bigelow at 6.30 and go afterwards for a few moments to Mrs. Stevens, if I have time, and end with Mrs. Croly.

Yours truly,

(To R. B. Roosevelt)

OSCAR WILDE.

\* Some gift or other. R. B. Roosevelt frequently sent presents, accompanying invitations, to distinguished foreign visitors on their arrival in New York.



*From Oscar Wilde.*

(No date.)

(No name of addressee.)

The Lotos Club,  
147, Fifth Avenue.

I am so sorry I cannot go with you to the Sorosis,  
but I will meet you there—The poor Lily!\* I have  
just left her—very triste—what a blow——

I however don't care as long as she is safe—she had  
only left the theatre three hours——

The shock has been very terrible to both of us——  
Still—victory waits for her.

Affectionately,

OSCAR.

I am pledged to Mrs. Croly.

\* Lily Langtry. The theatre in which she was then acting had  
burned down. (Wilde was supposed to be in love with her, at this time.)



LETTERS FROM AUTHORS, ARTISTS, ETC.

*From R. B. Roosevelt to Mrs. Duncan (Mrs. Egerton Grey).*

Robert B. Roosevelt,  
No. 76, Chambers Street,  
New York.

January 7, 1884.

My dear Mrs. Duncan,

I have read your book. If you saw its ragged edges you would say I had read it all to pieces. I never buy a book with its leaves un-cut, thinking no book worth the trouble of dismembering, but of course made an exception in your case, but as I have no paper knife, I had to handle it without gloves and use my index finger to get beyond its index of contents.

To say I like it does not express my feelings. I go further, I agree with you. Can I say more? The beauty of ugliness has never penetrated far into my heart, and cracked china, muddy colors, harsh forms and bad perspective are not what I hanker after even when covered with the dust of antiquity. You are therefore a missionary—a lively and entertaining one as contrast to missionaries generally, and I hope you will pursue your calling and keep writing charming books forever.

Yours very truly,

ROBERT B. ROOSEVELT.

“Ye Barn Beautiful.”

Mrs. Duncan, afterwards Mrs. Egerton Grey, was a friend of the Dufferins, a British society beauty who had a *salon* in Paris, where there foregathered the luminaries of wit and fashion,



## THE ROOSEVELTS AND AMERICA

both British and French. This *salon* is continued at the present day by Mrs. Grey's daughters, the Misses de Courcy Duncan; and it is an international meeting-place where a Judge of the Supreme Court of Norway can pass the time of day with a Prime Minister of Malta; or an American General can shake hands with a High Commissioner from Danzig. (See Sisley Hutchinson on the Paris *Salons* of to-day.)



## CHAPTER IV

### MISCELLANEOUS LETTERS

*From James I. Roosevelt (to James Alfred Roosevelt).*

Paris.

January 29, '44.

Dear Nephew,

Your letter was duly received and highly appreciated. Some days since I wrote an answer to it; which by mistake I addressed to your father instead of his son. You will of course *consider* the error as hereby corrected—being you know, a very considerate young man. Nothing of any moment has occurred since that date except a grand *soirée* on Friday at “Colonel Torn’s” in which every second man was a duke and every other woman a duchess. There have been great storms too—in the Chamber of Deputies. These French legislators beat us Jonathans all hollow in the matter of noise as well as numbers. I have spent most of my afternoons for several weeks, in attending or as they express it “assisting” at their *deliberations*! Language is a queer thing—Talleyrand said it was an instrument to conceal one’s thoughts. We *locos* will soon talk of the deliberations of Tammany Hall, and quote the French Chambers as authority! There is very great difficulty in obtaining admission during the discussion of the address in answer to the King’s



Speech. Billets, except in a few cases, are indispensable and very few obtain them. I have been privileged as an "Ex M.C." much to the envy of some of my compatriots. As an offset, however, I have done my best to get them tickets and have to some extent succeeded. Whatever is hard to be procured you know, is highly prized. You cannot conceive the quantity of eagerness and bitterness which this matter and that of admission into society engender here. I have this moment sent two billets to Mr. and Mrs. Parrish which I received from Gen'l Laidet. They were delighted and unlike some others thanked me for the trouble I had taken.

This evening there is to be a dance at the Luxembourg, the Palace in which the Chamber of Peers sits and in which the "Duke Decayer" (?) their "Grand Referendaire" resides. We are invited but shall not go.

I had just finished this sentence when in popped a note from Miss Wheaton, the daughter of our Minister to Prussia, requesting my better half to matronize her, an indispensable pre-requisite here in the case of all young ladies—so we *shall* go.

We are all well, particularly the youngest who has become as playful and frolicksome as a kitten. We produced him to Mr. Young that he might on his return make what the doctors call I believe an autopsical (not dropsical) report. By the bye as Mr. Young and Mr. Niblo, who takes this letter, go by the same steamer, our despatches altho of quite different dates will be received at the same time.

In ten or twelve days we think of breaking up here



## MISCELLANEOUS LETTERS

and turning our face south. I wish you could come along. The pretty Miss Johnston (rich too) is bent, I don't mean crooked, in the same direction.

Adieu,

JAMES I. ROOSEVELT.

James "I" Roosevelt, born in 1796, was the son of James and Maria Van Schaack Roosevelt, and the Uncle of Theodore, Sr., father of President Theodore Roosevelt. He was a distinguished lawyer and diplomat, who spent much of his time abroad studying foreign law.

At his wedding in Paris (1831) to Cornelia Van Ness, General Lafayette gave the bride away.



*Extract from letter to R. B. Roosevelt from Chief Justice Salmon P. Chase.*

Washington.  
March, 1868.

. . . I am neither a candidate nor aspirant for any political place or distinction. I am anxious only so to discharge the duties which my office of Chief Justice imposes upon me as to secure the approval of my own conscience, and, if it may be so, of impartial and just men.

In the excited times through which we are now, unhappily, passing, it is not to be expected that the faithful performance of these duties will meet the wishes of any party. And he who strives most earnestly to perform them may easily make mistakes which will, by partizans, be called by a harder name. I am prepared for all this, but one circumstance does give me some concern. The extent of the power of the Chief Justice is vastly misconceived. In the Supreme Court he is but one of eight Judges, each of whom has the same powers as himself. His judgment has no more weight, and his vote no more importance than those of any of his brethren. He presides and a good deal of extra labor is thrown upon him. That's all.

In the Senate, when the President is tried, even upon the theory of those who claim that it is his duty to vote upon all questions, he would be only one of the fifty odd Judges. Upon the theory that he simply takes the place which the Vice President fills when other officers are tried, and has no more authority as Judge than the Vice President would have as a Judge, he can only



## MISCELLANEOUS LETTERS

vote in the case of a tie. His duty is limited, except in that case, to the decision of questions of order, and perhaps of incidental questions as to evidence; an important duty to be sure; but not a source of power, since every decision is subject to be overruled by the Senate.

In fact, it is only as a "Circuit Judge" that the Chief Justice or any other Justice of the Supreme Court has, individually, any considerable power, and even then it is not active power, but only authority to declare what the law is by which the active power of others should be regulated.

I hope that so far as it may be in your power you will set this matter right. You may do much good and render an acceptable service to many in their way. . . .



THE ROOSEVELTS AND AMERICA

*From Chief-Justice Salmon P. Chase to General Charles Graham Halpine.*

Washington.

March 26th, 1868.

Dear General,

I thank you heartily for all your acts and expressions of good will; but you greatly exaggerate my powers as well as my responsibilities, and it is not pleasant to have more expected of one than can be performed. It turns present praise to future blame. . . .

I don't like to have them so much mistaken as they seem to be about it all, and still less do I like to have it imagined that I will do anything or leave anything undone because of political consequences. . . .

I have no special wish except to see the Southern States restored upon the basis of equal rights for all, the only safe basis, I believe, of future prosperity and peace for both blacks and whites. I long for order, peace, and prosperity once more for our whole land. But in my position as Chief Justice whether presiding in the Supreme Court or in the Court of Impeachment I can know no parties and no party, or allow myself to be moved a hair's breadth one way or the other by any political hopes or fears. Indeed I entertain none to be moved by.

Mr. Bennett\* has been pretty savage on me, which I don't object to at all if he is savage in spirit: But if it is from any personal ill will he has no cause. I never met him but once, I believe; but he has always had my personal good will. Once I was glad to do a

\* James Gordon Bennett, owner of the New York *Herald*.



thing which I supposed would gratify him. His son came forward very handsomely at the beginning of the war and tendered his yacht and his own services to the Revenue Marine; and I gave him a Commission. To which the indebtedness was on my side for the commission was worth nothing to young Bennett, while he on his part did good service to the country with his yacht.

Before I close I must add . . . that I take no interest in the dispute whether I shall be called Chief Justice or President. I suppose the case is very much like that of the Vice President, who may be called either Vice President or President of the Senate. It is in his case an accident of his office as Vice President to preside in the Senate, on all occasions except impeachment, and it is an incident of my office to preside in that excepted case. . . .

Cordially yours,

S. P. CHASE.

Salmon Portland Chase, one-time Democratic candidate for the Presidency, was an abolitionist during the Civil War, and, as a lawyer, defended fugitive slaves, in the courts, without remuneration. He established the present system of American banking, incorporated in the Chase National Bank. During Lincoln's administration Chase had charge of the nation's finances. He was the inventor of the greenback. For his services Lincoln appointed him Chief Justice of the United States (1864). He presided at the trial of President Andrew Johnson.



*From Governor Horatio Seymour.*

Utica.

April 17, 1869.

My dear Sir,

I am just back from the West where I have been detained by a painful Rail Road accident. I am not yet recovered.

I will write to some of the members about the Fisheries, etc.

The story of the buying out of the *World* is all nonsense. I have not seen Mr. Marble nor have I been in the *World* office in the year past. I am well out of politics and I am chuckling over my victory over Grant. You see I drove him before me into a bad spot.\*

If I get well enough I will run down to Albany.

Truly yours, etc

(To R. B. Roosevelt)

HORATIO SEYMOUR.

Seymour ran for the presidency of the United States, on the Democratic Ticket, July 4, 1864; but he was defeated by General Grant, who had the backing of the Soldiers' Vote.

Seymour retired to his estate at Utica, New York, where he spent the last years of his life in farming experiments.

\* The White House?



MISCELLANEOUS LETTERS

*From John Bigelow.*

*The Times Office.*

*August 11, 1869.*

My dear Roosevelt,

My family is at Longbranch and I am under Solemn engagements with brother Childs of the Ledger to be there on Friday evening.

This together with my duty to my wife and six little ones—one at the breast—one of the Six (that there may be no mistake hereafter as in John Rogers case) will deprive me of the pleasure and honor of participating in the Celebration of the Sixth Anniversary of the *Citizen*. These exigencies however shall not deprive me of the privilege of wishing the *Citizen* and its lusty Chief continued and increasing prosperity—usefulness and honors.

I trust that the Six brief years of the *Citizen's* may come frequently to nought (o) and that when it comes to the first one its 10th Anniversary we may both be here to celebrate it together, or if not here, that we may celebrate it in a better place.

Yours very faithfully,

(To R. B. Roosevelt)

JOHN BIGELOW.

John Bigelow, a distinguished diplomat and author, in his youth joined with William Cullen Bryant, the poet, in the joint editorship and proprietorship of the New York *Evening Post*. Bigelow was Minister to the Court of France and later he was Secretary of State, of New York.

He was the author of *Life of Benjamin Franklin*, etc.



THE ROOSEVELTS AND AMERICA

*From General John Meredith Read.*

Consulat Général des États-  
Unis d'Amérique et pour la  
France et l'Algérie,  
55, Rue du Cardinal Fesch,  
Paris.

187—(No date.)

Since the commencement of the War, nearly a year ago, in addition to my usual duties, I have been acting Consul General of the North German Confederation for France and her dominions—succeeding Baron de Rothschild, who resigned at the outbreak of hostilities.

The amount of American and German Affairs transacted by me has been enormous. You are doubtless aware that two years ago Congress created the office of Consul General at Paris and gave it the supervision of the 48 Consular Offices in France and Algeria, in addition to the duty of Collecting the Consular revenue in the Paris District. I was the first Consul General appointed to this post on the 16th April 1869—Last year I returned to the Government, all the fees received at this office amounting to nearly \$54,000 in gold.

I suffered much from privations during the first Siege of Paris, and the quarter in which I reside has been subjected to bombardment, day and night, during the last three weeks, and the end is not yet.

I have the honor to be

Your obedient servant,

JOHN MEREDITH READ, JR.

To the Editor of the *New York Citizen*  
and *Round Table*.



## MISCELLANEOUS LETTERS

Meredith Read was a diplomatist as well as being a Civil War General and an author. President Grant appointed him Consul-General at Paris, in 1869; where he looked after the interests of the German subjects in France, during the Franco-Prussian War. He did this so well that he was rewarded with the post of Minister to Greece. During the Turko-Russian War, when the Russian grain-output came to a standstill, Read, by means of well-timed dispatches, captured the European grain-markets for the United States. Instead of being rewarded for this, Congress—which was suffering from an economy spell—docked his salary and reduced his rank.

Read was the author of several interesting books: *Historical Studies in Vaud, Berne and Savoy*; *Inquiries Concerning Henry Hudson*, etc. He was also a keen archaeologist.



THE ROOSEVELTS AND AMERICA

*From Archbishop James Roosevelt-Bayley.*

Baltimore.

*February 21st, 1871.*

My dear Mr. Robert,

I have your Letter and the copy of verses addressed to the Sorosis Sisters—I had thought that you were above and beyond such “warriten.”—St. Valentine will be ashamed of you—to be wishing to hide yourself like Achilles among the women.—Mrs. Gill will “fix” you the next time she gets you into a warm bath.\*

I do not know where you got it into your head that the Catholic Church regards all women as Satan in petto (tho’ I do not know what that means, unless it be an abbreviation for petticoats)—for the Catholic Church has always laboured to elevate them, and give them their right place, and make them useful. When they escape from her salutary influence they are very apt to become devils in petto and to play the devil also.

But altho’ I do not believe that all women are devils in petto (very far from it) yet I do not believe in women’s Clubs—men’s are bad enough—but a woman’s place is at home—whether it be the “*domus ac placeus uxor*” or a Convent.

But I am afraid that you and I would be at swords’ point on this matter.

My “gouty secretions” as the Doctors call them, trouble me a good deal this winter—there being not

\* An allusion to a character in *Progressive Petticoats*, one of R. B. Roosevelt’s books.



## MISCELLANEOUS LETTERS

much cold but a good deal of damp—but I endeavour to work along.—When I go to New York I will endeavour to make time to call and see you.

Please present my kindest remembrances to Mrs. Roosevelt\* and Miss R.† whom I don't believe you would allow to belong to the Sorosis "Brotherhood."

With sincere regard,

Your friend and relative,

J. ROOSEVELT-BAYLEY,

(To R. B. Roosevelt)

Archb. of Baltimore.

James Roosevelt-Bayley, Roman Catholic Archbishop and historian, was, on the maternal side, a grandson of James Roosevelt; and on his father's side he was the grandson of Richard Bayley, a distinguished surgeon who was Professor of Anatomy at Columbia College, N.Y. His father's sister, Elizabeth Ann Bayley-Seton, was the founder of the Daughters of Charity in the United States (1809).

Archbishop Roosevelt-Bayley—one time Bishop of Baltimore—is described as "one of the most charming personalities of his day. His bearing was princely and his manner most courteous, but what attracted most in him was a frankness of speech that accentuated his interest far beyond his own communion."

\* The first Mrs. Robert B. Roosevelt.

† Marguerite ("Minnie") Roosevelt, afterwards Mrs. Augustus Van Horne Kimberley—R. B. Roosevelt's daughter by his first wife.



*From John Hay.*

11 East 42nd St.,

December 24, 1874.

My dear Mr. Roosevelt,

Many thanks for your book (*Progressive Petticoats*) which has afforded a great deal of pleasure and amusement to me and my family. It is very funny and very sensible, and I shall look with pleasurable anticipation to the volumes which are to follow—for of course you can never leave Mr. and Mrs. Gill as this instalment presents them. Its unflinching truth to nature, and its audacity of color merely show that you are a man of unusual courage and integrity, but I should be glad to know what your cousin the Archbishop thinks of it.

For my part I am greatly obliged.

Yours truly,

(To R. B. Roosevelt)

JOHN HAY.

After the death of Lincoln, whose private secretary he had been, Hay went into diplomacy; holding diplomatic posts at Paris, Vienna, and Madrid. Under President Hayes he was appointed First Assistant-Secretary of State. In the meantime, he had been making a name for himself in the American literary-world, with *Pike County Ballads*, *Castilian Days*, and, in collaboration with Colonel J. G. Nicolay, *Abraham Lincoln: A History*, in ten volumes.

When McKinley was inaugurated President, Hay was given the appointment of Ambassador to Great Britain; in which position he succeeded Bayard. This post he held for about a year, as, in 1898, he was appointed Secretary of State; a position in which he continued under the administration of President Theodore Roosevelt, whose greatly beloved friend he was, as he had been of Theodore Roosevelt Senior.



MISCELLANEOUS LETTERS

*From P. B. Sweeny (Enclosed in letter of 1891)—How  
Presidentitl Candidates are made.*

41 East 68th Street,  
New York.

December 21, 1888.

My dear Sir,

My poor remarks—out in the cold—to-day, were brought to such an abrupt and untimely end that I am afraid I left you with a false impression. I object to personal platforms of Candidates to bind the party—not to party platforms to bind candidates.

We were considering Mr. Cleveland's position. He appears to have the monopoly—sole and exclusive right, to the next Democratic nomination for the Presidency. He is in the position to compromise the party by his utterances and to endanger its success. Everybody agrees that the surplus should be returned to the People and the system of taking from their pockets so much more than is necessary, for government support, permanently suppressed. The question is, how to do it. Some wise Democrats think there should be large appropriations for Coast and Harbour defence—others that "Free Trade" should begin, more directly, at home—and the internal revenue tax—a war necessity and a peace abomination—should be abolished. And the like—— There are many ways that might be safely followed. The President, knowing that all competitors for the next nomination are driven off the course, places his portly personality at the political cross roads, and blocking the way of all others, points in one inflexible direction as the only road to be taken.



## THE ROOSEVELTS AND AMERICA

That the principles of Free Trade shall be applied, exclusively, to the solution of the problem—I object to Mr. Cleveland putting up any political barbed wire fence to restrain the party within narrow limits at this time—that is all.

I would have the representative wisdom of the whole party, at the proper time, show the way out of the wilderness, I prefer practical politics and party success—to sentimental abstractions and high toned failure—I would have the platform broad enough and strong enough for all sections and interests to find a place there. As to the Tariff; I would have Fair Trade—and “protection” to the whole people—the greatest good for the greatest number.

I do not admire such scoop net platforms as that recently put forth by Tammany Hall. The largest protection to American Industry and the highest wages to American workmen and the lowest prices for all manufactured articles—That fish won't fry. It is flapdoodle and nonsense to everyone who can reason from plain cause to palpable effect. But I am taking up too much of your time. In a word, what I meant to say, was, that I disliked to see Mr. Cleveland needlessly putting himself in a political straight jacket, when the effect of the restraint is, to make the whole party squirmy and uncomfortable.

I have too much respect for you and your judgment, to rest contented with the misunderstanding of my position, which I think you carried with you, in your brisk walk down Broadway, to-day.

Yours very truly,

(To R. B. Roosevelt)

P. B. SWEENY.



MISCELLANEOUS LETTERS

*From Admiral Dewey.*

Navy Department,  
Office of the Admiral of the Navy,  
Mills Building,  
Washington.  
*April 12, 1904.*

My dear Sir,

Please accept my sincere thanks for your very kind note of yesterday. While Mrs. Dewey and I appreciate its cordiality, Mrs. Dewey will not be able to attend the dinner of the Founders and patriots on May 18th, her health being such as to preclude attendance at such functions. I accepted for myself only the invitation which I received from Judge Goodrich. It happens, however, that in neither of his letters has he mentioned the hour or place at which the dinner is to be held; will you be so kind as to advise me?

Very truly yours,

GEORGE DEWEY.

R. B. Roosevelt, Esq.,  
57, Fifth Avenue,  
New York City.

Admiral Dewey, the popular Naval hero of the Spanish-American War, was never retired but continued in the position of President of the General Board of the Navy up to the time of his death in Washington, in 1917.

He is buried in Arlington National Cemetery. Dewey was spoken of as a presidential candidate, but nothing came of it. He sacrificed some of his popularity by handing over to his second wife a house which, through public subscription, had been presented to him by the Nation.



*From Richard Croker.*

Antwick's Manor,  
Letcombe,  
Wantage.

*October 29th, 1904.*

My dear Mr. Roosevelt,

Your letter received and was glad to hear from you, and regret to learn that you have not been well.

I am afraid Frank will meet with a serious accident if he continues with his reckless driving. I am still using my motors but I am thinking of going back to the old-fashioned way of navigation, horse and car.

I wish you could make your mind to come over here. I am sure it would add ten years to your life. The weather is very nice here and the best roads in the world for motoring.

I am enjoying the best of health and am looking forward to a good season's racing as I have some very promising youngsters of my own breeding.

I suppose politics are at fever heat by this time and it looks from here as if Theodore would succeed himself as President. Great talk of War over here but I think John Bull has found a way out of it and has had all the fighting he wants for a while.

Trusting to hear from you again believe me,

Cordially yours,

RICHARD CROKER.

(To R. B. Roosevelt.)



## MISCELLANEOUS LETTERS

Richard Croker—"Boss Croker"—the *Grand Sachem* of the reformed Tammany Hall, took a prominent part in New York State politics for a great many years, and had control of the Democratic nomination for President; as New York is the real Headquarters of the party.

Croker spent his latter years in England, where he lived the retired life of a country gentleman, and kept an excellent racing stable. He was the first American to win the Derby (with *Orby*).



## CHAPTER V

### LETTERS FROM NEWSPAPER EDITORS

*From General Charles Graham Halpine, Co-Editor,  
with Robert B. Roosevelt, of the New York "Citizen";  
to Robert B. Roosevelt.*

Office of the *New York Citizen*,  
No. 32, Beekman Street,  
New York.

*June 25th, 1868.*

Come at your earliest convenience. I think we had better *buy out Walker right off*. I am offered means to make the *Citizen* a Campaign daily; or they will take 20,000 of the weekly *Campaign Citizen* if the right man be nominated. Either Chase or Hancock would make this paper worth \$100,000 tomorrow if elected: nor would Seymour be bad.

HALPINE.

R.B.R., Esq.

A splendid paper this week.

N.B.—Chase has written me expressing his gratification that I am to present his name. This is (I suppose) an order for me not to decline. The



## LETTERS FROM NEWSPAPER EDITORS

Soldiers Convention will be one of the grandest successes ever seen. Already it eclipses (by far), in public the regular Convention. I confess I am surprised at this, for I feared a fizzle: but a few of us have worked it up beyond all belief.

Charles Graham Halpine was an Irish-American poet who fought for the North in the Civil War. The brilliance and gallantry of his services brought him rapid promotion, reaching to Brigadier-General of Volunteers, and later to Major-General in the regular Army. He resigned from the Army, at the close of the War, and devoted himself to the editorship of R. B. Roosevelt's newspaper *The Citizen*. This post he held up to the time of his death. He was a strong supporter of Lincoln, and worked unceasingly for his re-election.

Halpine died in 1868, at the early age of 39. Robert Roosevelt collected and edited a volume of his Poems, which he wrote under the pseudonym of "Myles O'Reilly."



*From Horace Greeley, Editor of the New York  
"Tribune."*

*New York Tribune,  
New York.*

*May 9, 1872.*

Old Fellow:

I am as independent as a woodsaw, yes, and don't care whether school keeps or not. I offered you a fat Congress, not because you were a Free Trader (I considered that a —— (?) ) but because you were the Tweed antidote and t'other fellow wasn't.

You say I was naturally a Democrat except on the Tariff question. When I was a boy studying this question, the Tariff of 1824 (the first ever framed expressly for Protection) passed. Rufus King and Daniel Webster voted No; Martin Van Buren, with Andrew Jackson and Tom Benton, voted Yes. Which were the Democrats, which were the Federalists?

Robert, your political education was deplorably neglected and mismanaged. I shall have to take you in hand. You are a sad instance of the fate that awaits truant school-boys and idlers generally. Some of them get into the penitentiary, others (first) into Congress, but they all turn out bad. But I believe in prison discipline for reform, not vengeance.

Yours,

HORACE GREELEY.

R. B. Roosevelt, Esq.



*From Samuel Sullivan Cox, Editor of the "Ohio Statesman."*

The Manhattan Club,  
96, Fifth Avenue,  
New York.

June 26, 1872.

Dear Robert B.,

Since I have been ill and been convalescing, I have been like a fish (see speech in recent *Globe*) that had a million eggs—and scarcely any in the "hatch-way." One of these eggs I am bound shall swim, and that is, my determination to let you know how much interested I became in your fish culture speech. I look forward to the day when I shall take a hand in that business; have a trough and a miniature draught of the scaly tribe. Indeed, but one does look ahead to something better than politics, and its pests—; to a future where pisces,—and their bob, hook, line and sinker, shall form the finishing touch to a "busy life" of active usefulness, such as you and Greeley have lived.

Your letter to the Delegation at Balt.—(a part of whom I am *which*)—is gratefully received and read. All right.

Yours truly,  
S. S. Cox.

Samuel Sullivan Cox, Congressman, writer, journalist—was nicknamed "Sunset Cox" because of his brilliant description of a sunset.

He was the author of *A Buckeye Abroad*, *Artic Sunbeams*, *Diversions of a Diplomat in Turkey*, *Why We Laugh*, *Free Land and Free Trade*, and other works.



LETTERS FROM NEWSPAPER EDITORS

*From Charles A. Dana, Editor of the New York "Sun."*

*The Sun,  
New York.  
February, 29, 1888.*

My dear Roosevelt,

I accept the invitation for Monday, March 12, at 6 East 15th St. at 6.30, and I am very much obliged to you for the invitation.

I suppose the protection of game means eating it.

Yours sincerely,

C. A. DANA.

Hon. R. B. Roosevelt.

As a young man, Dana joined the visionaries at the famous "Brook Farm" colony: "Here he shone as the foremost tiller of the soil, putting his back into the work, while some of his fellow-journalists shirked the gruelling labor." Dana and George Ripley were responsible for Appleton's *New Encyclopaedia*, and Dana compiled an anthology of poetry, *The Household Book of Poetry*.

When Dana was asked by the adherents of Hancock if he would support their candidate for the Presidency, in his newspaper, the *New York Sun*, he made the withering comment: "General Hancock is a handsome man and weighs 250 pounds."

Another of Dana's pithy sayings was: "All the goodness of a good egg can not make up for the badness of a bad one."

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